JUNE
1940

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JUST MARRIED

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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(COVER)

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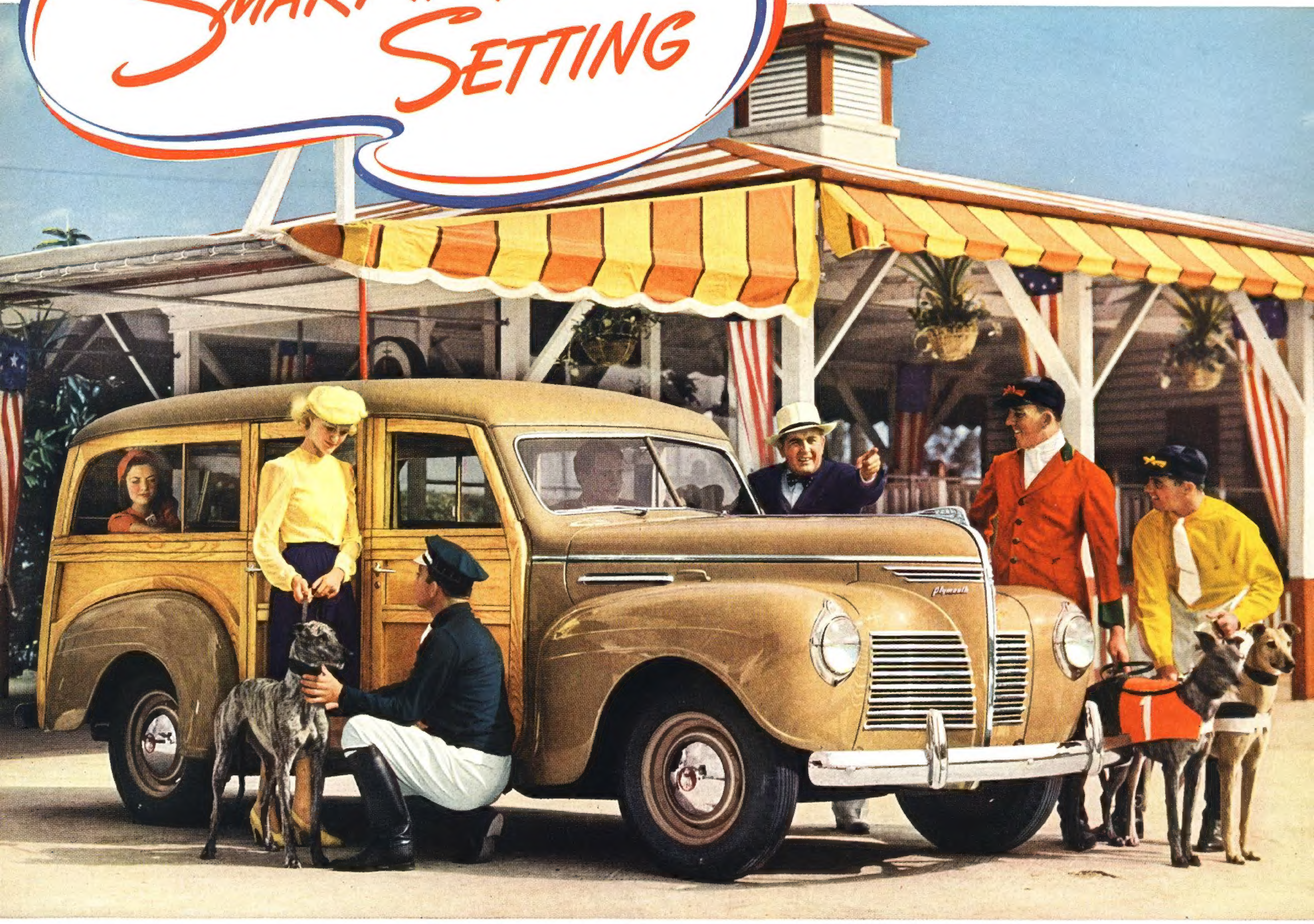
PLYMOUTH'S BRILLIANT NEW "SPORTSMEN"–

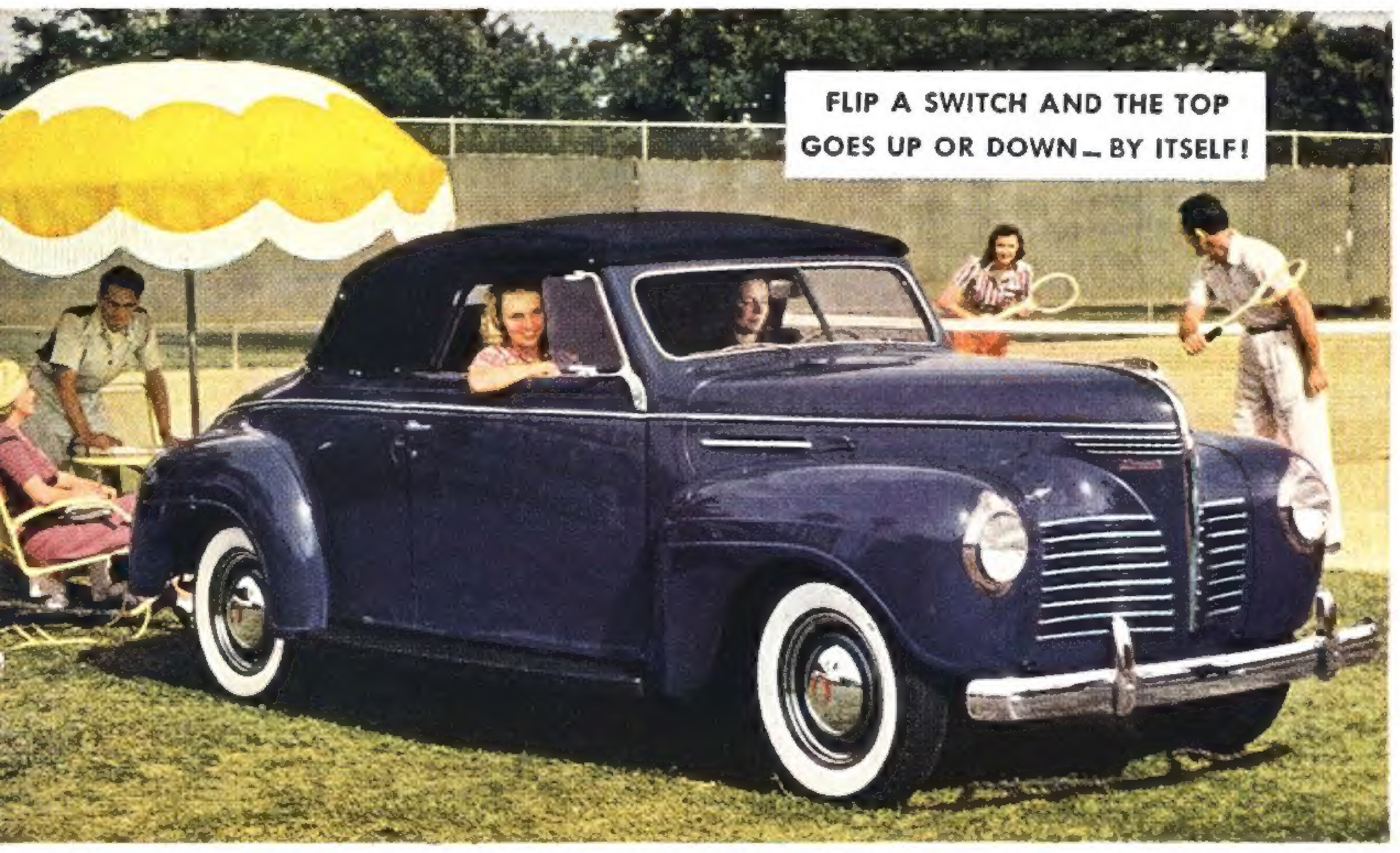
Smart in Any Setting

FROM BAR HARBOR TO PALM BEACH . . . from Newport to Palm Springs . . . wherever smart people gather, you'll see these brilliant new Plymouth "Sportsmen"!

Notice how long this handsome Plymouth Station Wagon is . . . and it's bigger, roomier than ever inside. The maple and ash body is built on the 117-inch wheelbase DeLuxe Plymouth chassis. And this, with Amola Steel coil springs, accounts for its remarkably smooth, luxurious ride!

You'll find the auxiliary seats are removable and *interchangeable*. Best of all, this big Plymouth is very economical to run! Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.




FLIP A SWITCH AND THE TOP GOES UP OR DOWN–BY ITSELF!

SMARTEST, MOST POPULAR "SPORTSMAN" in Plymouth history is this stunning new Convertible Coupe! It gives you the famous power-operated top...wide, genuine leather seats with roomy auxiliary seats *inside!* White sidewall tires are standard.

PLYMOUTH SCORES AGAIN with this distinguished new 4-Passenger Coupe! New designing makes it the roomiest coupe in the low-price field! Inside auxiliary seats can be folded out of the way. It's the Low-Priced Beauty with the Luxury Ride!

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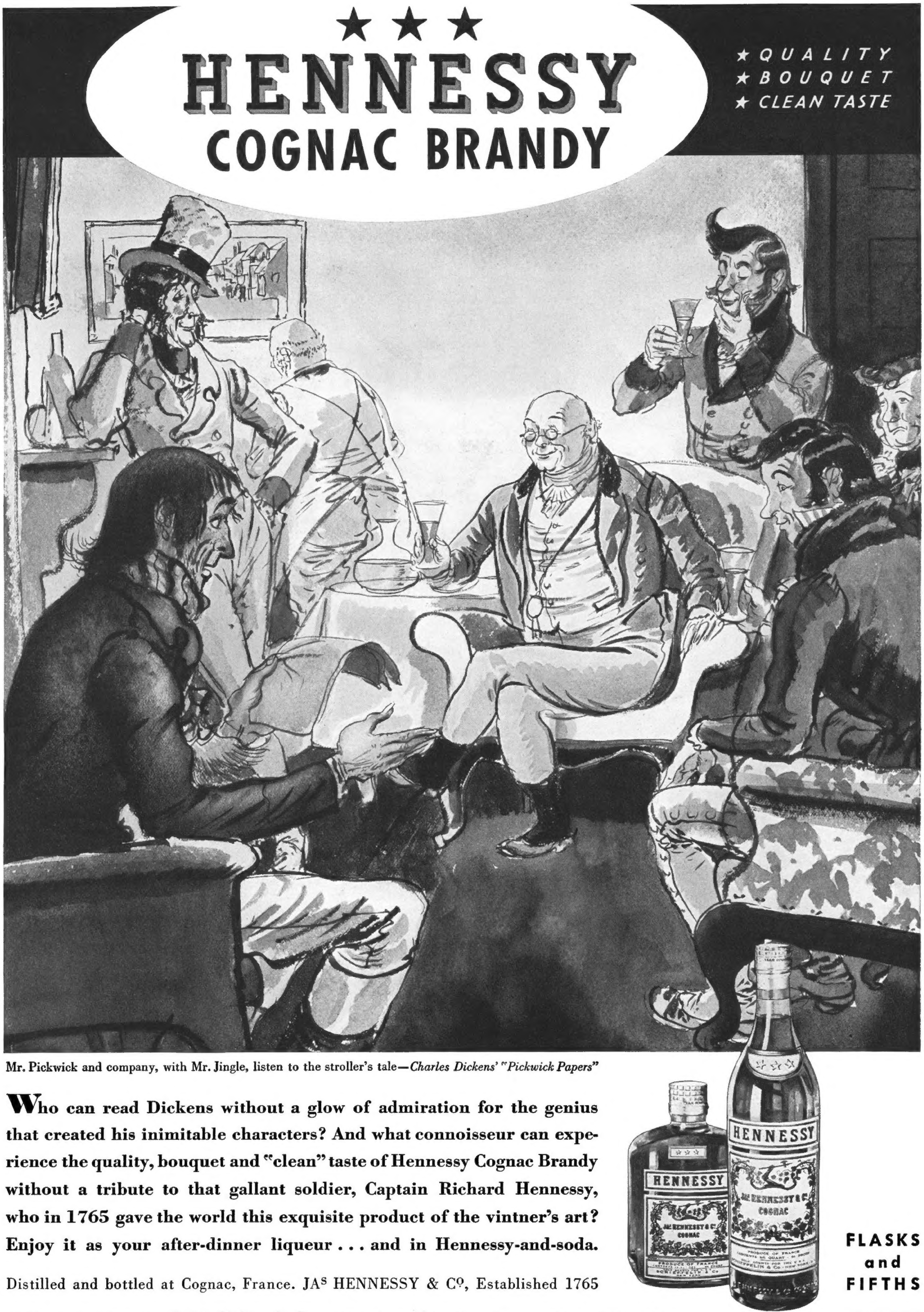
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Mr. Pickwick and company, with Mr. Jingle, listen to the stroller's tale—*Charles Dickens' "Pickwick Papers"*

Who can read Dickens without a glow of admiration for the genius that created his inimitable characters? And what connoisseur can experience the quality, bouquet and "clean" taste of Hennessy Cognac Brandy without a tribute to that gallant soldier, Captain Richard Hennessy, who in 1765 gave the world this exquisite product of the vintner's art? Enjoy it as your after-dinner liqueur . . . and in Hennessy-and-soda.

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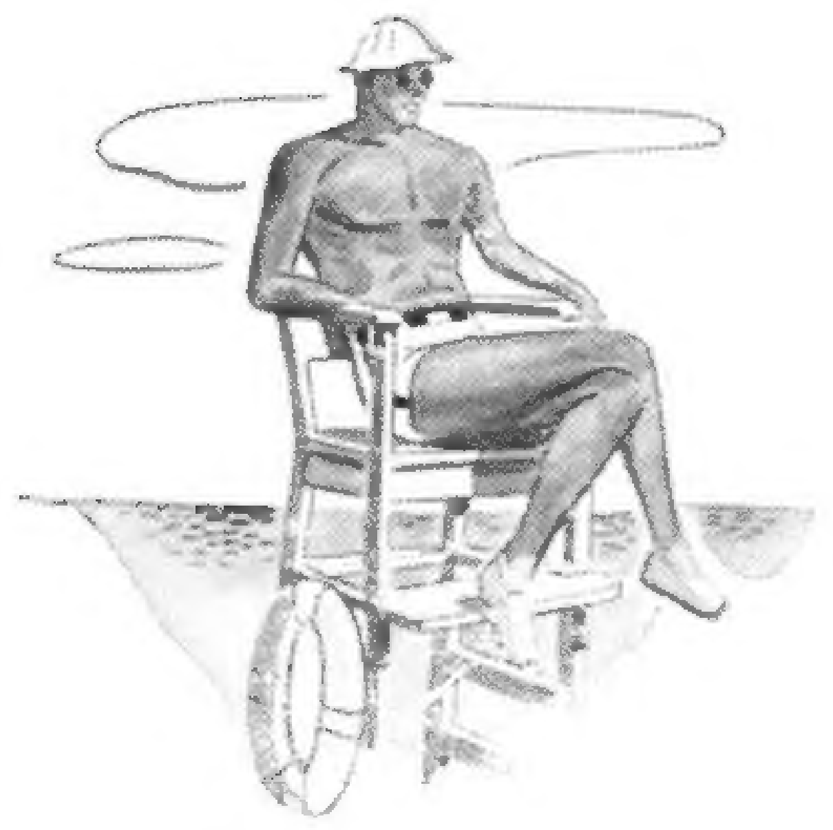

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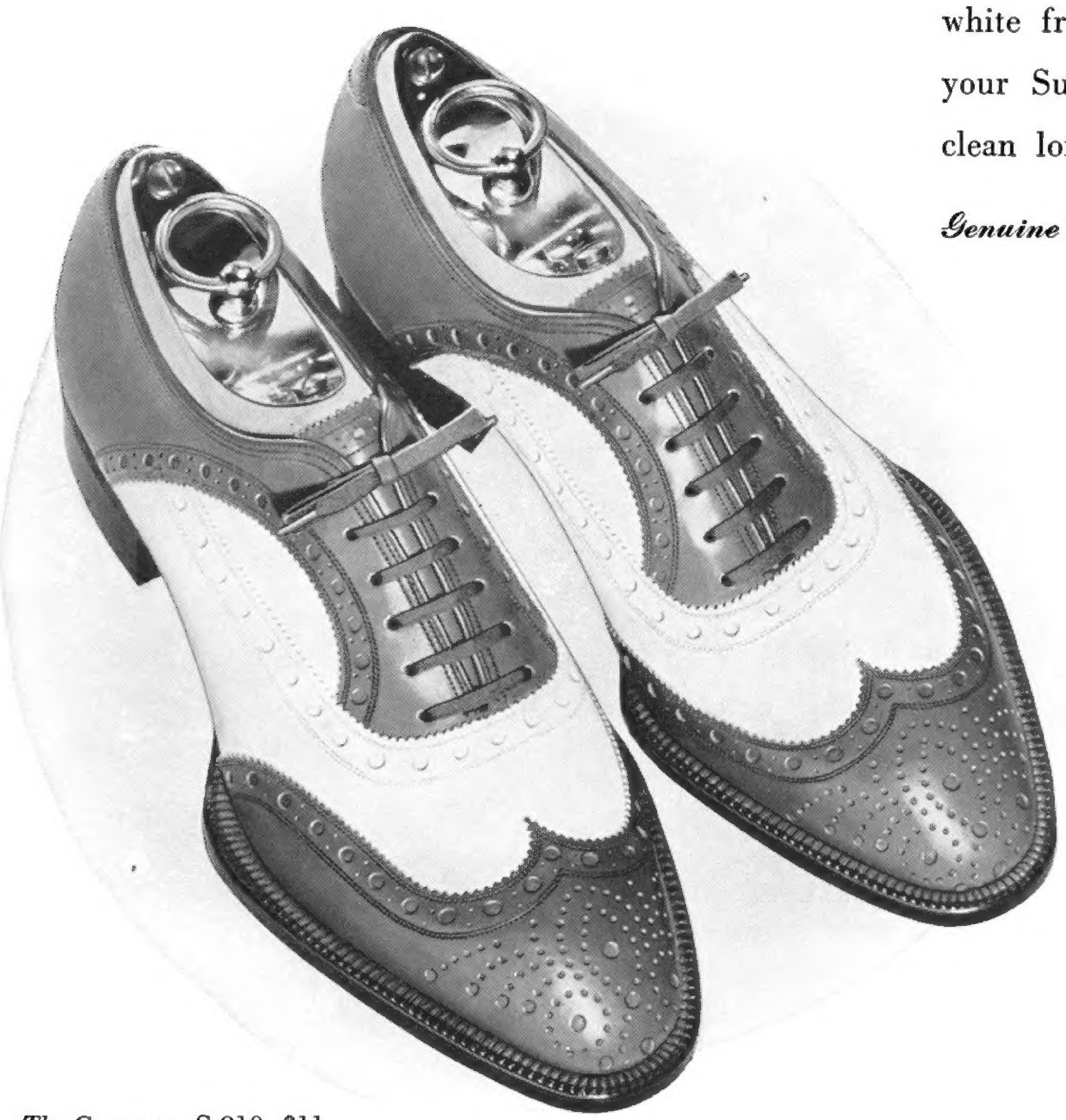

The COLONEL, S-910, $11

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Edited
by
ARNOLD GINGRICH

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches *by* Fellows, Hughes, Goodman, Hoyningen-Huene, Hannah . . . beginning on page 100

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

On the degrees of Esquire addiction Countless are the claims of long-time addiction to Esquire, especially from those whose letters seek a favor (say to get a cartoon autographed or something of the sort). Variations are slight from this master-pattern: "As one who has read your every issue, I would like to ask a favor." As against this sort of thing, the true addict seldom bothers to stake a claim to how long or how deep his reading of Esquire has been, but instead his letter gives interior evidence of it. And it is the high frequency of such letters, month after month, that keeps the reading of our daily mail an unending delight.

Don't think for a moment that we hail the praise-filled letters as coming from the true addicts, while dismissing the critical or complaining letters as coming from the casual, not to say the crackpot, element. On the contrary, the addicts are twice as sparing of praise as they are of criticism. They are more appreciative of excellence, and therefore harder to please. That's why there's more joy in this office over one pan-letter, bawling us out by our own rules for some demonstrable deviation from our avowed purposes and intentions, than over the daily ninety-nine fan-letters of the "sure do admire Esquire" variety.

In addition to those two types of constant readership, there is a third type, that might be called mis-readership. People will pick Esquire apart and criticize it, in large and in little, not for being what it is, but for not being what it isn't. For instance, there was an article in the February issue by Dana Doten in which the author's plainly stated purpose was "simply to diagnose the disease of Fascism, simply to make clear that Fascism is a recognizable cancer on the modern world, rather than a mysterious affliction." He attacked Fascism, by analysis rather than invective, in showing it up as a false religion, calling it *The Religion of Little Men.* He began by pointing out that the common, or "little" man in Europe had been trying for a century and a half prior to the World War to adjust himself to the unhappy role in which he had been cast by the Industrial Revolution. He pointed out that in this long struggle religion had supported the little man, for, "despite the steady deterioration of dogma since the sixteenth century, there remained in European Christianity an effective core of compensating hope." He then went on to show how, in the chaos of hopeless helplessness left in Europe after the World War, the little man had the prop of true religion knocked out from under him and was raised up, instead, on the illusory support of this new false religion, Fascism, which appeared to be a cosmic cure-all, "an answer to everything." That was the whole point of the article. It seemed to us that it could not possibly be construed as inveighing against any other religion than this false one of Fascism. But the following letter, from a religious organization, proves us wrong in that assumption.

"An article in the February issue of your magazine entitled *The Religion of Little Men* by Dana Doten has been called to our attention. In it the writer speaks of the 'deterioration' of dogma. Dogma does not deteriorate. Webster's Collegiate Dictionary defines dogma as follows: 'a doctrine formally stated and authoritatively proclaimed or laid down, as by a church.' The doctrine of Christianity is the same now as it was when Christ founded His church. Mr. Doten tells us that religion is no longer an 'acceptable illusion for the common man,' but rather a 'habit' that still persists. Religion is neither an illusion nor a habit, and it would be futile to even try and estimate the strength of this most intimate of all relationships, the relationship between God and man, which exists in all our hearts. We feel confident that you will use every means at your disposal to rectify the erroneous impressions conveyed by this article."

If the foregoing letter, rather than the author's explanation or our own interpretation, does indeed record the general impression conveyed by the article, then we are not only willing but even eager, not to say anxious, to rectify it. But we still incline to the belief that our problem is rather to rectify the erroneous impression of the article conveyed by this letter.

As far as we know, Mr. Doten believes both in religion and in democracy. Most Americans do. Certainly Esquire does. Mr. Doten chose to write about Fascism, which is at undeclared war both with religion and with democracy. He did not choose to write about dogma, but he did mention it, parenthetically and tangentially, in discussing Fascism. Now we are in the odd position of agreeing perfectly with Mr. Doten's article and with this letter. So it's squarely up to us to see if we can't reconcile the two.

Dogma, it is true, does not deteriorate, so Mr. Doten, in little, is clearly wrong (which he could easily be and still be right in large). A high point of Christian dogma was the Sermon on the Mount, which has certainly not deteriorated in almost two thousand years. A high point of democratic dogma was the Gettysburg Address, which we believe will live forever, without deterioration, as dogma. But today, in Europe, the application of the democratic dogma is in virtual eclipse, behind the war cloud caused by Fascism. And so, for the same sickening reason and to almost the same extent, is that of the dogma laid down in the Sermon on the Mount. For while dogma is indeed immutable, the same cannot be said for either its application or its defense.

In short, we feel that the larger purpose, both of Mr. Doten's article and of the letter here reproduced, was to remind us all of the futility of Fascism, or any other form of false religion, that tries either to suppress or to supplant "the relationship between God and man, which exists in all our hearts."

Putting the ℞ on the Bedside Esquire There is a fourth type of relationship to this magazine. That's just plain old-fashioned non-readership. That embraces those whose acquaintanceship with Esquire has never come any closer than that of having "seen it around." They've heard about it, from its friends or enemies, and perhaps even noticed its noisy cover on newsstands or in dentists' offices.

Now to all four types, with very nearly equal emphasis, we would like to recommend a good long look at a book just published by Robert M. McBride & Company, New York. It is advertised as comprising "over 700 pages of guaranteed enjoyment and recommended by The Book-of-the-Month Club." (They don't say who guarantees your enjoyment, but they must think it's a safe bet.) To this book, which is called *The Bedside Esquire,* we have no more than a slight kibitzing relationship. But we do sincerely hope that you will beg, borrow or hypothecate a copy of it. Esquire addicts are hereby excused from reading its introduction. But even they will be startled, and the other three types should be practically stupefied, by the realization, that will come from reading this book, of what a wealth of wonderful stuff Esquire has published in these past six years. This is once we agree with a publisher's blurb, for the one on the jacket of this book reads: "Here are gathered, in one pleasure-laden volume, some of the best and most diverting writings of our time, taken from the magazine Esquire."

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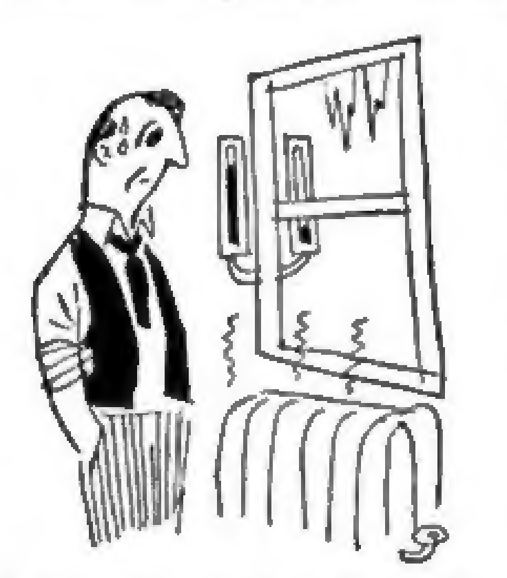
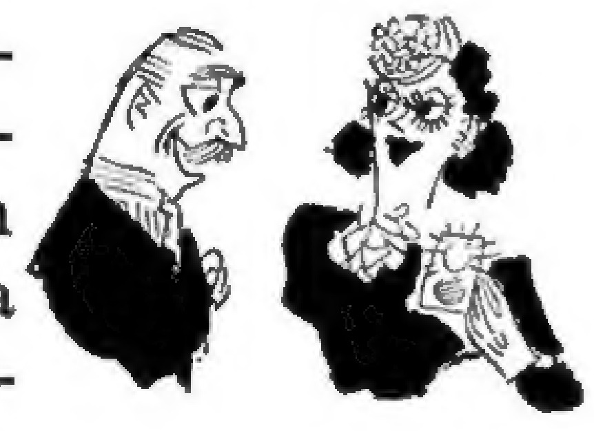
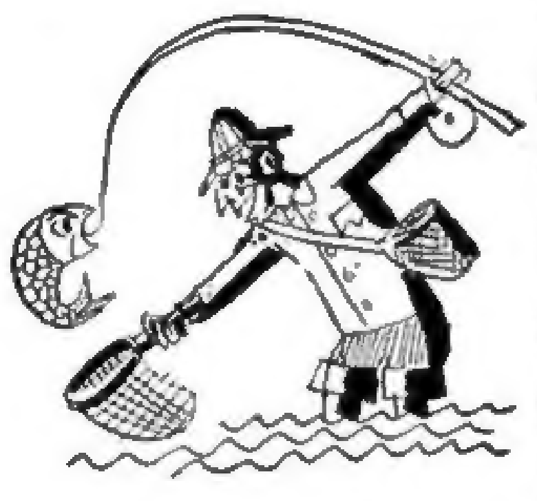


HOT AIR. There's someone around the house, we'll wager, who's perpetually interested in the temperature. True? Then that new twin thermometer ought to please him—designed for indoor location, it not only gives the count within the house but accurately indicates the temperature outdoors. Its modus operandi is a small metal tube located outside the window and connected to the instrument by sturdy tubing. Makes for easy reading at night, eliminates hauling up of windows and what with a good, hot summer coming on . . .

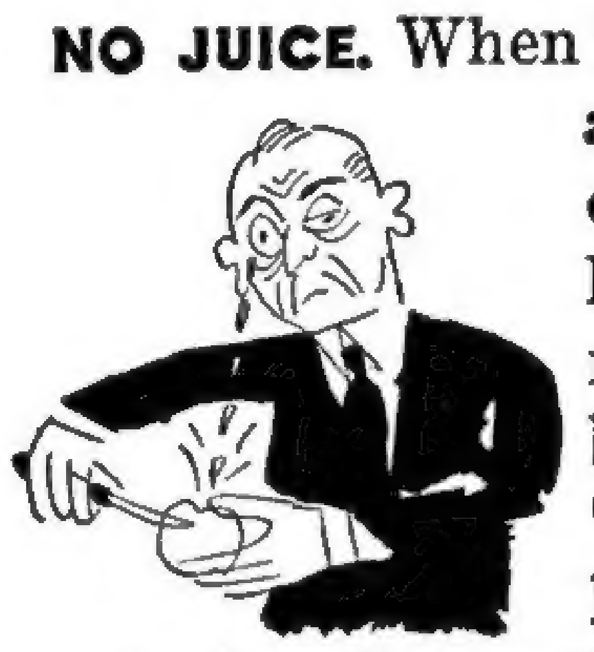


HIGH SIGN. It all depends on her sense of humor and we're only mentioning it in passing, but . . . there's a new clip pin seen abouts, designed after a traffic signal that has reversible red and green lights in it. It's an inexpensive trinket and the stop-go idea behind it isn't exactly subtle. You, however, know the situation better than we do. It's gold plated.



ON THE HOOK. Fly fishermen have expressed approval of a new kit that's just appeared that provides them three essentials of their sport in a highly convenient manner. No. 1 is a new preparation that sinks flies and leaders instantly, thus minimizing shadow and leader floating and makes possible the recent practice of fishing dry flies wet. No. 2 is an entirely new material for dressing and floating dry flies that eliminates smudge, one application being unusually long-lived. No. 3 is a fly line dress neither too waxy or smooth that gives good protection and allows a smooth run of the line under all conditions. Numbers one and two come packed together in a suede jacket worn on the belt, number three in a practical size tin.

THOUGHT FOR FOOD. Babas au Rhum make a fine dessert, no doubt about that. No doubt either anent the excellence of the Babas recently put on the market by a Frenchman who thoroughly knows the pleasures of the male palate. Categorically objecting to the extremes of feebleness and causticity that often characterize Babas-accompanying sauces, he's swamped his "cakes" in fine 4 year-old rum. The results are smooth and heart warming. They're put up in jars of twelve with a very reasonable tariff attached thereto.



NO JUICE. When the days of fruit laden collins and punches arrive, you'll want one of those recently devised double edge bar knives which liquidate all your slicing problems. About nine inches long, it has a stainless steel blade with one serrated, one bevelled edge. The former bites into tough skinned limes, lemon and oranges with ease and celerity. Turns in a neat cutting job, minus the common grief of juice-in-the-eye.

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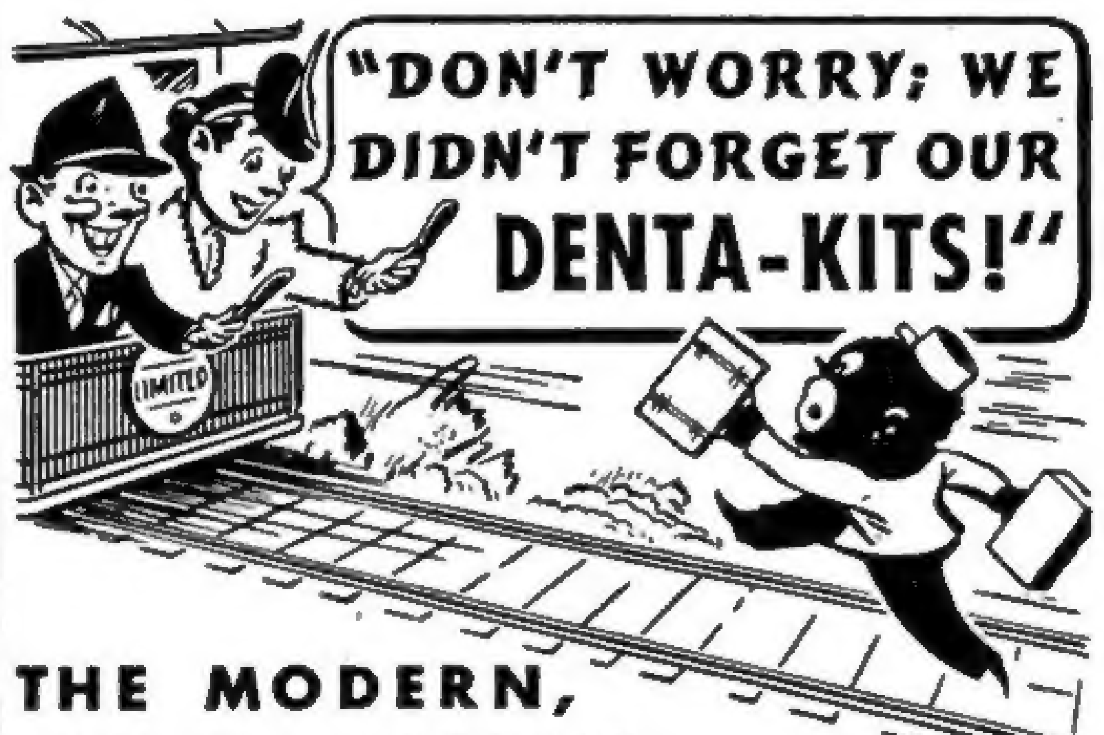
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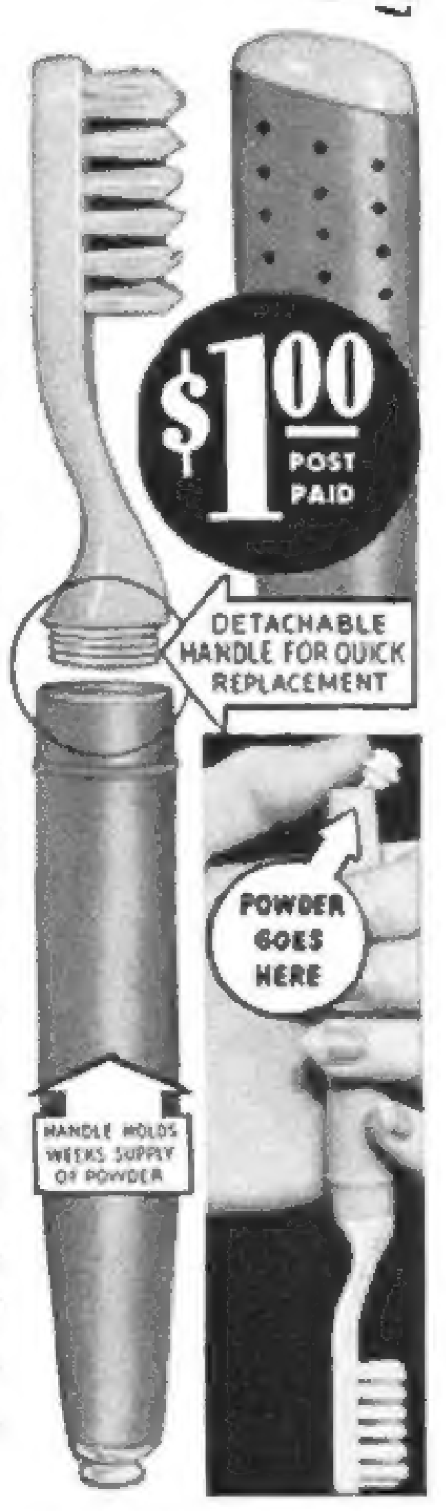
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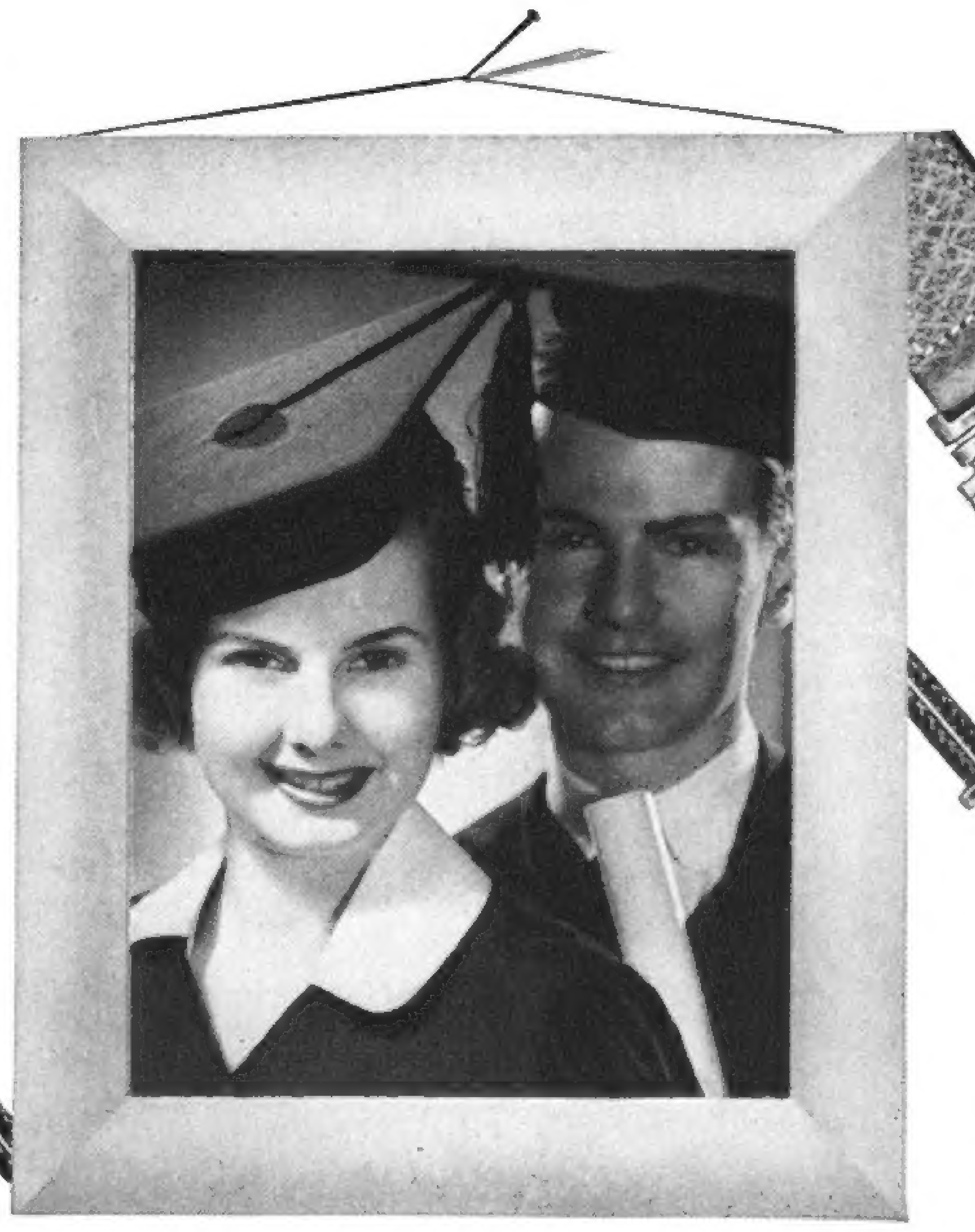
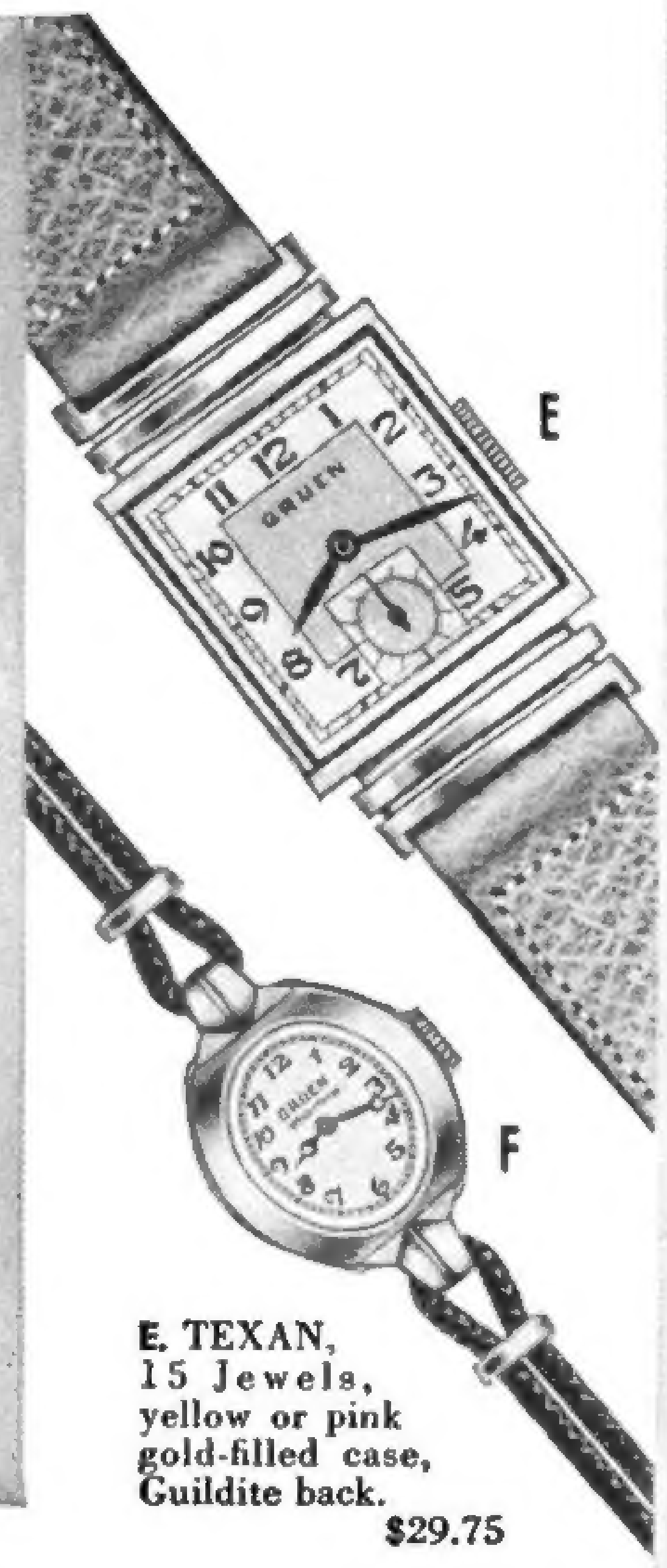
C. VERI-THIN† GOVERNOR, 17 Jewel Precision movement, yellow gold-filled case . . $39.75

D. MERCEDES, 17 Jewel Precision movement, 14 kt. yellow gold case . . $42.50



Jane + Joe at graduation



E. TEXAN, 15 Jewels, yellow or pink gold-filled case, Guildite back. $29.75

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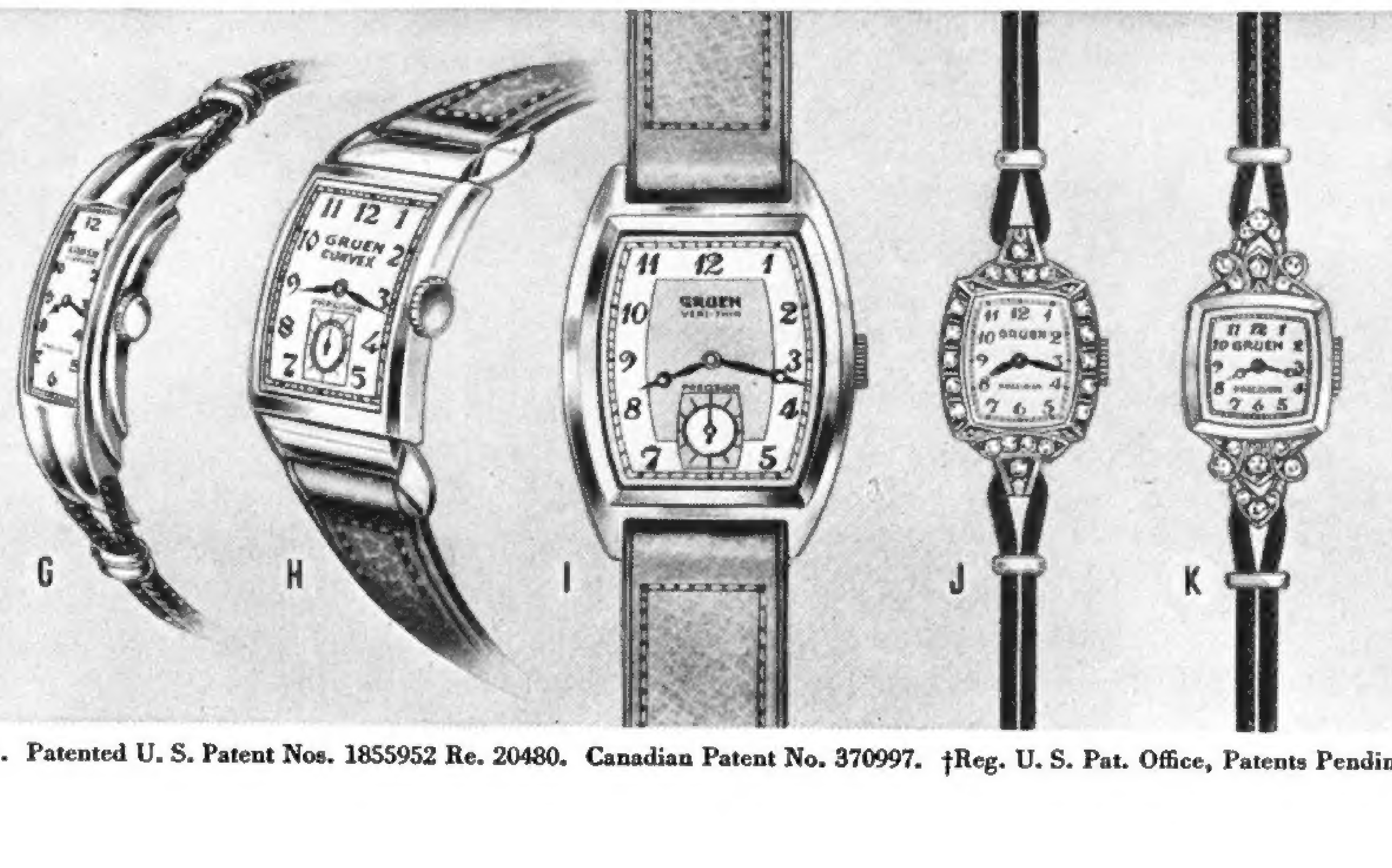

G. CURVEX* COUNTESS, 17 Jewel Precision movement, yellow, white or pink gold-filled case . . . $42.50

H. CURVEX* SARGEANT, 17 Jewel Precision movement, yellow gold-filled case. $49.75

I. VERI-THIN† CRAFTSMAN, 17 Jewel Precision movement, 14 kt. yellow or pink gold case . . . $67.50

J. TUXEDO, 17 Jewel Precision movement, 14 kt. yellow or white gold case set with 20 fine diamonds . . . $89.50

K. MILLICENT, 17 Jewel Precision movement, 14 kt. yellow or white gold case set with 16 fine diamonds . $100

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. Patented U. S. Patent Nos. 1855952 Re. 20480. Canadian Patent No. 370997. †Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, Patents Pending.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

TRAVEL IS BROADENING

In re: your article, *What Makes An American Beauty?* in the April issue.

Last fall I made a trip to Florida, buying old gold, (watches, rings, etc.). I stayed in every town or city that looked promising, at least promising.

I want to put in a bid for Cambridge, Ohio. This is a swell town. Here I saw some of the most beautiful women I ever laid a lecherous eye upon, if I ever leched. No matter where you go or at what time of the day or night, you're likely to fall over a beauty of some type.

Marietta, Ohio has some pretty wenches. There is a college of some kind there, or something.

Winston-Salem is the residence of some comely witches if you like the shy type. Although one in ten is outspoken and comradely. Some of the girls and boys may take you coon hunting and if you draw a nice one, well what can you do with a coon.

I'll skip right down to Brunswick, Georgia. Boy, these Crackers are all right, but I'm still thinking of Cambridge.

In Florida all the nice girls I met were from New York, except for a trip to Key West and the Cubanzics were really .... and they were nice, too.

Soundly and Furiously Yours,

East Brady, Pa. CHESTER BELNAP

THE DISCONTENT OVER DINGBATS

I must take my pen, or typewriter in hand, to complain about these little "℞'s" in front of the stories and articles you think are good. It's screwy for two reasons. First it's a handicap for the writer—ye reader says, 'So this is supposed to be good, huh. It better be!' and that's a pretty tough attitude for any writer to cope with. Secondly, I think your opinion as to what is best to read is lousy.

In the April issue, for example, the only thing you had marked good that was good, was the *Flat Footed Angel* yarn by Zinberg. As to that Robb White article about *Paradise For Two,* how come all these guys that find paradise are so anxious to rush into print about it . . . and of course destroy the said paradise? And White doesn't say whether the island has snakes or not . . . a very important point for any paradise lover. Also, he mentions some snooty "club" on a nearby island . . . what the hell kind of paradise is that?

Also, since this is a letter of complaint, why is F. Scott Fitzgerald and Louis Paul in every issue? They write good stories . . . ONCE in a while!

Sincerely,

New York, N. Y. TOM LACY

TRAVEL TIPS

Civil War II is about to break out between one Wm. Stephens and several million Southerners.

In taking up my pen against Mr. Stephens I do not intend to point out the many stupid inconsistencies such as the one in which Tallahassee beauties are upheld and South condemned. Are we to be told that Florida is a Northwestern state?

What I do wish to mention is that it is obvious that Mr. Useless Stephens (apologies to Grant) has formed his judgment of Southern beauty from the few of our section who have "gone Yankee" in an attempt to capitalize on a drawl which they have been told, is pleasant. It is quite natural for these girls to be dumb enough to talk too much since they were dumb enough to leave the South at all. Mr. Stephens should take a trip to the South.

I imagine that the mention of the union of Chicago's Italian and Irish peoples to produce a beautiful blue-eyed brown-haired girl required a terrific amount of research work. I wonder that the research worker did not unearth the fact that many decades before the Italians had found that there was gold in those U. S. cities, the union of the Scotch and Irish in the South had produced superlative examples of a blue-eyed, brown-haired girl.

America is the "Melting Pot," but, the fact that melting of races together lags far behind the American marriages of peoples of the same race prevents this from increasing our beauty standards. For every beautiful product of the melting process which Mr. Stephens can produce I will offer to produce two hundred ugly samples of each of the melted races.

Canton, N. C. W. G. COLE, JR.

MATH IN A MIRROR

'Tis stultish, and the grimy coves
Do gyre and gorkle in their play:
All moldy are their treasure troves,
And each his puzzle does display.

"Beware the Puzzlenut, my son!
The brains that writhe, the wits that hatch!
Beware the Mathmath bird, and shun
The sprumious puzzlebatch!"

He took his porpal pen in hand:
Long time the mathsome fiend he sought—
So quested he by the Solvit Spree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as his pensive thought he wooed,
A Puzzlenut, with eyes of glame,
Came twizzling from the smudgy brood,
And teased him as it came.

Pi square! Pi square! And there and then
The mental wheels went flicker-flack!
He reft it plain, and with his brain
He went triumphing back.

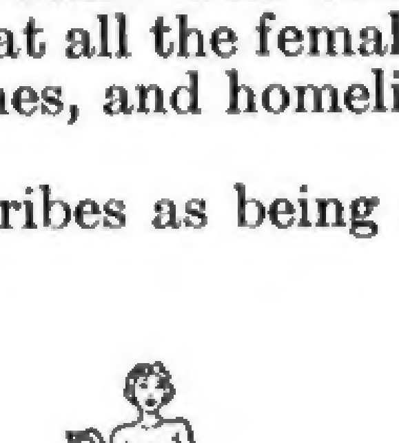
"And hast thou slain the Puzzlenut?
Come to my arms, my loggish boy!
O algebrous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He integralled in his joy.

'Tis stultish, and the grimy coves
Do gyre and gorkle in their play:
All moldy are their treasure troves,
But Lewis Carroll saves the day.

Ann Arbor, Mich. NATHAN MINKOFF

OBJECT LESSON IN FEMININE LOGIC

Who is this "Nostradamus" anyway, that he presumes to pass judgment on the female form? One thing I'm willing to bet: that all the females in his family are prunes, and homelier than sin.



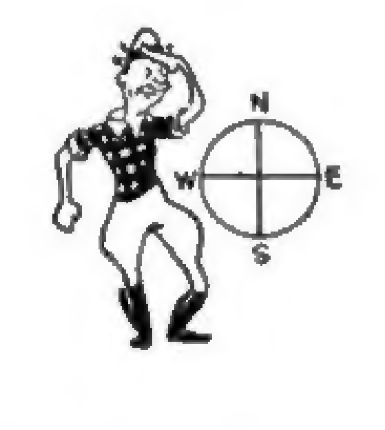
The female he describes as being so vulgar has the same figure as the Venus de Milo, most of the Alma Mater statues, and other shining models of pulchritude and (as in the latter case) female virtues.

The reason I feel so strongly on this matter—I have the same figure myself. That's the reason I'm not signing my real name. I'm a model wife and mother. And I'm definitely *not* vulgar or low-brow. I don't use any cosmetics at all—don't need to—thank God. My school, college and post-graduate career wasn't marked by any trips to the reform school. Last, but not least, I snoot the iceman and milkman as haughtily as Nostradamus' own figureless wife.

New York, N. Y. INDIGNANT

THE RISE OF W. S.

The case of Halliburton vs. the people was so ably presented by George Weller in the April splurge that I shall have to admit that I have gone through a transformative mental process in regard to the fair Richard's exploits. Though I never voiced adverse criticism of the late adventurer aloud (give the devil his due, will ya?) I held many a session with myself condemning his every act. Weller should have done an article like *The Passing of the Last Playboy* when Dick was living—or did he, too, experience a change of mind after the Chinese junk incident halted Halliburton's rapid-fire exposé of weaker males?



The Buckler kid has possibilities but don't accept everything he submits just because he's your favorite. He should climb the ladder slowly like the rest of us potential literary beacons.

Which reminds me—I always thought those initials on rejected ESQ. manuscripts stood for Wotta Sap. Come to find out they mean William Stephens, who can write a snappy article as well as a snappy rejection slip. I hereby change that "W.S." from Wotta Sap to Wotta Scholar.

Sincerely yours,

Ashland, Wis. PAUL K. CHAPPLE

SO OTTO WAS ICKY

When I saw one of your contributors perpetrating a rank libel on ancient Greek and Roman mythology, a branch of fantasy that I had coveted long before ESKY was even an evil leer in the eyes of his Frankenstein creator, I just bided my time and trustingly and foolishly expressed the hope that surely some schoolboy would haplessly pick up a February copy of ESQUIRE just to look at the pictures, by chance as ill luck might have it chance to read *Gliders Without Wings*, and rebuke you as roundly as you deserve.

So it is that, when after watching and waiting for two successive issues, I see that even the schoolboys are not reading your stuff anymore, I must go contrary to my principles and write you and perhaps (who knows?) enlighten you.

Otto Lang starts off blithely with the offhand crack about "Icarus, who, according to the myth, built himself wings of bird-feathers." Now, if there is a myth to this effect, Herr Otto made it up himself. The way I learnt it, Icarus' old man Daedalus was the great engineer who built the wings, from whose name we derive the adjective daedal to signify ingenuity and cleverness. As for Icarus, he was a dead beat and never built a thing. Why, the dope was so addle-pated he didn't even have sense enough to follow his old man's express instructions and stay away from the sun. So what does the dolt do but think he's Apollo, dragging the sun around in his chariot, fly too close to the burning ball, get his wings melted, fall into the sea and drown—from which brilliant little episode, he gave his name to the Icarian Sea.

So please tell Otto Lang to go take an Icarus.

Brooklyn, N. Y. ELLIOT REDMONT

THESIS ON ESQ'S IMMUTABILITY

I have examined your latter-day progress with interest. Beyond a few fillips like the prescription mark and the ibble at the end of the story—and stuff like your two-page spreads and interest in 'aht'—I should say that fundamentally you have changed little. These changes may be similar to an adolescent deepening of a pip-squeak's voice you might say.

How do the boys in the sancto sanctorum work? Do you try to spread your magazine over a multitudinous range of topics to try to capture all interests? Your editor claims you have a policy. Change. That is indefinite enough to be a plank on the Republican platform.

Now that last issue illustrates my attitude perfectly. Your cover—which looked the same to me—was NEW. And brother—did you point with pride! And how you chortle because you convinced 'Your Favorite Author' to contribute. Mr. Buckler is a nice guy—but his story—I pass. These cataclysmic 'changes' are simply the frou-frou—underneath—you boys still have the same product.

In all fairness though, I have a yen for the writings of Irv Shaw. But objectively speaking, it just is not enough of an incentive. I have a sneaking suspicion that you like to get the letters of 'sweetness and light'—and I have purposely made this letter too long you see, so that you won't have to insert it. Like Omar—I have left by the door I entered—labored and produced a louse. Nothing personal you understand.

The conviction grows upon me, as I write, that perhaps the isolated items that I regard with benevolence might justify continued purchase of ESKIE. In other words, despite my definite opposition to certain of your institutions, perhaps they are balanced by the momentary satisfaction I get when I read something I like. It comes to me you see, that I also like George the Nathan's choice.

Having deposited my leavings on your editorial lap, I'll scram, and let you run the Magazine for Men YOUR way. You will anyway. Have a poem?

When ESQUIRE's under fire
Those who do it rue it.

Rue-spectfully,

RUE-BERT ROSENBLOOM

Kew Gardens, N. Y.

ON BEAUTY AS ITS OWN EXCUSE

As to that sculptural feature of yours by Frank Nagy, how about the spiritual and other qualities, how will the artist deal with those? For beauty is only skin-deep and also beauty is what beauty can get away with. I am looking forward with interest to the developments.

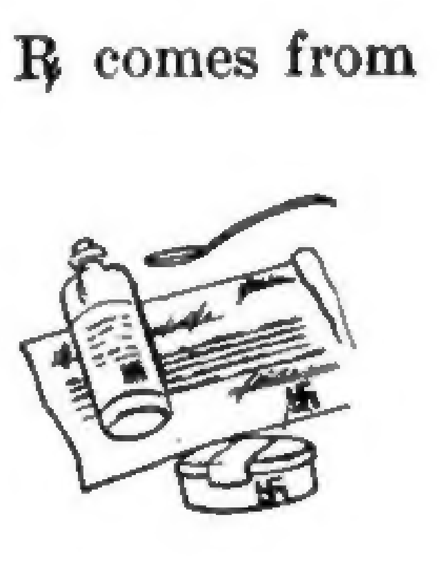
Yours,

DR. MARGIT ACZEL

New York, N. Y.

DIGNITY OF A DINGBAT

Where does Mr. H. H. Hughes of Pasadena, California, get the idiotic idea that ℞ is a swastika? He insults the Profession of Pharmacy by saying such!



For his information ℞ comes from the Latin recipio and was originally an invocation to Jupiter; but is now translated "take of," and is the symbol of the great Profession of Pharmacy.

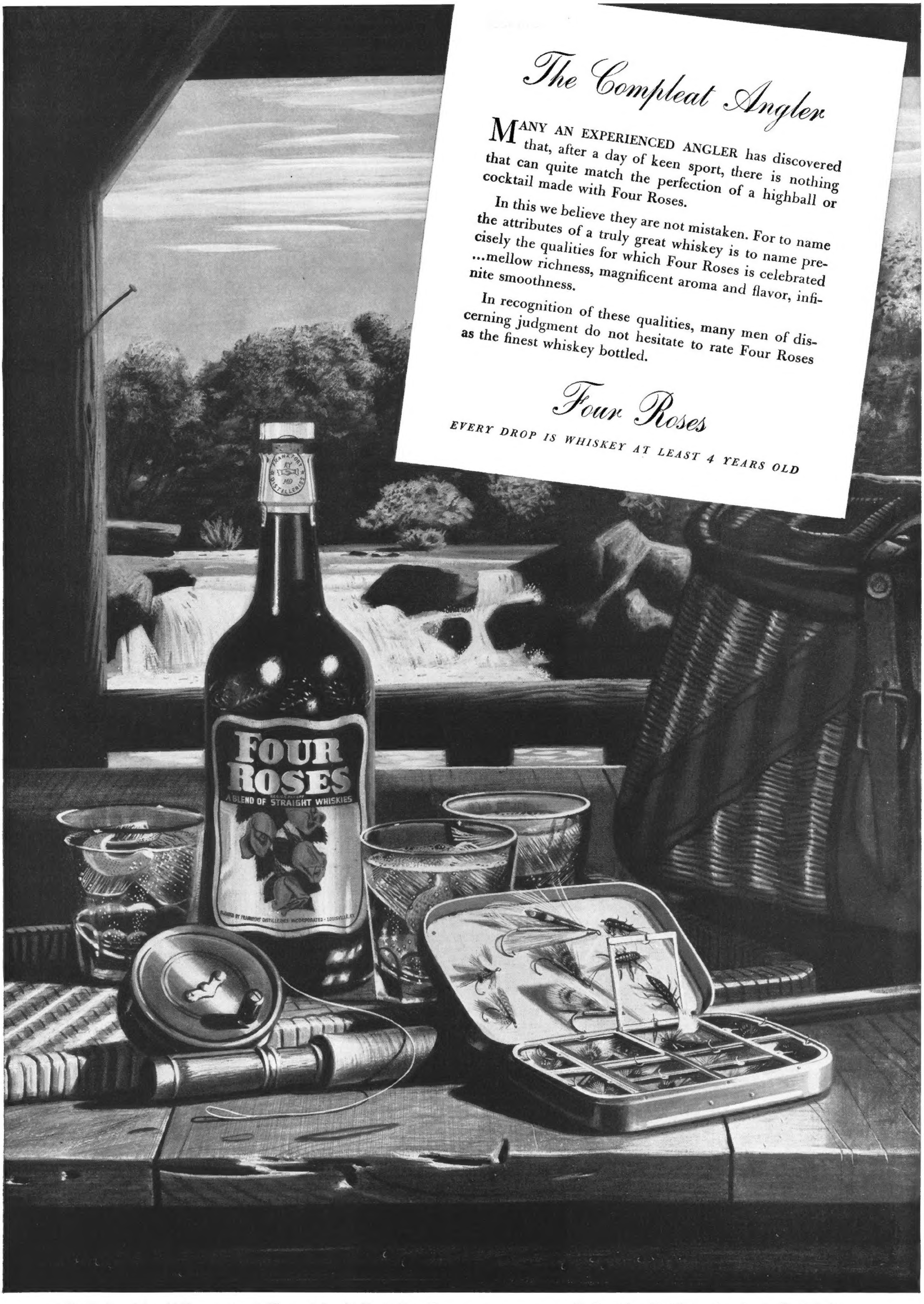
Congratulations on the April issue of ESQUIRE!

Respectfully,

ROBERT E. WILLIAMSON

Purdue University School of Pharmacy
W. Lafayette, Ind.

Continued on page 167



The Compleat Angler

MANY AN EXPERIENCED ANGLER has discovered that, after a day of keen sport, there is nothing that can quite match the perfection of a highball or cocktail made with Four Roses.

In this we believe they are not mistaken. For to name the attributes of a truly great whiskey is to name precisely the qualities for which Four Roses is celebrated ...mellow richness, magnificent aroma and flavor, infinite smoothness.

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Mothersills
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
STOPS TRAVEL SICKNESS by SEA, AIR and TRAIN

Going places? There's a lot of territory covered by those two frail words. Moosehead Lake, Maine to Ensenada, California; Hudson Bay to Bimini. So much territory in fact that it's sometimes sort of tough nailing down these strong-willed, vacation-minded thoughts that so easily disturb your everyday cerebration. They're going to take you some place, that you know. What place, you're not so sure. In such a pleasant predicament it's a good idea to make friends with your travel agent. And maybe we can help too. That's a promise, and it's also the purpose of GOING PLACES WITH ESQUIRE, the very first installment of which you happen to be reading. By land, air, or sea—if you're stuck with any travel or vacation problems or questions, let us have them. We've been doing some cross country investigation and our virgin files are ripe with information. This is your column. We look forward to hearing from you.

• • •

36,000,000 Americans went places last summer. Two places to put it precisely, both of which gave them shows the kin of which they'd never seen before. 26,000,000 to Flushing Meadows, 10,000,000 to Treasure Island. America has two *new* Fairs this year. Witness first the New York "World of Tomorrow," 1940 edition—

The Fair price—50¢, and a practically new Amusement Area goes with the downward rate change. It's the "Great White Way" this year and ten times last year's light brilliance makes that name significant. Already much publicized is the glamorous musical cavalcade of America's history, "American Jubilee," an extravaganza with a cast of 300 in a new theatre seating 7,000. Midget maestro Billy Rose's entirely new Aquacade features, along with Miss Eleanor Holm and his famous aquabelles, a gigantic water curtain, forty feet high. Michael Todd, impresario of last year's "Hot Mikado," is back with five shows and what amounts to a "Michael Todd Quarter." His Music Hall presents "The Streets of Paris", his "Old New Orleans" offers three shows, one white, one colored and the nightly Mardi Gras Frolic.

The Great White Way comprises only a slice of the 1940 World of Tomorrow story. Where the Soviet Building stood, you'll find the grand scale, brilliantly conceived American Common where the Fair Corporation is staging "Twenty-Four Fairs Within the Fair," a series of old world festivals devoted to American groups of foreign extraction. General Motors has had 150 men working throughout the winter enlarging the famous Futurama. Ford has spent $500,000, adding an entire wing in which daily shows will occupy the new Ford theatre. The Chrysler Exhibit has undergone expensive alterations. Florida has transplanted a southern beach to the shores of Liberty Lake—palm trees, Cabana Club and, of course, glamour girls. And all this is but a mere corner of New York's, 1940 "World of Tomorrow."

San Francisco isn't waiting until opening day, May 25th, to bring to life the friendly atmosphere that is such an integral part of her Golden Gate International Exposition on beautiful Treasure Island. On May 19th, she begins celebrating her "Golden Forties Fiesta," one hundred years of drama-loaded history wrapped into one short week. The Fiesta will transport modern Frisco back to the days of mining camps, the Barbary Coast and the Mission Trail. And cosmopolitan San Francisco, "The City That Knows How," throws a mean Fiesta. When the great 49'er Ball on May 24th has ended, she will turn to her Exposition in San Francisco Bay.

Setting, color, and lighting were the essentials of Treasure Island's popularity and visual appeal in 1939 and this has been changed in quantity only. Illumination is more vivid, stimulating, a million dollars having gone into the lighting system. "Black" light is used, transforming potential drabness into irridescence. Largest of the new Treasure Island entertainments is "America, Cavalcade of a Nation" which will bring Columbus to life and finish off with Frisco in the Gay Nineties. And the Exposition's theme girl for 1940, that all-important pace-setter of all Fairs, will be "Miss Streamline."

Check May 11th twice on your Spring Travel Calendar, for that is the day when the 1940 World's Fair opens and special Summer rates go into effect at the Plaza.
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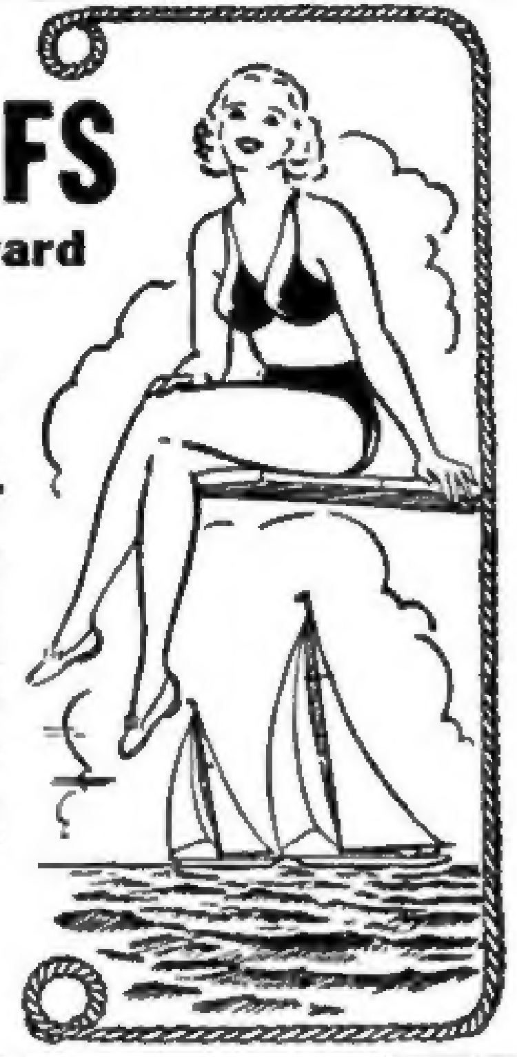

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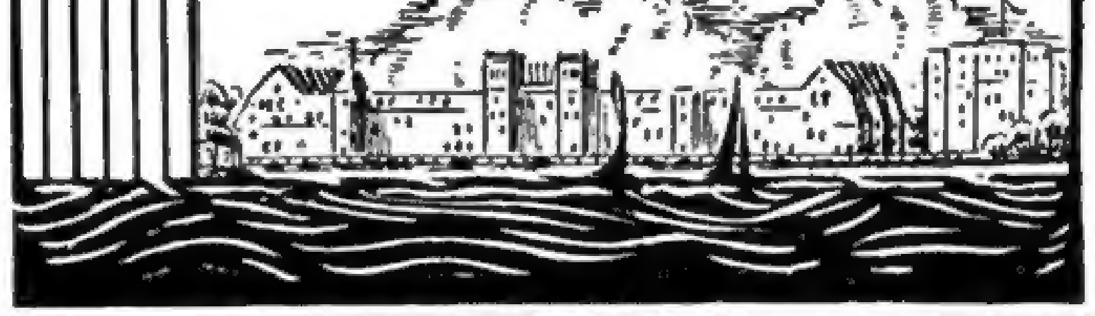

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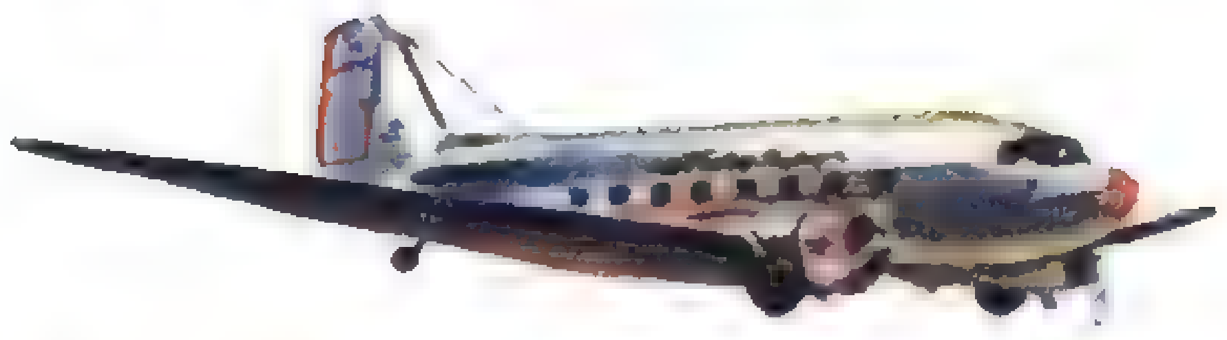

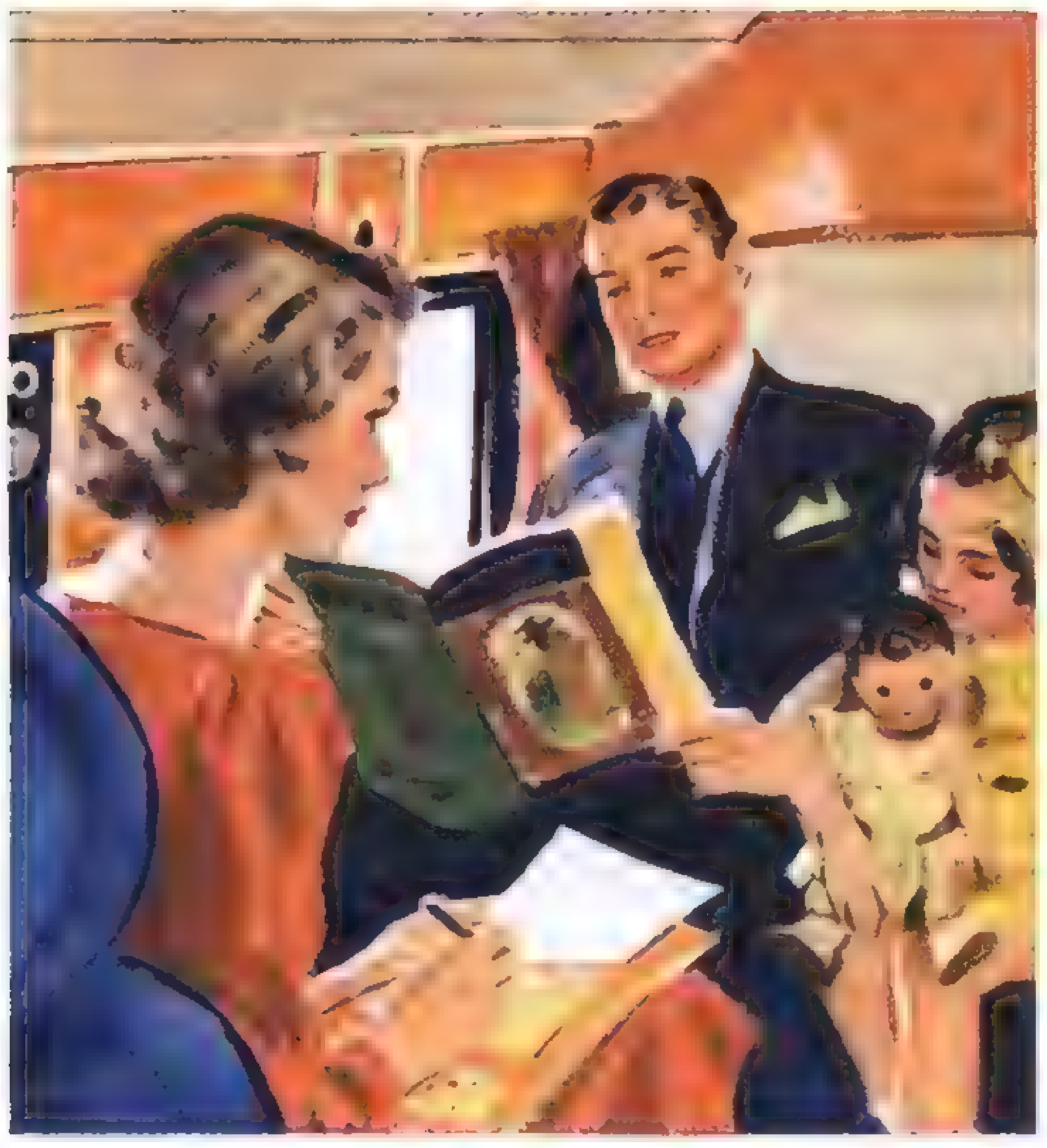

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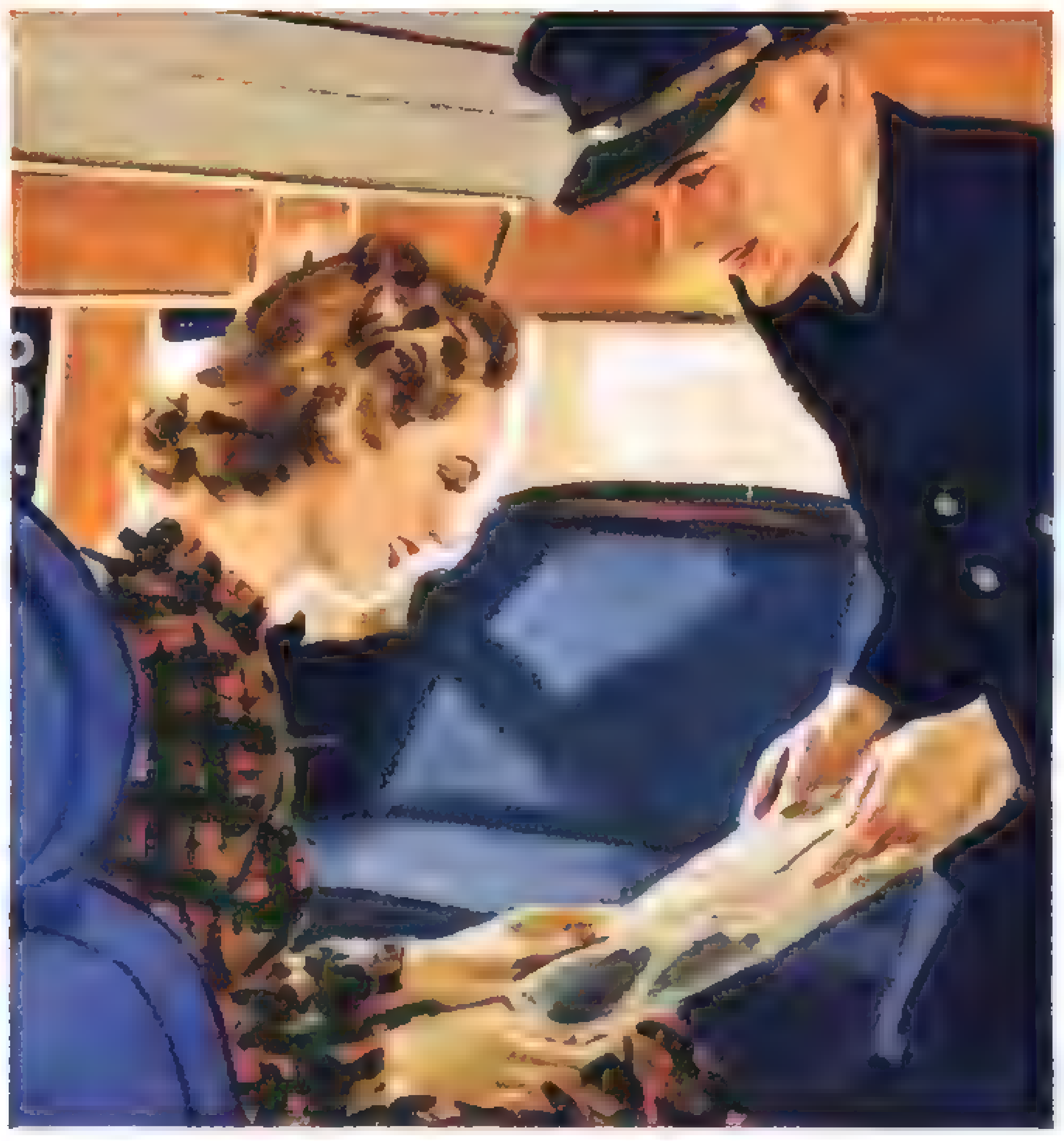
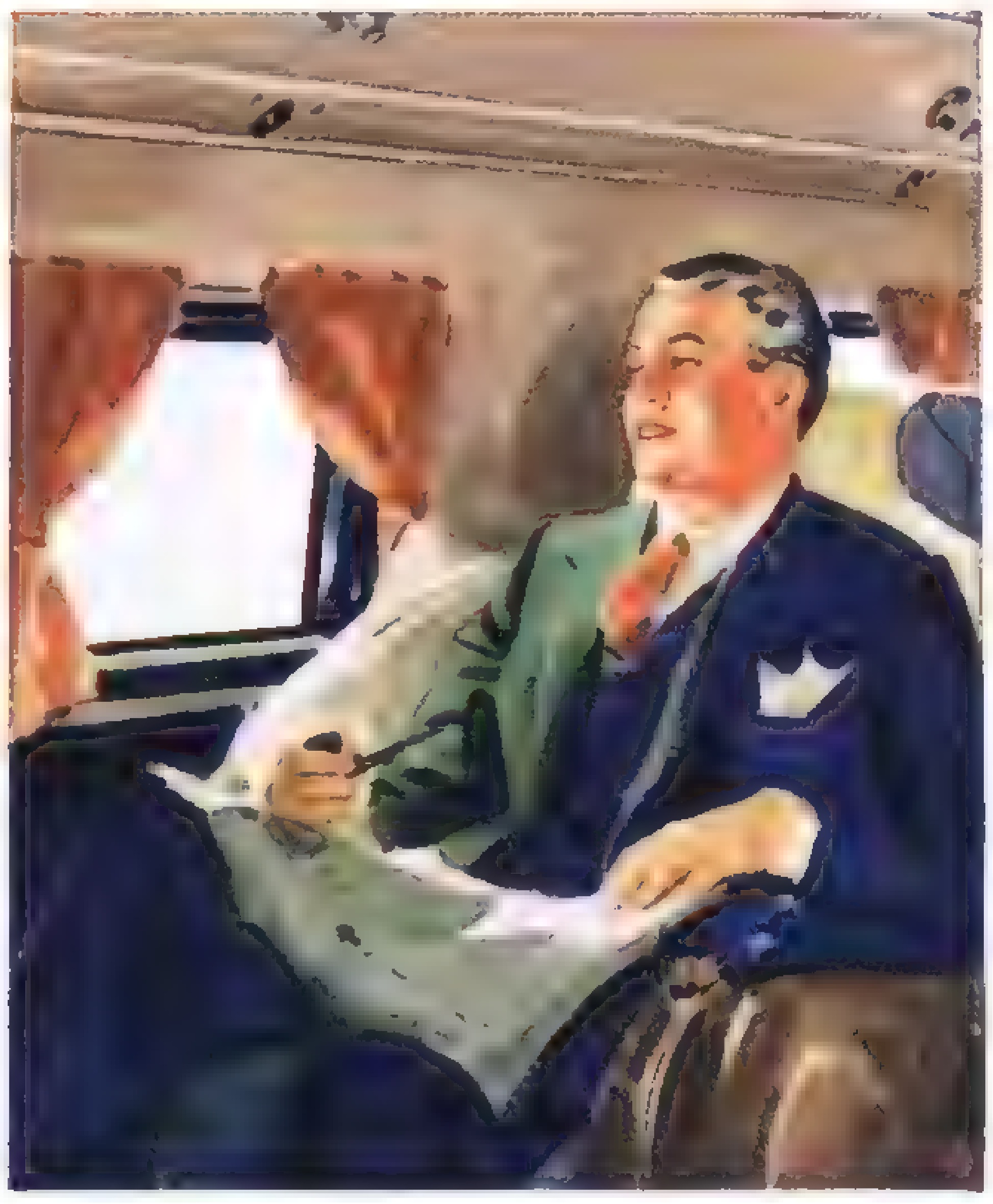


IT'S QUIET UP THERE! No need to raise your voice. And there's always *so* much to talk about! Stewardess and officers *like* to answer your questions. You'll enjoy the Captain's bulletins on where you are, how high, how fast . . . and *all* about it!



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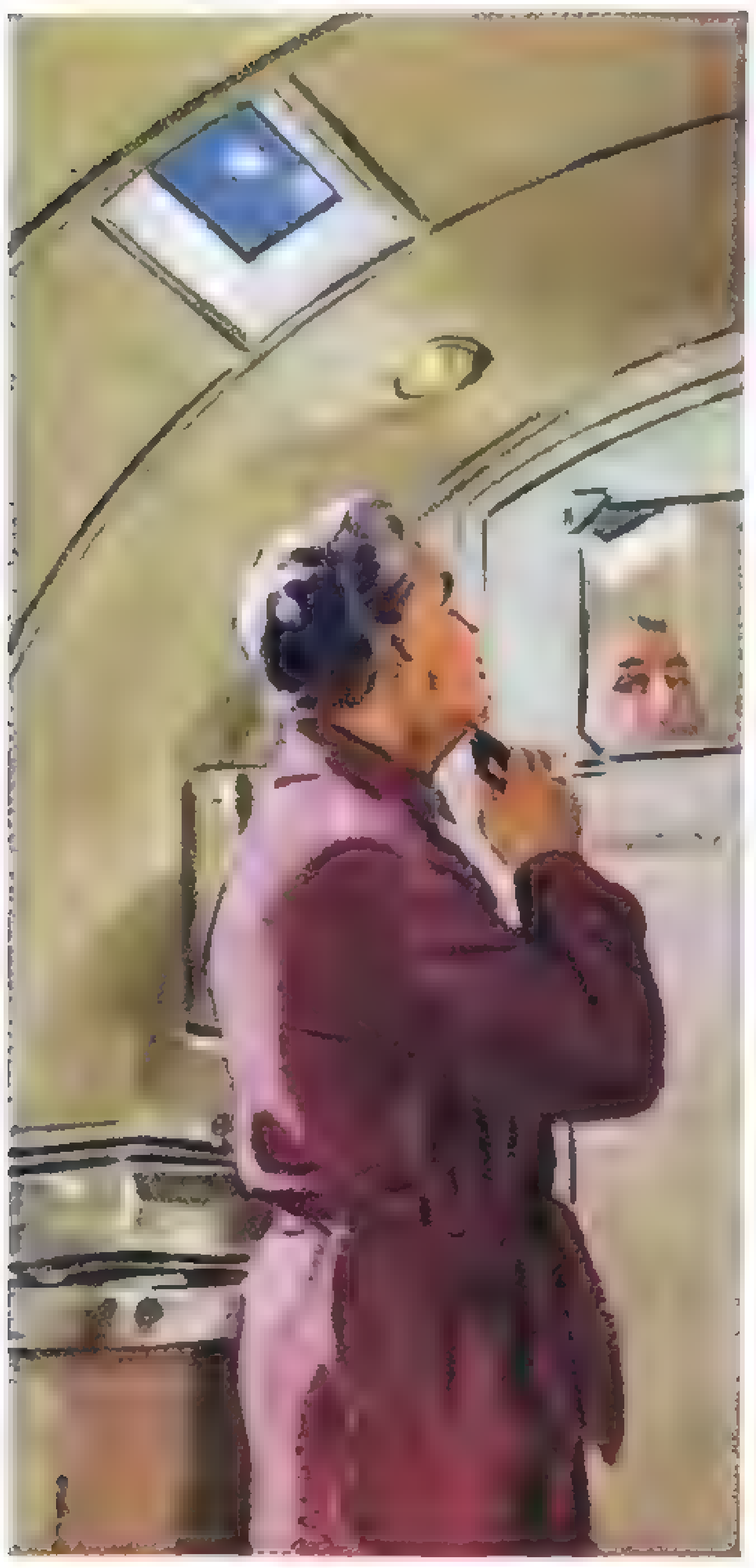

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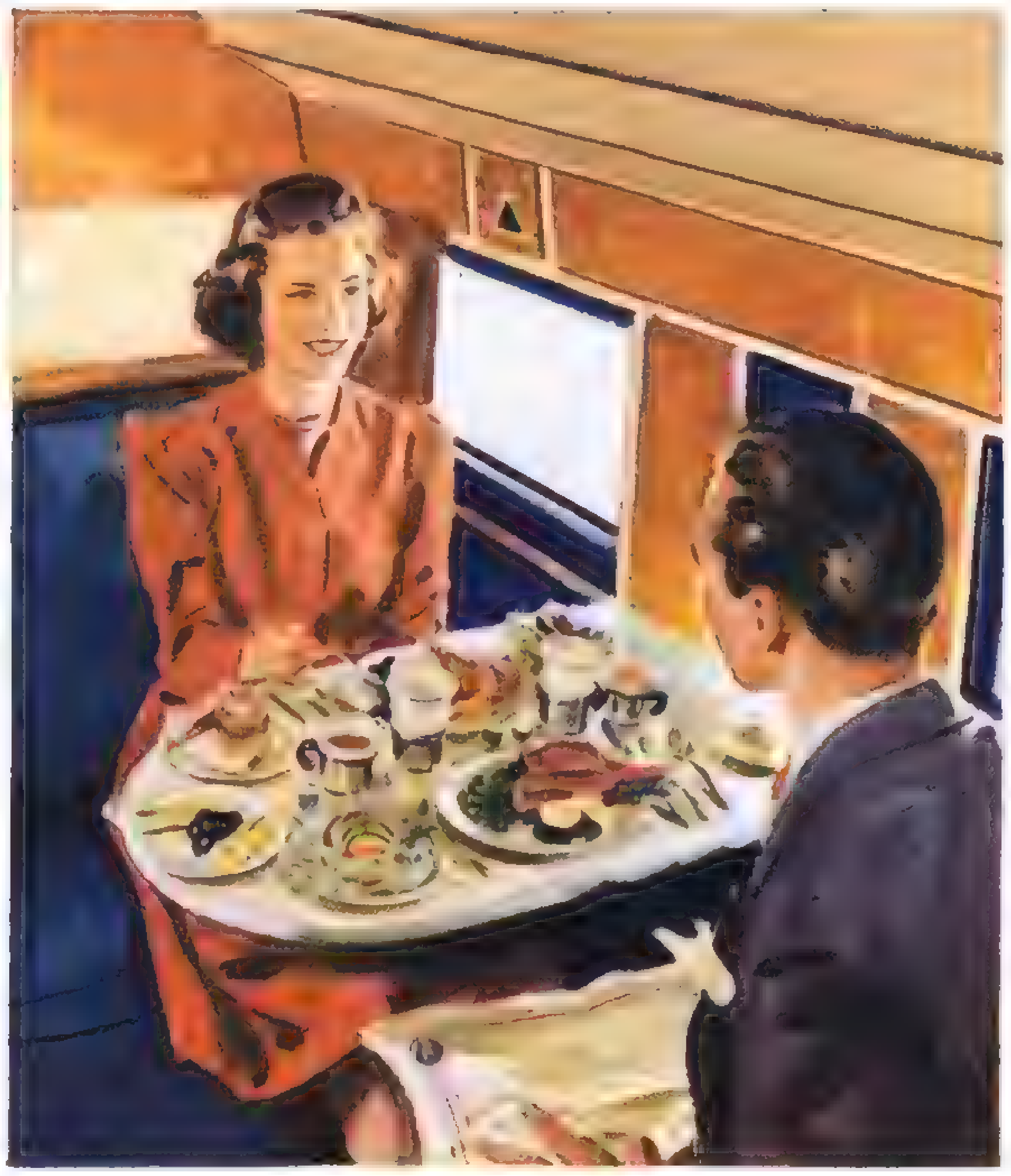

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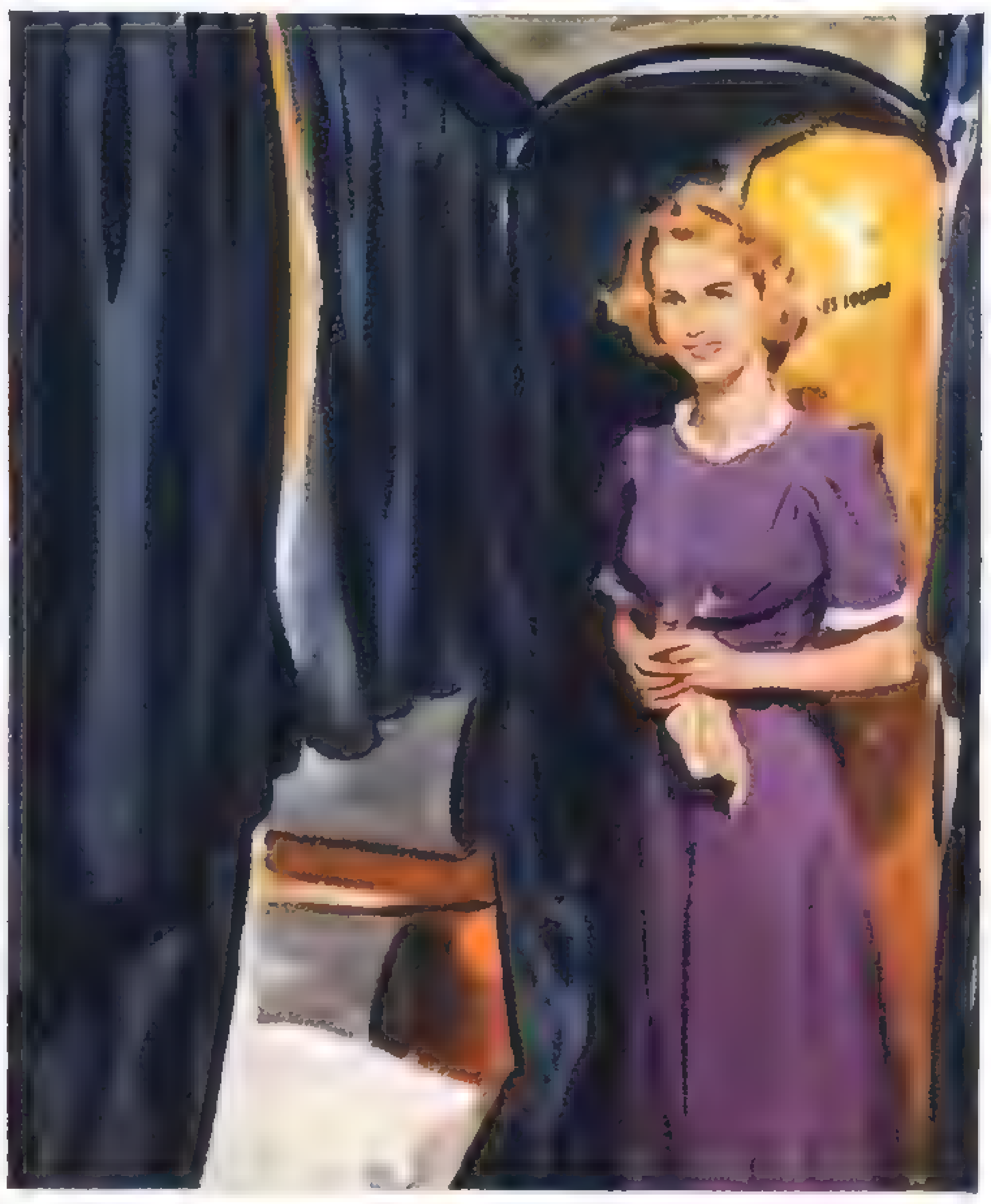

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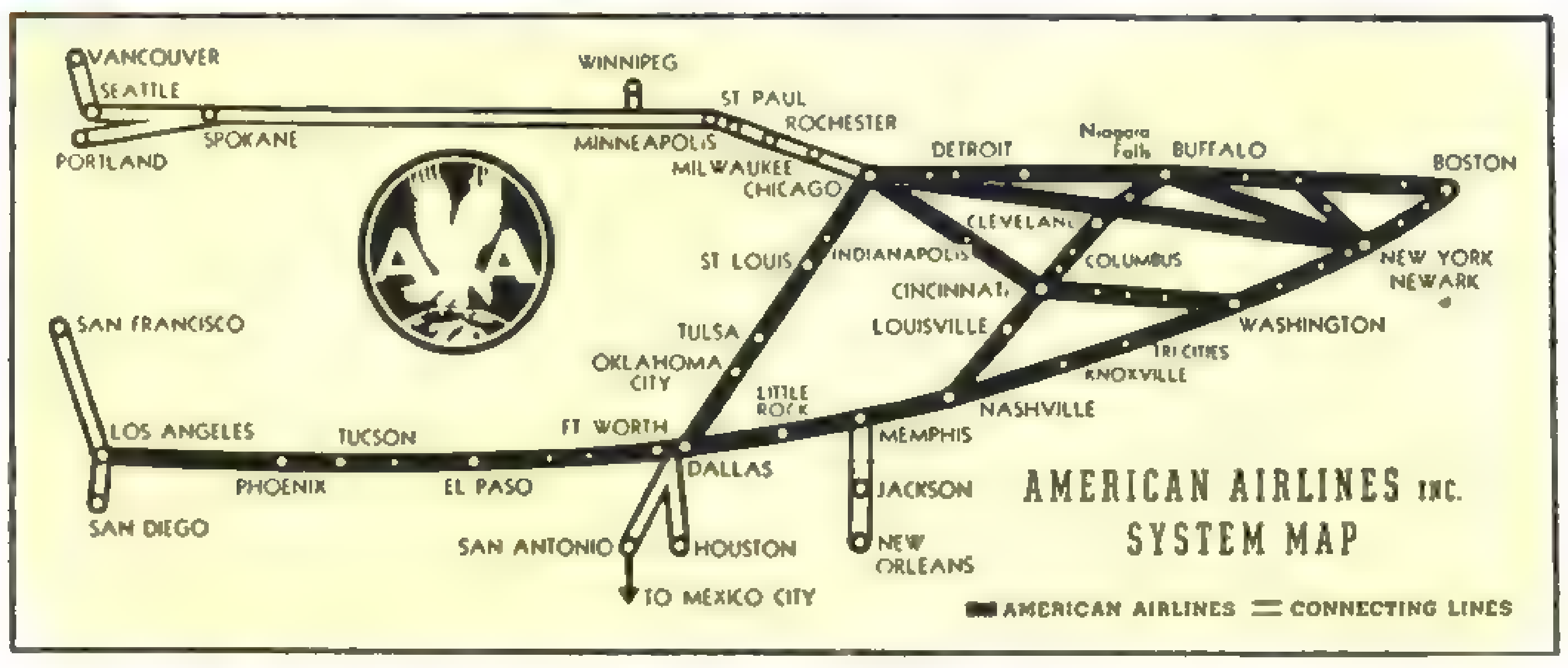
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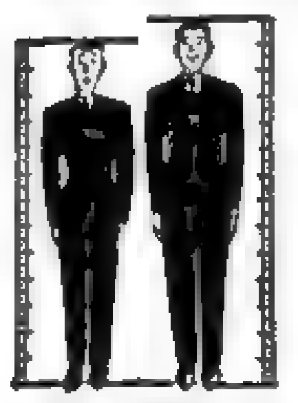
Increase HEIGHT

Wear Staturaid height-increasing shoes. Chosen for smart appearance by thousands of well-dressed men. *Improve posture.* Select from 50 smart styles, many leathers, for sport, town, country and university wear. *Staturaids are made-to-order, are hand-lasted.* One week delivery. You can be taller by 1, 1¼, 1½, 1¾, 2 or 2¼ inches as you specify, in all styles. *Built-up feature does not show.* Send for free illustrated catalog, sealed in plain wrapper. *Write Department 22.*
JOSEPH BURGER, 2067 3d Ave. at 113 St. N. Y.
See my exhibit at the New York World's Fair

Announcing...
MOST SENSATIONAL INVENTION IN RADIO FOR TWENTY YEARS

New Custom Built SCOTT *Frequency Modulation* RECEIVER

RECEPTION UNEQUALLED IN RADIO HISTORY

FREQUENCY MODULATION is an *entirely new system* of radio broadcasting and reception. Static and noise are virtually eliminated. Tonal range 2 to 3 times greater than present broadcasts is reproduced with amazing perfection. F.M. Transmitters are being rapidly installed. Prepare now for this magnificent new reception. New Custom Built SCOTT offers both F.M. and regular receiver in one chassis, or new F.M. tuner for easy connection with present receivers in F.M. service areas. New Scott is precision built to same supreme quality standards that have won recognition as "world's finest radio". Five year guarantee. Full month home trial. Extended terms in U.S.A. if desired. Send today for all details of this far reaching basic invention.

GET SPECIAL OFFER!

E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABS.
4482 RAVENSWOOD AVE.,
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THE STRADIVARIUS OF RADIO RECEIVERS SCOTT

Send all facts, order-blank, and special offer. *No obligation.*

*Name*__________
*Address*__________

STUDIOS: NEW YORK • BUFFALO • DETROIT • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES

Graduation Gifts

He's earned it. Course exams, thesis, comprehensives weren't easy, but his diploma's ready for framing. Commencement's not far off . . . now it's your turn. A convertible, perhaps? They're young America's favorite car and they're bigger and better all 'round this year. Or maybe a new tailcoat — he'll need it next fall. As for other possibilities, he might like one of these —

SELF WINDING watch, practical, original gift. Needs no attention, body motion keeps it running and it's waterproof, shockproof and unbreakable. In gold finish and stainless steel—reasonable.

NEW DESIGN pocket watch, a wide gold band circles the face. Not only definitely four-star on looks, but has a fine 19-jewel Swiss movement. In 18 kt. gold.

EVENING pocket watch, designed principally for after-dark use. Made of stainless steel in a distinctive satin finish, it has a handsome St. Christopher medal on reverse side.

CHRONOGRAPH wrist watch for the tyro engineer. Incorporates stop watch, telemeter and tachometer, is both rugged and top-notch in appearance. Has 17-jewel movement, made in stainless steel and gold.

FOUR LEAD gold pencil for the coming architect. He'll find full-time application for a pencil that writes red, green, blue and black at thumb-touch—and it's 14 kt.

MIDNIGHT BLUE fine pinseal wallet with a gold Swiss watch functionally used as part of the clasp. A honey for evening use, it lies flat but has plenty of room for all necessary bills, cards, et al.

STERLING SILVER CIGARETTE case that comes with a diamond-point pencil for facsimile autographs hinged inside the lid. His classmates can Hancock it, making it a well-remembered, important gift. Made in standard and king cigarette sizes.

BILL CLIP of 14 kt. gold that unfolds into an easily workable, accurate 6-inch rule. There's a place for his name and the date of his graduation.

ENGLISH CUFF LINKS hand cut and colorfully hand painted in a great variety of sporting designs and monograms. The designs are cut into pure crystal and the crystal is mounted on gold. Your own designs can be worked out.

FOURSOME CLOCK that produces everything short of market quotations. Individual instruments are an 8-day clock, fine barometer, thermometer and a calendar which changes date automatically at midnight. In pigskin or Russian calf.

NEW PORTABLE combination radio-victrola of the top type that goes the usual variety one better—the radio in it is detachable, can be carted around singly when the victrola isn't needed. This portable within a portable is an eye-opener gift, comes in airplane cloth, rawhide, cowhide.

RECORD CASE for the man who takes his music with him. It's a new type, holds twenty-five records that are numbered and easy to get at. Case is cowhide.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

HAIR RELIEF
without the grief!

Yes, with your own muscular fingers you could give your scalp the same stimulating massage that Vitalator does. You could, that is, if you were a trained Swedish masseur. But you're not, so you need Vitalator and its baby motor.

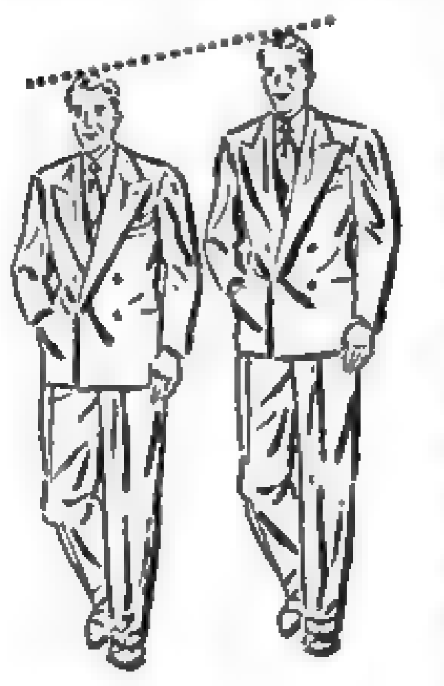
THE HEALTH WAY TO GOOD LOOKS

Vitalator stimulates circulation in *any* part of the body, works out soreness and fatigue, relieves headaches and strained nerves. Get a free demonstration — and a grand sense of well-being.

In drug and cosmetic departments of stores everywhere
or write The A. C. Gilbert Co., New Haven, Conn.

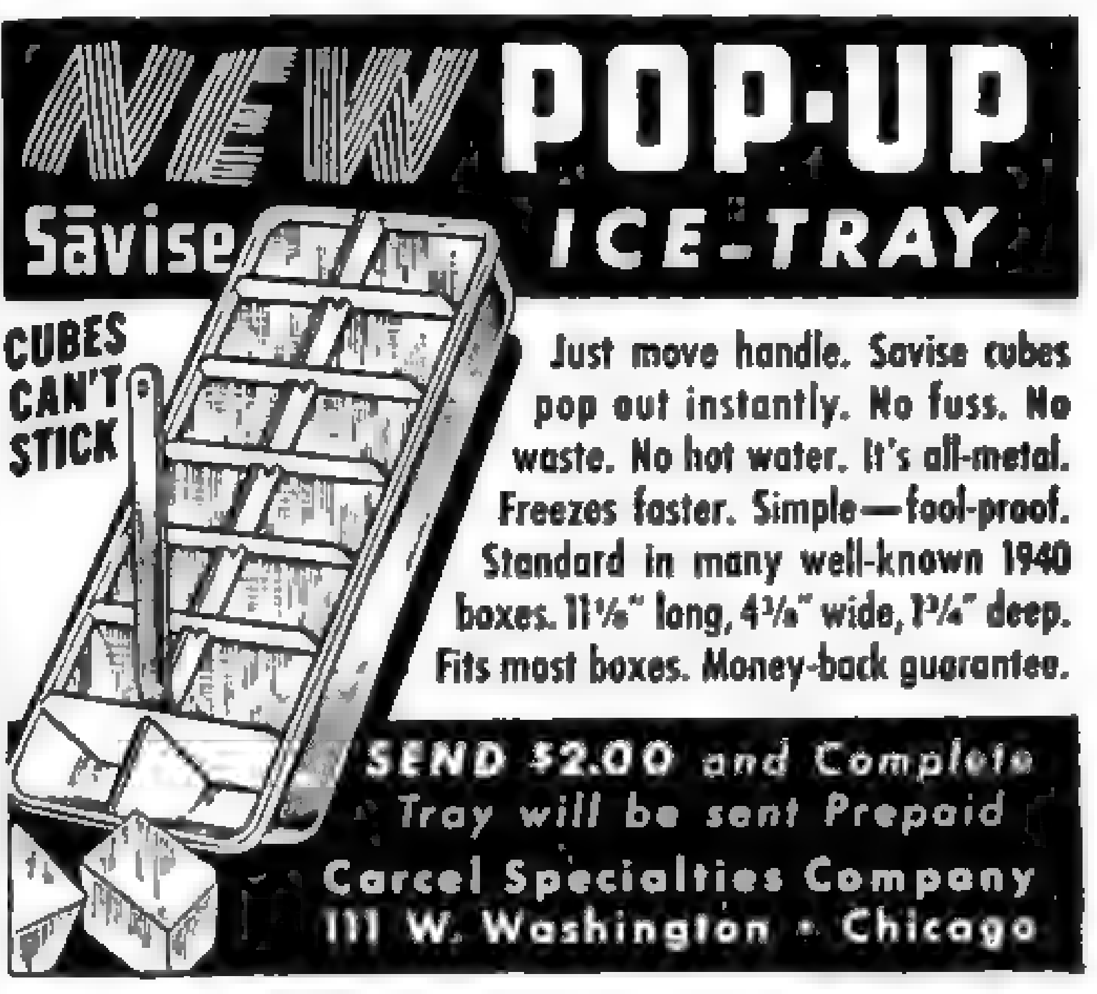
GILBERT *Vitalator*
Chrome finish $8.95
Plastic: maroon or ivory $9.95

NOVELTIES NEW 604 Page 1940 Catalog of 7000 amazing Novelties, gift articles, sporting goods, hobby kits, cameras, optical goods, watches, luck jewelry, knives, rifles, revolvers, movie projectors, books, musical instruments, radio novelties, puzzles, joke goods, magic, auto accessories, bicycle novelties, imported novelties, occult and spiritualistic items, archery, fencing, unusual seeds, live animals, smoker's novelties, etc. **Deluxe Cloth Bound Edition 15c.** *FREE! 96 page suplementary catalog, 1900 novelties.* **JOHNSON SMITH, Dept. 521-D, DETROIT**


BE TALLER...WEAR ELEVATORS
THE HEIGHT INCREASING SHOE

Outside they look just like ordinary shoes. On the feet they improve posture and actually make the wearer TALLER. Radical new departure in shoe construction that works a miracle for short men. You pay no more for "ELEVATORS" than for other fine quality shoes without these features. Details and name of nearest dealer supplied upon request. To retail at **$12.50 to $13.50.**

STONE-TARLOW CO., Inc.
Manufacturers of Men's Fine Shoes
Brockton, Mass.


NEW POP-UP Savise ICE-TRAY

CUBES CAN'T STICK

Just move handle. Savise cubes pop out instantly. No fuss. No waste. No hot water. It's all-metal. Freezes faster. Simple—fool-proof. Standard in many well-known 1940 boxes. 11⅛" long, 4⅜" wide, 1¾" deep. Fits most boxes. Money-back guarantee.

SEND $2.00 and Complete Tray will be sent Prepaid
Carcel Specialties Company
111 W. Washington • Chicago

SMOULDERING FIRES...UNDER A BLANKET OF SNOW

By divine right rules white ermine. Bestowing its haughty halo out of kinship with Kings. For, so crown-crested is its grandeur, that white ermine was once styled *Miniver,* which usage was limited to royalty and nobility, to distinguish it when so worn.

So, she who would assume this Quilt of Queens should be peeress in demeanor of its lofty caste. Regal in bearing, she must be warm, yet wondrous . . . ardent, yet Arctic, at one and the same time.

For, radiant white ermine . . . for all its patrician pomp and sovereign circumstance . . . is a robe that adores, the whilst it adorns . . . a stark blanket of snow for smouldering fires.

White ermine will exalt your earthling Princess . . . white ermine will exult your imperious imp. For, only white ermine has this almighty authority . . . to imprison a burning candle in a frosty frame of ice.

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I. J. FOX inc.
America's largest furrier
fifth avenue, new york

boston
cleveland
philadelphia
london
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The white ermine stole photographed is $750

HOTO BY BARRETT GALLAGHER

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

DON'T LOOK NOW but have you seen-
the new Bass Bargaingram No. 242. Reveals thousands of eye-opening bargains from the Camera Cross-roads of the World. FREE — for the asking.
Write Dept. E
Bass CAMERA CO.
179 W. MADISON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

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Wear Staturaid height-increasing shoes. Chosen for smart appearance by thousands of well-dressed men. *Improve posture.* Select from 50 smart styles, many leathers, for sport, town, country and university wear. *Staturaids are made-to-order, are hand-lasted.* One week delivery. You can be taller by 1, 1¼, 1½, 1¾, 2 or 2¼ inches as you specify, in all styles. *Built-up feature does not show.* Send for free illustrated catalog, sealed in plain wrapper. *Write Department 22.*
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BOOTMAKERS POLISH
Polish your shoes with HOLLYWOOD ANTIQUE "BOOTMAKERS" PASTE. The secret of an old French Bootmaker. A deep rich antique Walnut finish. Easy to use, shines like a mirror. 25c, 50c, and $1.00. At your local shoe store or at: Douglas, Flagg Bros. (shoe stores in principal cities), Nunn-Bush, Rival, Saks Fifth Avenue, Walk-Over, Wallach Bros., Wanamaker's, Weber & Heilbroner—*or direct mail*
FRENCHEE CHEMICAL CO. 107-32 Van Wyck Blvd. Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Executives
May we submit to YOU a NEW idea which helps solve SALES problems?
JAMES ORMONT & CO.
545 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

★ ★ ★ NEW PARTY RECORDS
(Not for goody-goods)
Album No. 2 of songs by Dwight Fiske rivals our famous first album. Songs saucy, sophisticated, wickedly clever! Titillate your friends with: The King and the Queen, Molly O'Toole the Fan Dancer, Columbus and Isabella, Africa Whispers, Mr. Seven, Mr. Webster, The Colonel's Tropical Bird, and the Last Cure. In Special Rabson Album $5.00 (4-12" records). While in the Rabelaisian mood order also Dwight Fiske Album No. 1, containing 8 hilarious, slightly scandalous ditties on 4-12" discs, $5.00. We Pay U. S. A. Postage.
Free—Write for Party Record List
RABSONS MUSIC SHOP 111 W. 52 STREET, NEW YORK, CI 7-0070

SPECIAL INVITATION
in this issue see page 145
WALNUT
A blend of the world's 7 finest tobaccos

Free TO ALL HORSEMEN
This new catalog illustrating and describing in detail STAR STEEL SILVER Bits, Spurs and Stirrups. Fashioned by American craftsmen from a metal that combines the brilliance of silver with the strength of steel, STAR STEEL SILVER is recognized as the world's finest riding hardware. Write North & Judd Mfg. Co., Dept. G, New Britain, Conn.
STAR STEEL SILVER
FINE RIDING HARDWARE

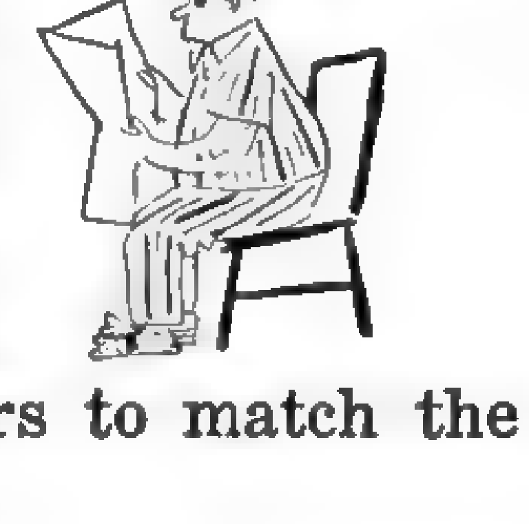
WATCH HER FADE. The world of the camera amateur is a wonderful world of ever broadening horizons. Hollywood's methods are rapidly becoming common property. We refer to a new instrument called the Fade-O-Scope with which non-union cameramen can make quite professional fades and lap dissolves merely by moving a small lever up or down. It's quickly and easily attached to the sunshade of the lens by a secure, adjustable clamping device. It fades scenes in or out at any speed and works with colored film without fear of change or distortion in color values. It's equipped with a pair of neutral density, high transmission polaroid lenses that produce smooth fades without causing any loss of detail or uniformity. In other words, you get professional results while retaining your amateur standing.

CONTOURS AND CUSSES. Six years of development went into that new form-fitting golf club grip that's become a headline newsstory in the world of mixed foursomes, fairways and inspired cussing. Scientifically designed in flowing oval curves, it is an answer to requests from pros for a grip that would insure beginners holding their clubs correctly from earliest neophyte days. Hands fit naturally into the contours of the grip, giving maximum control and, we're told, eliminating slipping, turning or twisting of the club. It's being manufactured for both woods and irons by one of the country's outstanding golf equipment firms.

TEE TROUBLE? Golfer's who are allergic to broken, disappearing tees will appreciate the sound idea behind the new TEE KIT. It's a small contrivance that clips firmly to sports belt, hat band or trouser top and holds 6 tees. This brand of tee is aluminum and they're definitely unbreakable. Being light in color, they're easy to find. The kit is made of fine sturdy cowhide.

RECORD NEWS. The latest departure from the norm of the record industry is the "Dance Sing" record you may have had news about, recently made by Kitty Carlisle. The usual run of today's discs follows the old formula—band with vocal refrain. This 12 inch disc provides nine minutes of continuous dancing to a lovely voice with a brilliant orchestral background. There are four up-to-the-minute refrains on a side, all in perfect dance tempo. This is, incidentally, the first recording ever made by Miss Carlisle.

HEADLINE HOLD-UP. Ever think how much of a female's attire—from the skin out—is washable and how much of ours isn't? You're right—sad situation, but improvement is being made. We refer to the washable garter just produced that enables men to have a clean, fresh pair of holder-uppers at all times. They're made of a special processed elastic that sneers at a rough scrubbing. All you need is a cake of mild soap and a drop of warm water.



HAVE A SEAT. Good news in the beach, porch and garden department are the sensible, new aluminum chairs which fold up and fit compactly into an easily carried sailcloth case. A pair of them in their case weighs only eight and a half pounds. Their "anodic" aluminum frames never need polish and are good and strong. Sailcloth seats and back are made in a wide range of colors to match the carrying case.

The Symbol of Dependable Quality
★SIMPSON CLOTHES
STYLED
For Summer Comfort
★ Tempers, temperament, temperatures and clothes can take a terrific beating during the hot summer months . . . and in most cases they *do!* There is however a class of men who have learned how to escape such traditional suffering.
These men are acquainted with a *Simpson* representative and they call on him to bring summer comfort and relief in the shape of smart summerweight fabrics . . . in colors and patterns both flattering and distinctive . . . *and,* tailored to their own personal measurements.
Wouldn't YOU like to enjoy *your* summer?
Write Dept. E-6 for Beautifully Illustrated Booklet, the "SIMPSON DIGEST of Fabrics and Fashions for Spring and Summer"
J. B. SIMPSON, INC. SIMPSON BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL.
Branches in Many Cities

Enjoy VACATION *Travel*
• Why waste precious vacation time through lost directions and wrong-way travel? No matter where you drive...town or country...every confusing turn is solved for you with a Hull Streamline Auto Compass on your windshield. Attractive Bakelite Case, genuine sapphire bearing, built-in compensator
Only $2.95 at your dealer.
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HULL MFG. CO., P. O. Box 246-66, Warren, Ohio

BRAXTON *Belts*
Guarantee Wear it 30 days! If not satisfied return and get money back.
FOR GRADUATIONS ★
• What a gift for man or boy! Always comfortable...lasts for years. The World's Best Belt with patented raised inner-lining feature which keeps snug on hips. Never slips. Never lets you down.
The Only Belt in the World with Double-Comfort Feature
Improved 1940 Model (Pat. No. 2134600) Top Grain Cowhide in black or brown.
1⅜" wide (belt only) 3.00
Natural Pigskin (belt only) . . 4.00
Sterling buckle with monogram 2.50
Sterling tongue buckle, mono. . 5.00
FOR FATHER'S DAY
At Your Dealer or Sent Postpaid in Gift Box
QUEEN CITY BUCKLE MFG. CO.
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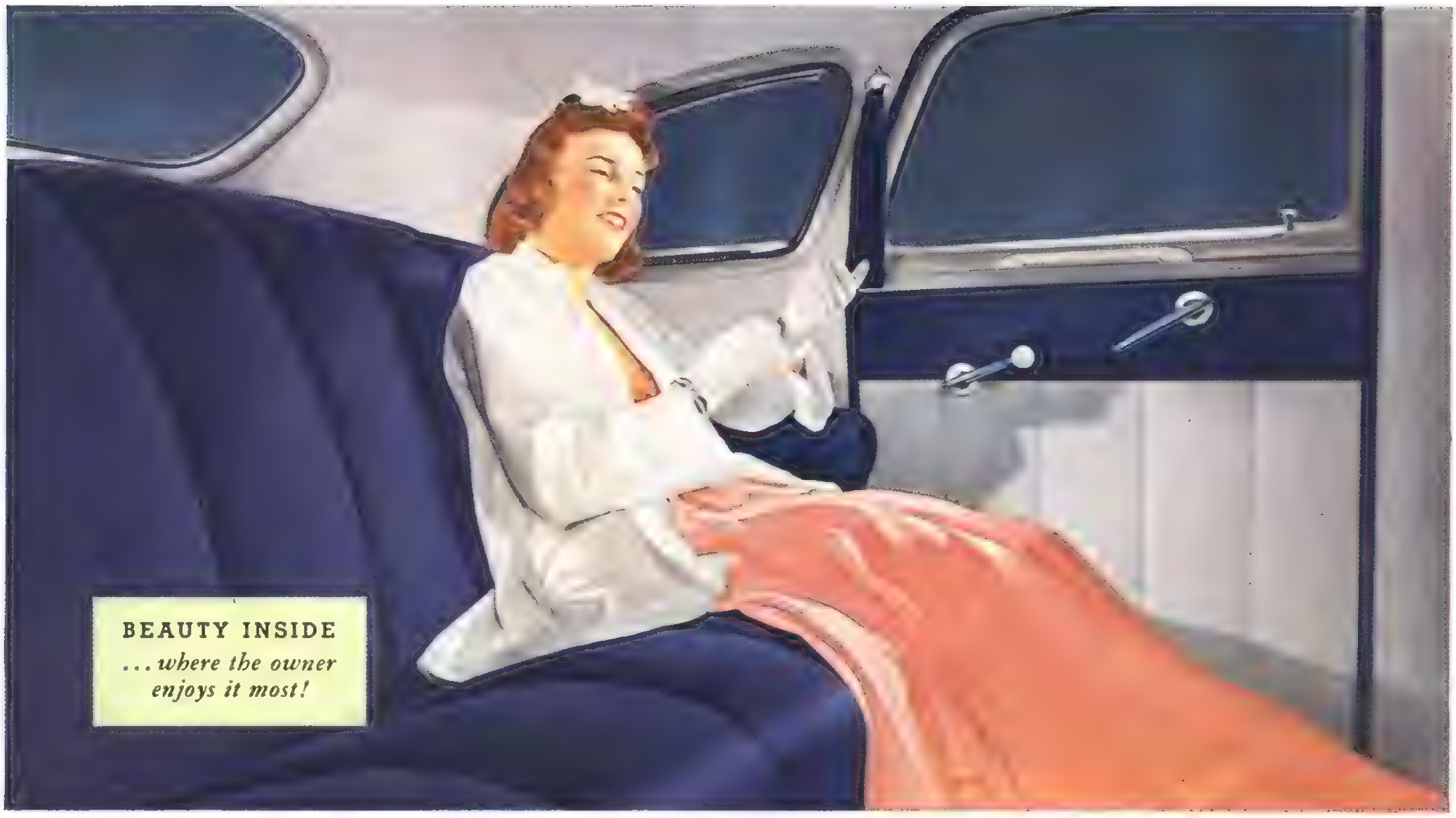
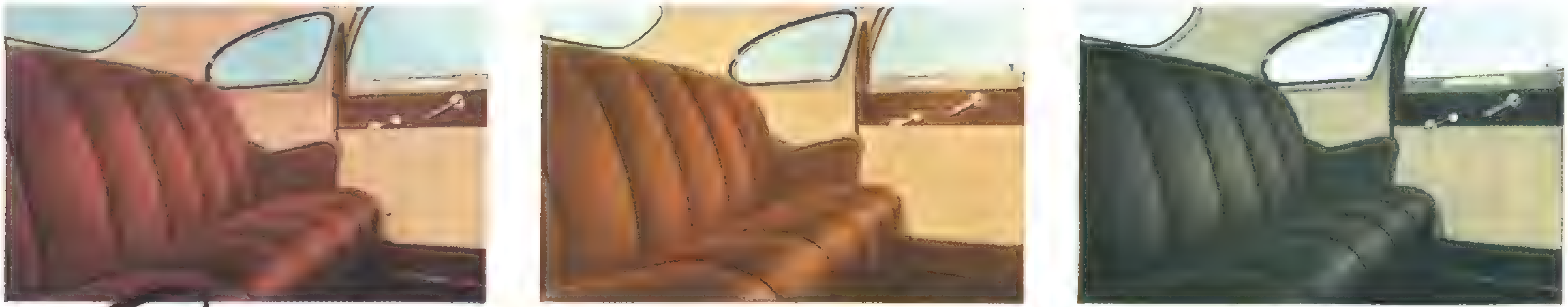
NEW Jiffy Jigger TRADEMARK REG
says "when"
• Automatically measures one ounce. Fits quart or pint bottles. Colors: blue, red, ivory green, orange, orchid.
PERFECT FOR DAD'S DAY
At leading Department Stores...or send direct $1.00 POSTPAID IN GIFT BOX
JIFFY JIGGER MFG. CO.
15 S. E. ELEVENTH, PORTLAND, OREGON


BEAUTY INSIDE
...where the owner enjoys it most!

"Oh, look! A drawing room on wheels!"



Chrysler's TWO TONES!

WHY should motor car styling always emphasize the outside? Why should car interiors go on and on repeating the same drab pattern year after year?

"Why indeed?" said Chrysler designers ... and they proceeded to match their brilliant exterior designing on the 1940 Chryslers with equally striking interiors.

Chrysler Two Tone interiors put a refreshing new note right where the owner can enjoy it most ... beauty developed for *you* ... to express *your* personality ... *your* individual choice. It's no wonder Two Tone has simply leaped into popularity!

And just because it looks like a million dollars, don't conclude that it costs you a lot. Chrysler's Two Tones are available as standard equipment in the Chrysler Windsor and New Yorker, as well as in the luxurious Crown Imperials.

The upholstery fabrics are beautiful broadcloths ... with that unmistakable sheen and texture only fine broadcloths have. These rich materials are tailored over Airfoam ... that marvelous new rubber foam substance that is perfectly ventilated and soft as down.

There's a wide choice of color schemes, as you can see in the illustration. And, of course, it's fun selecting the combination you like best.

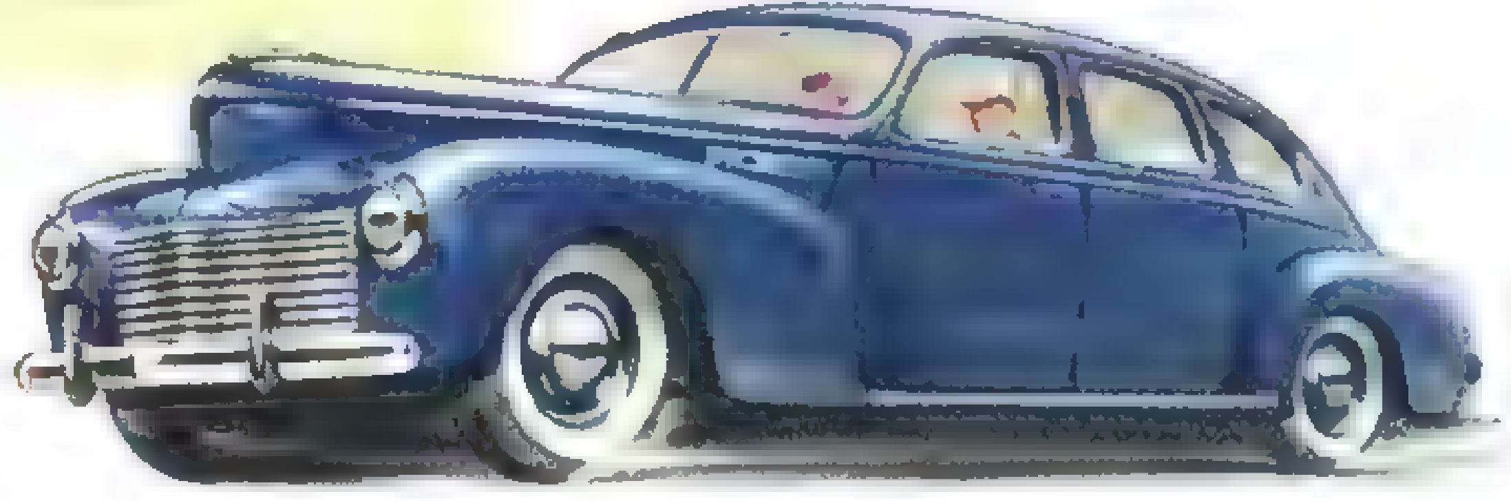
Your Chrysler dealer invites you to come into his showroom and study this color-feast of beauty. While you're there, take a look at the many other features of the 1940 Chryslers ... *Fluid Drive,* which has started the whole country saying, "Why shift gears?" ... the Easy-Entry doors ... the size ... the room ... the many other good new things ... including the surprisingly moderate prices.

Compare what Chrysler gives you with what you now enjoy. Whatever car you drive, you'll be delighted with these new Chryslers. Accept this invitation. See your Chrysler dealer today!

★Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P.M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

BEAUTY OUTSIDE
...for all the world to admire!

THE BEAUTIFUL CHRYSLER



TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

HUARACHES
THE SANDALS THAT MADE MEXICO FAMOUS
Will Feel Famously
Soft and Cool on Your Feet

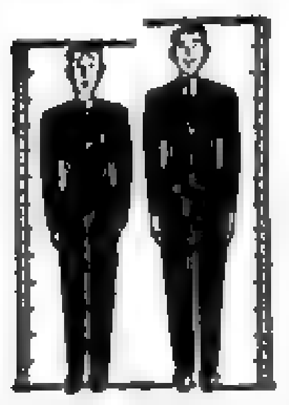
NOW ONLY $2.95
Immediate Delivery

No two pairs of imported STEERHIDE Huaraches are ever woven with the same pattern and design. Domestic production has never been able to imitate this. It's a tribute to the Indian Sandal-Maker and the good taste of the wearer.

Handtooled in natural beige leather (also in white, plain weave)

All sizes for men and women
Send foot outline, mention shoe size.

The OLD MEXICO SHOP
SANTA FÉ—NEW MEXICO



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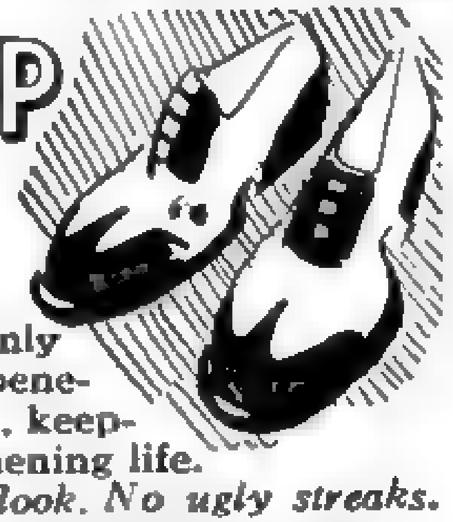
JOSEPH BURGER, 2067 3d Ave. at 113 St. N. Y.
See my exhibit at the New York World's Fair



Bootmakers WHITE SHOE SOAP

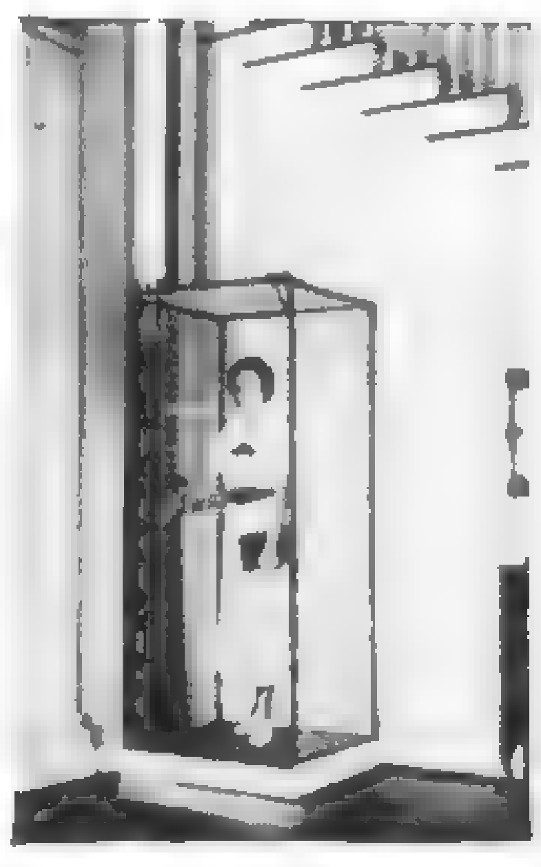
Whiten your summer shoes easily, quickly, thoroughly with *HOLLYWOOD BOOTMAKERS WHITE SHOE SOAP*. This white polish not only cleans and whitens, but also penetrates the pores of the leather, keeping it soft, pliable, and lengthening life. *Does not leave that painted look. No ugly streaks.* **DOES NOT RUB OFF.** *HOLLYWOOD costs no more than ordinary white polish.* 25c, 50c, $1.00 sizes. At your local shoe store, or at: Flagg Bros. (stores in principal cities), Kitty Kelly, Nobil Shoe Stores, Page Shoe Stores, D. M. Siff Shoe Co., *or direct from*

FRENCHEE CHEMICAL CO. 107-33 Van Wyck Blvd. Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Residence Elevators

INCLIN-ATOR

For use on straight stairs, without interfering with customary use. Seats fold against wall when not used. Easily installed; operates from house lighting system.



"Elevette"
can be installed in stairwell, hall, corner of room, or closet. No overhead machinery; shaft enclosure not needed. Car has solid panels or open mesh grille as desired, made any shape or size up to wheelchair capacity. Electric operation.

Full information and name of nearest representative will be sent on request.

Inclinator Co. of America
269 So. Cameron St., Harrisburg, Penna.
Originators and Manufacturers of Simplified Passenger Lifts for the Home

Graduation Gifts

ENVELOPE CASE he'll use long and hard when the business world lays hands on him. It's made of saddle-stitched pigskin, is lined with English morocco and opens the slide-fastener method.

CORAL GOLD is the unusual case finish on a 19 jewel, extremely thin wristwatch that makes a handsome, practical time piece for young businessmen. It has flexible, hinged lugs that shape the watch comfortably to the wrist and it's available gold filled or in natural yellow gold.

GOLDEN CROCODILE matched set of cuff links, collar pin and tie pin that should thoroughly please the lad who goes in for tweeds. They're made in England, are stowed in a convenient crocodile case.

COMBINATION OVERNIGHT case and toilet kit will capably take care of his short jaunts and back-to-college week-ends. Made of saddle-stitched pigskin, the removable fittings are chromium plated, the brushes satinwood. The case has a checked linen lining, conveniently zips open all around.

21 JEWELS, this sturdy wristwatch has a balance of beryl-x and a specially contrived hairspring that can't be magnetized, is not affected by heat or cold and is non-corrosive. Comes gold filled, solid gold and platinum.

TRAVELING CLOCK for the lad who won't stay home. It's covered with top-grain cowhide and there's space for two photographs in the flaps that buckle across and protect the clock face. Made in this country and veddy reasonably priced.

ANOTHER CHOICE in the varied, popular category of wristwatches is one that has adopted and modernized the old hunting case principle. There's a cover that protectively snaps over the crystal and affords space for monogramming. It's a very thin type, has 17 jewel precision movement with a wheel-train arrangement that gives remarkable slimness to the case.

• • •

HOLD TIGHT. Tobacco, of course, gets along very well with a very small supply of air. The less, in fact, the better. Predicated on this common knowledge is a sensible, new tobacco pouch that's lined with good heavy rubber. Double stitched just below the pouch's slide fastener are two rubber welts. When you zip it closed, these welts bang together and keep your tobacco safe from the elements. The more tobacco, the more tension, the less air—which is no air at all. It's made in crocodile and pigskin, and comes also as a combined pipe-tobacco pouch in pig, croc and ostrich.

IT'S BETTER AL FRESCO. The open season for outdoor cooking is on. If you believe in culinary adventure al fresco, we recommend one good look at a new hand wrought iron roasting fork. It alleviates open fire and fireplace roasting worries, turns with little effort and can be extended out four feet. There's a bracket which you hammer into the ground for the fork to rest on. There's also a sunken notch in the middle prong to take care of kettles. And to put the occasion on a completely well-equipped basis, pack in a pair of practical fireproof gloves, made of flexible, woven asbestos cloth. They have many uses, make the moving of burning logs a cinch and will readily expedite your roasting.

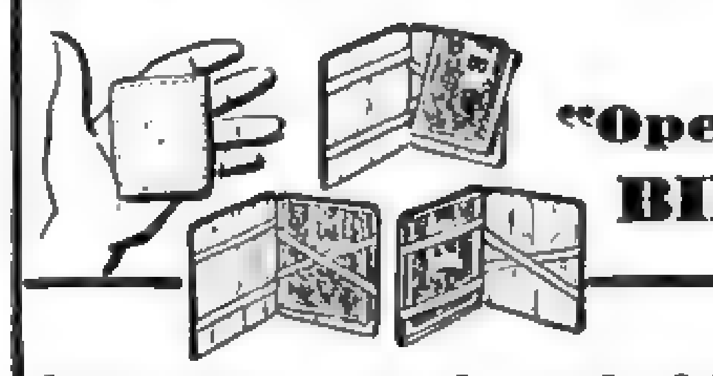
Gift Problems Solved!
NEW! Full Sham Round Bottom
MONOGRAMMED GLASSES

First time at popular prices. A choice different gift—grand for personal use. Expertly hand etched monogrammed (2 or 3 letters) on new heavy crystal clear, full sham round bottom glasses.

6 oz.—for Cocktails; Fruit Juice
11 oz.—for Highballs; Table Use
14 oz.—for Tall Drinks; Iced Tea
$3.35 per doz. postpaid

Add 15c per doz. west of Denver. 8 each of above sizes in special assortment—$6.50. Underline initial of the last name. Safe free delivery; satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. 72 hour service. New catalogue on request. ORDER NOW!

MONOGRAM GLASS CO., Inc.
The Merchandise Mart Chicago



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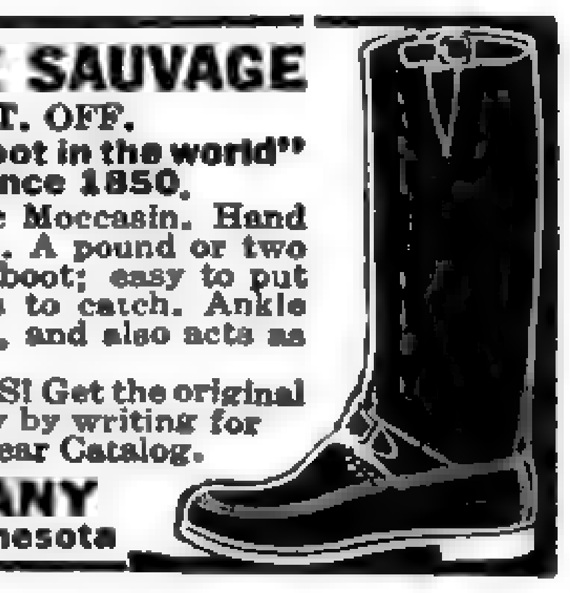
BILL FOLD

New, sensational, *works like magic.* Conveniently holds bills and cards safely and compactly. Lies flat, size of folded bill. Comes in expensive leathers—morocco, pigskin, calf, vealskin. In all smart colors—brown, ivory, green, blue, tan, red, black. Specify choice. Available at most better gift, department and leather goods stores. If not, *send $1 bill to* LEATHER TREND
76 Madison Avenue, New York City

PRIESTLEY'S NOR-EAST
AIR-CONDITIONED SUITS

Cool as a mother-in-law's frown Crushless as cellophane. Withstands all kinds of rough treatment. Yet holds its shape. Tailors into dress suit style. New. Imported. 3500 dealers ready to tailor this famous fabric to your measure in many shades and patterns. Write for name of nearest dealer. Dept E... M. BORN & COMPANY, Style Leaders Since 1876... 540 S. Wells St., Chicago



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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
"The best all-around boot in the world"
Manufactured Since 1850.

Waterproof. Genuine Pac Moccasin. Hand Sewed. Made to measure. A pound or two lighter than the average boot; easy to put on and take off; no hooks to catch. Ankle strap holds boot in place, and also acts as ankle support.
ACCEPT NO IMITATIONS! Get the original Gokey Botte Sauvage only by writing for measure blank and Footwear Catalog.

GOKEY COMPANY
Dept. E, St. Paul, Minnesota

FROM A HUNDRED AND TWO
TO EIGHTY-TWO
IN A MONTH OR TWO

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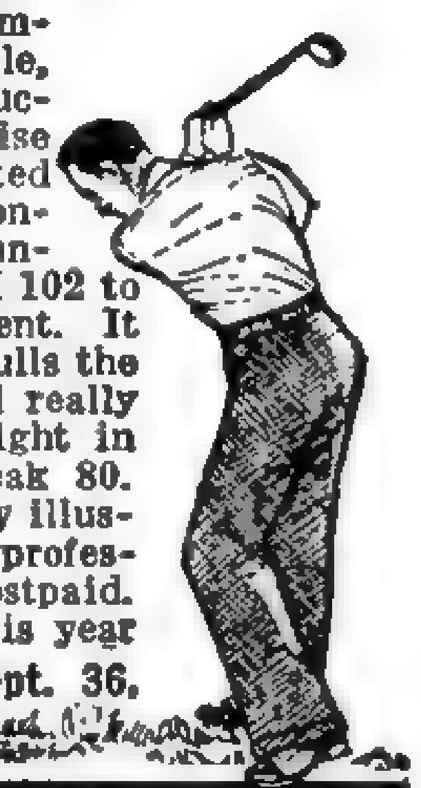

GOLF SECRETS

For the Best Dad in the world... the Best pipe in the world... the Family
Kirsten

PHOTO BY BURTON GRINNELL

Only a
KIRSTEN
Smokes Like
a KIRSTEN

THE *Kirsten* PIPE

[PATS. APP. FOR]

THE FATHER'S DAY GIFT HE WILL ALWAYS PRIZE

FATHER'S DAY (June 16) is the one day in the year when you really can express to Dad your love and your appreciation for all the things he constantly does for his family.

Of course he always smilingly praises the expected tie or sox, but watch his eyes shine with pride and surprise this year when he unwraps his KIRSTEN Pipe . . . his wish come true!

Here is the gift that any smoker will prize . . . a pipe instantly recognized by its distinctive appearance . . . one that marks him on the street or in his favorite haunts as the lucky man.

Its superior pipe performance . . . the way it pre-cools smoke, condenses and traps the irritating oils and bitter tars . . . insures a cooler, cleaner, sweeter smoke. Mother or the girls will approve its lack of any objectionable "strong pipe" odor.

You can choose accurately just the right size KIRSTEN Pipe for *your* Dad by the KIRSTEN Smoking Analysis Chart . . . at your dealer's or mailed free upon request. Four sizes KIRSTEN Pipes to fit any individual manner of smoking **$10.00** to **$17.50.**

At leading men's shops, department stores, jewelers, tobacconists and druggists . . or write for full details and name of nearest dealer.

FOR CIGARETTE SMOKERS... *the* KIRSTEN *Cigarette Holder —no filters—no fuss...cleans between each smoke. It's featherlight, condenses oils and tars—ejects stub* $3.00

NOTE TO DEALERS: One pipe smoker tells another about his KIRSTEN —and you'll want to be ready to supply the constantly increasing demand for this modern pipe. Full information on discounts and displays . . . just fill in coupon and mail to:

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*City*____________________

★ **NOTE TO FATHERS:** Sometimes this magazine with a corner of this page turned down, and "carelessly" left around the house will bring results.

FOR EVERY MASCULINE GIFT DAY—KIRSTEN'S THE GIFT!

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

THE STARLIGHT ROOF
ORRIN TUCKER
and His Orchestra
•
BONNIE BAKER
(Oh, Johnny, Oh!)
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Couvert after 11 P.M., $1.
Saturday, $1.50.

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ASTORIA

SEE THE NEW
ICE SHOW
at luncheon
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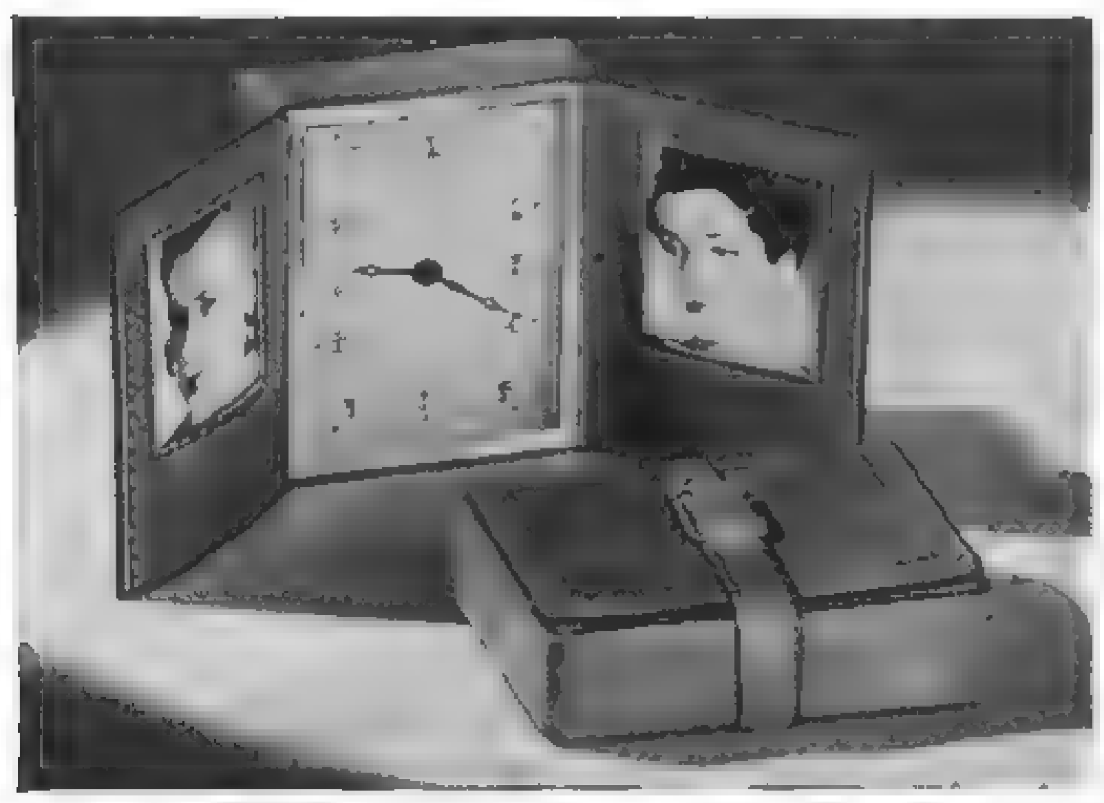
ICE TERRACE
HOTEL
NEW YORKER
NEW YORK
2500 Rooms, $3.50 up

CAFÉ Louis XIV
NEW YORK'S SMART FRENCH RESTAURANT
LUNCHEON PRIX FIXE $1.50
PRE-THEATRE DINNER $2.00
15 WEST 49th STREET, IN ROCKEFELLER CENTER

for Fathers! Graduates! Brides!



FOTOCLOCK (Pat. Pending) . . . .
The Traveling Clock With The Picture Frames
The perfect gift. It's made by *SOCHARD*. The outside is of top grade saddle leather. The inside is a guaranteed *SOCHARD* 30-hour movement. Photographs slip into the wings which fold over and snap securely when traveling. At your department or jewelry store or order direct. Only $5.00 express collect (with radium dial $5.95, with radium dial and alarm $7.95). Open: 8¼x3¾x1¼", closed: 8x3¾x1¼".
NOTE: *If for any reason you are not completely satisfied, simply return and we will refund your money.*
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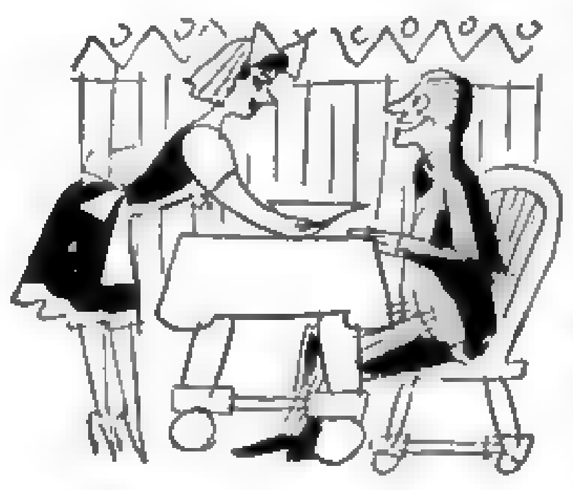
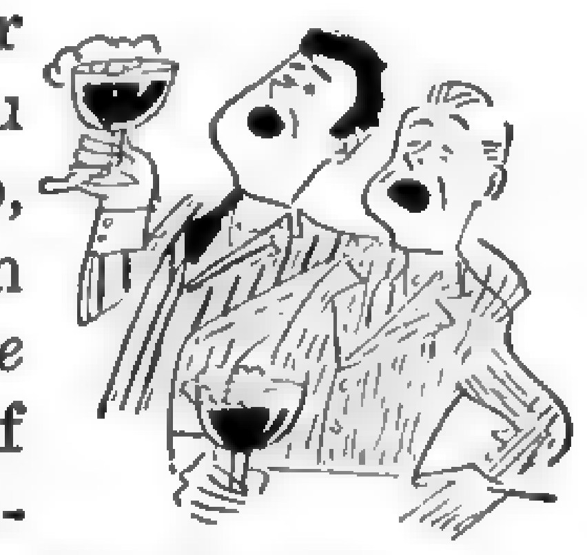
State Life Bldg. Indianapolis, Ind.

Eyes feast sumptuously in the tasteful and far-from-humble Hampshire House (150 Central Park South) whose petite aftergarden is now vistaed through open doors as you sit chintzed in the main dining room, or is your immediate neighbor if you have chosen the turquoise-chaired Orangerie in between. For decorating the mere human interior, thinker-upper René Durand (one of the ze bestest) offers little things like Prime Ribs of Beef with Yorkshire Pudding, Cassolette of Maine Lobster, Breast of Capon Valencienne, York Ham Glacé with Sauce Champagne, and so on. Aided by a preliminary moistener in the Bar-Lounge (muraled with scenes of Irish fox-hunting estates) and, say, a cool bottle of Meursault White Burgundy (Sichel) 1929 with the meal, one can bear up splendidly.



A poop load of Pilgrims bound for Plymouth Rock gaze out upon the white caps (Volendam style) of barmaids who convey quaffage in the oak-paneled, brass-chandeliered, antique-tile-fireplaced Tavern of the newly opened Holland House (10 Rockefeller Plaza)—an establishment which looks as though brushman Jan Vermeer had schemed it and convivial Jan Steen had picked it for his pet haunt. Chef a special importation. Upstairs are the private Holland House and Netherland House Clubs, handsomely quartered in plover's egg blue, topping off a general uniqueness which stands out even in Rockefeller Center restaurantdom. The same management is this year operating the windmilled "Heinekens-on-the-Zuider-Zee" at the Fair, assuring service as well as picturesqueness.



"Bet You Can't" reads the inscription on the gallon-sized beer goblets which young collegians try their prowess on at the German-American Rathskeller with bright eyes daring them, but you can order lesser-sized beers if you care to, or practically any sort of drink that's on your mind—for this amusing old *Halle* (located on Third Avenue, just north of 17th Street) is spontaneity's own domicile, with "Boola Boola" and "Cayuga's Waters" springing up betwixt "Old Blue Bonnet" and "Daisy, Daisy". Host Joe King, broadly Irish and not very old himself, plays traffic cop in the battle for tables, with all three floors chronically packed. He's sorry about the hundred or more couples out on the sidewalk battering at his door, but what can he do? People who want all that attention ought to bring their own building.

Politicos and Broadwayites susceptible to the lure of *manicotti* as prepared in Naples—cottage-cheese-filled noodles with tomato drapery—have their regular tables at the small, tidy but not fussy Vesuvio Restaurant and Bar, 163 West 48th. Here you meet also *saltimbocca*—braised veal in the company of broccoli, hearts of small artichokes, Italian ham, and Marsala wine gravy, with slices of hard-boiled eggs—whose name, meaning "Jumps into the Mouth", is no lie. And red or white Chianti Cappelli of beguilesome bouquet bespeaking the classical district of Tuscany. Proprietress and good scout Mrs. Lena Romano is sagacious interpreter-at-large.

Tropical Carmen Miranda is now uncorking her temperament for the customers at the never-tepid Versailles (151 East 50th) . . . Down at the Russian Kretchma (244 East 14th) it's gypsy goings-on these nights . . . And Collado's El Chico (80 Grove Street) still scoops in the cream of Hispanic patronage and performance . . . High jinks at Leon & Eddie's hit their summit on Sunday nights, but not even Monday is prim.

When old Sol does his retiring act over Manhattan's swan-laked arcady, a pleasant looksee is obtainable at the Penthouse Club, fifteen stores up at 30 Central Park South. Also, exemplary cuisine and attendance—not to mention the gifted tinklings of pianist Paul Taubman, who plays the pipe-organ at the same time lest you feel he is shirking.

LE RESTAURANT
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CUISINE FRANCAISE
LUNCHEON & DINNER
COCKTAIL HOUR
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25 EAST 40th ST. MU 4-8833
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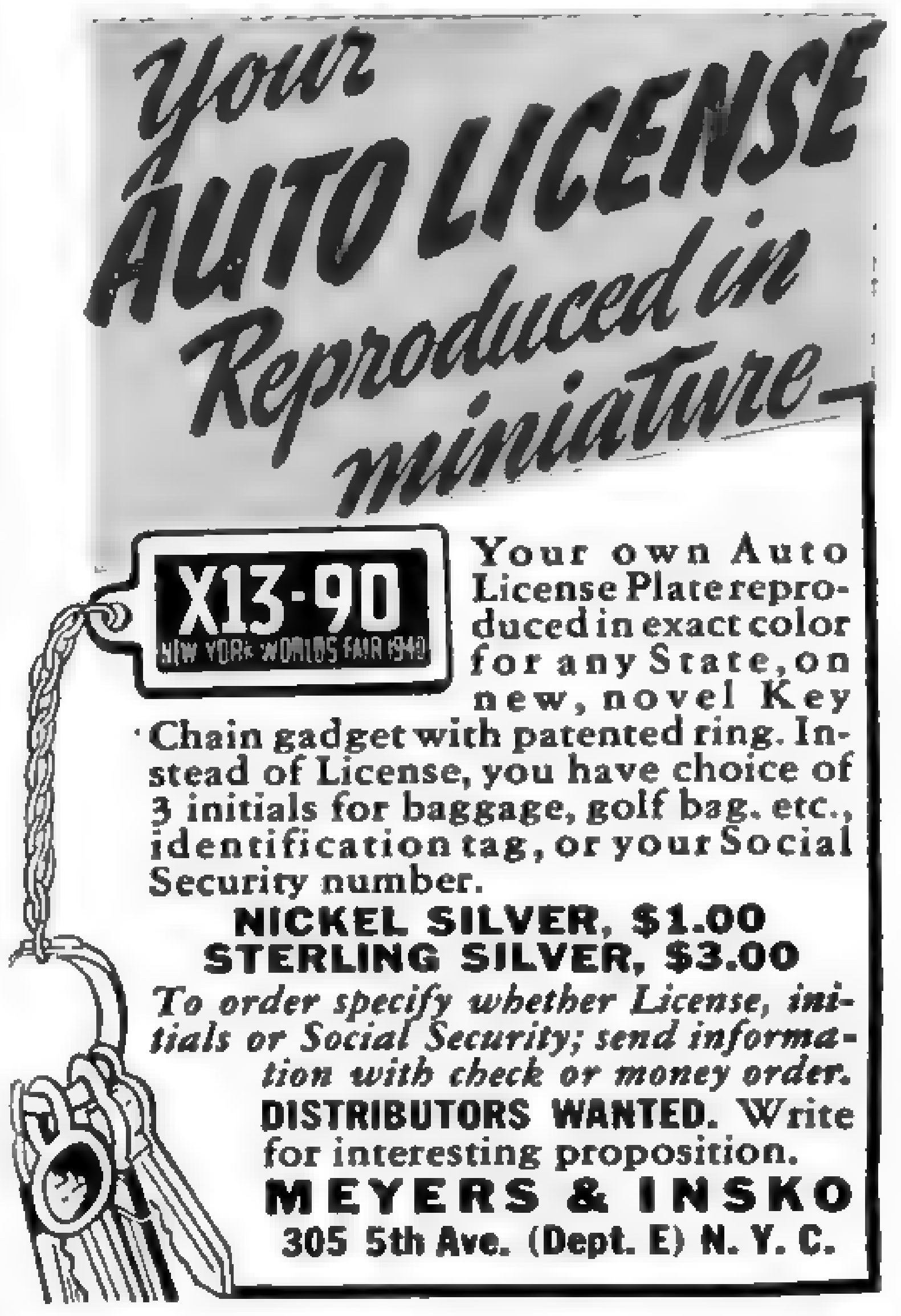

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We're not fooling . . .

When we say that FATHER'S DAY is going to be a big event this year.

The July issue of ESQUIRE, on the stands June 11, will be packed from cover to cover with the kind of editorial content that is certain to make Dad feel that fatherhood is indeed an enviable state.

Stop at your newsdealer's on or shortly (Oh, very shortly) after June 11, and pick up the biggest fifty cents worth of the smoothest reading enjoyment ever geared for paternal plaudits—ESQUIRE'S FATHER'S DAY number.

If it overwhelms you with its beauty and scope,

just don't say we didn't warn you

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QUALITY
4/5 QUART
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London Dry
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For Your
Severest Critics..
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Real Friends

Schenley 94.8 Gin
is distilled for those critical
people who enjoy
Dry Martinis, not on a basis
of "how many,"
but on a basis of "how well."

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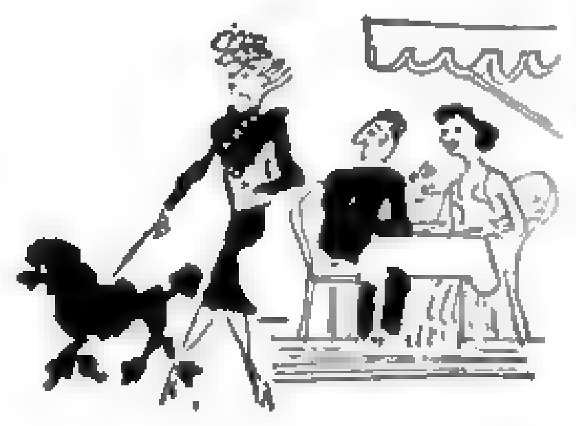
PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

With Spring in full swing, local sidewalks—*trottoirs* as we French say—have gone shrubby, along with back yards and skytops. Cornered on Central Park South, the Café de la Paix of the St. Moritz sports a neat flock of tables in the sunset for tuggers at straws. Clumped on Lower Fifth Avenue, practically within cork-pop of Washington Square, the hedged-in al frescoes of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the rejuvenated Brevoort, and the Number 1 Bar offer "on ze boulevard" mood for refection. Drollest of the town's sidewalk bowers is that of the Clichy (134 East 61st), boasting all of two tables... For a Walk with lots of "side," there's the Hotel Chatham's (top end of Vanderbilt Ave., at 48th) with its gab-fest of gay umbrellas . . . Backyards lurk everywhere. Outstanders include the Kungsholm's (142 East 55th) Sweden-Eden, smiled down on by a full moon nightly; Mama Leone's brook-trout-streamed *giardino* of 239 West 48th; the aft-esplanade of the Castleholm, 344 West 57th, more populous even than the indoors of this smörgasbordery is in Winter; and that swell hole chez Prometheus of the skaters, the Promenade Café, which is to Rockefeller Center creatures what a water hole is to the animals of Africa . . . Back from Havana, Ben Marden has opened up his little summer house, the Riviera (thousands nightly), overlording the Hudson at the further end of the G. Washington Bridge.

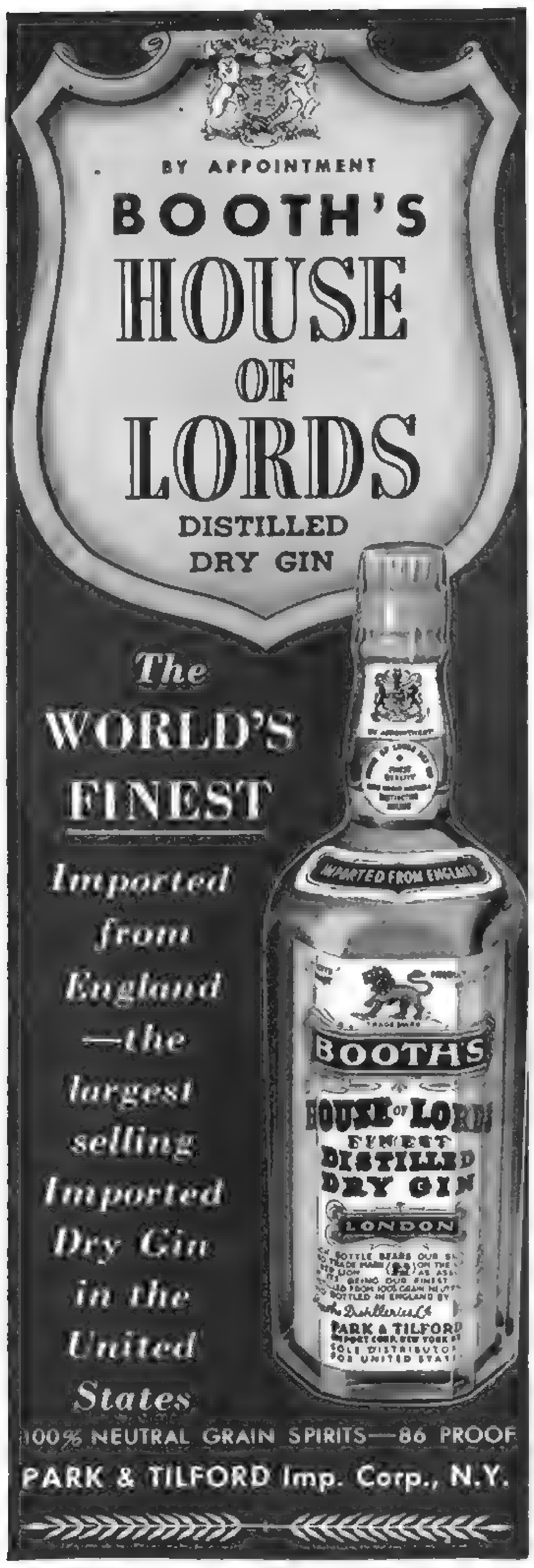


Towners and out-of-towners hieing to the Polo Grounds and the Yankee Stadium for baseball and fistic events are apt to do their preparatory eating and drinking at the strategically located Concourse Plaza, 161st Street, which is equipped with Bronxborough's smartest hospitality facilities, from rawhide-leather Bar to double-tiered Grand Ballroom. A "drink" of whiskey or brandy comes in a good-looking two-ounce glass, with no shenanigan as to brand—head waiter Pierre makes authenticity a point of honor. As for the surprisingly young manager, Frank A. Ready, Jr. (chip off the old block), he would hardly be where he is—in charge of this caravanserai of 500 rooms and suits, three dining rooms, etc., with the Court House crowd swarming in daily—if he hadn't the instinct for winning confidence. And holding it.

Bounty of a Polish kind, rejoiceful to palates at the Fair last year and this, is duplicated in our midst at 151 East 57th under the very same regime. Interestingly enough, this was one of the unluckiest addresses ever; your roundsman had sighed many a time and oft over brave ventures installed there, only to flop. Now Poland is packing 'em in, moons and evenings, to fly at the *zakaski* table as a starter, and subsequently at Chicken Cutlets Pozarski, Hunter-style Bigos (sausages), and suchlike specialties of the Cuisine Polonaise—all served with finesse in a charming atmosphere graced with tastefully colorful décor. There's a Polish orchestra, but the floor is carpeted: you wine and dine, not dance.

For once, the wits who hang out at the Algonquin of Frank the Case have got somebody who can top them: John Buckmaster. Tactfully he waits to give them their full chance at luncheon and dinner, arriving on the scene only at 12:30 A.M., when Greta Keller has soothed and serenified them with her Wiener warblings. But when this pale-haired devastator *does* unleash his impersonations, the gods and goddesses of the headlines tumble off their pedestals, badly bruised. Honestly, the Man Who Came to Dinner was just a Boy Scout.

Smart fastidiousness without undue oo-la-la can be counted on at the intime maisonette of Joseph Dragoni and his comely Dorothy, 46 East 52nd St. He diagnoses appetites upstairs, she tends bar down, and below them is a cellar of things like Chateau Lafite-Carcassel (St. Estephe district) to woo your chicken tetrazzini. Morale becomes marvelous.



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BOOTH'S
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100% NEUTRAL GRAIN SPIRITS—86 PROOF
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Meet, drink and be merry
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Music by the Don Rogers
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BAR at the SHERRY NETHERLAND
59th St. & 5th Ave.

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Le Restaurant Par Excellence
CUISINE FRANCAISE
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FINEST VINTAGE WINES and LIQUEURS
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SMART
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MIKE FRITZEL & JOE JACOBSON'S
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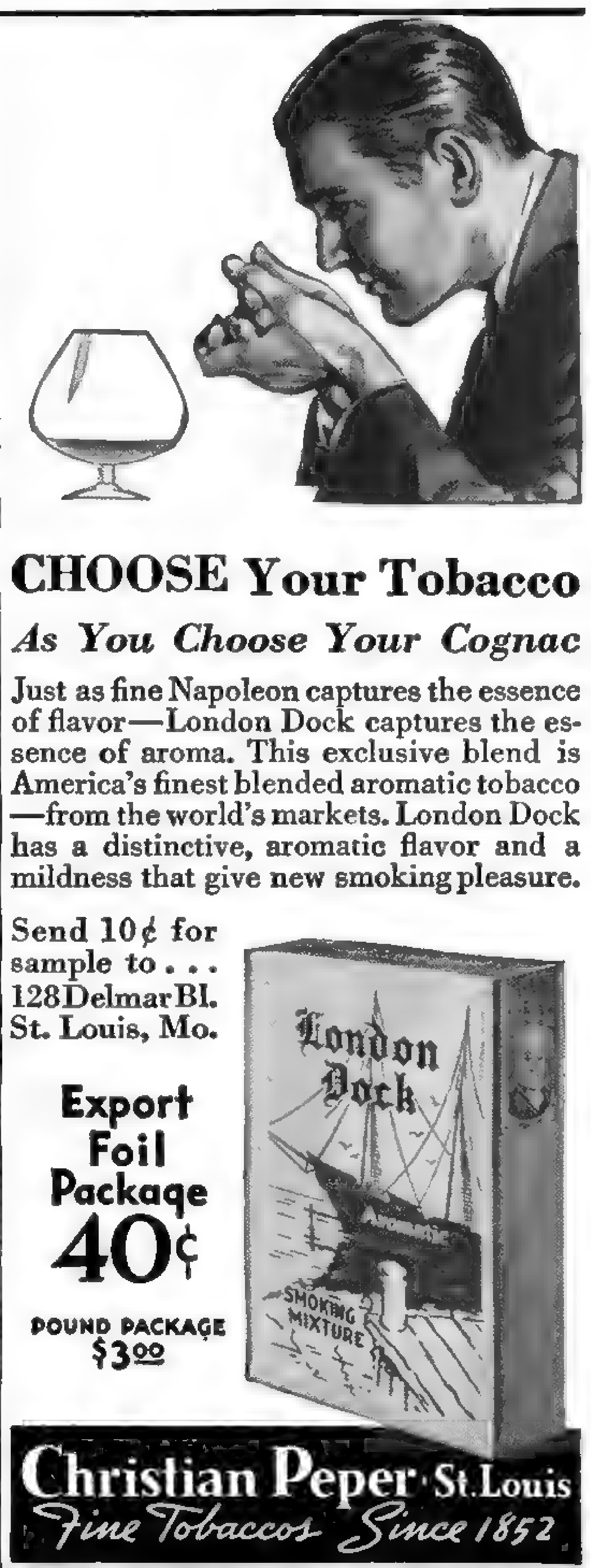

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Just as fine Napoleon captures the essence of flavor—London Dock captures the essence of aroma. This exclusive blend is America's finest blended aromatic tobacco—from the world's markets. London Dock has a distinctive, aromatic flavor and a mildness that give new smoking pleasure.
Send 10¢ for sample to . . .
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Christian Peper · St. Louis
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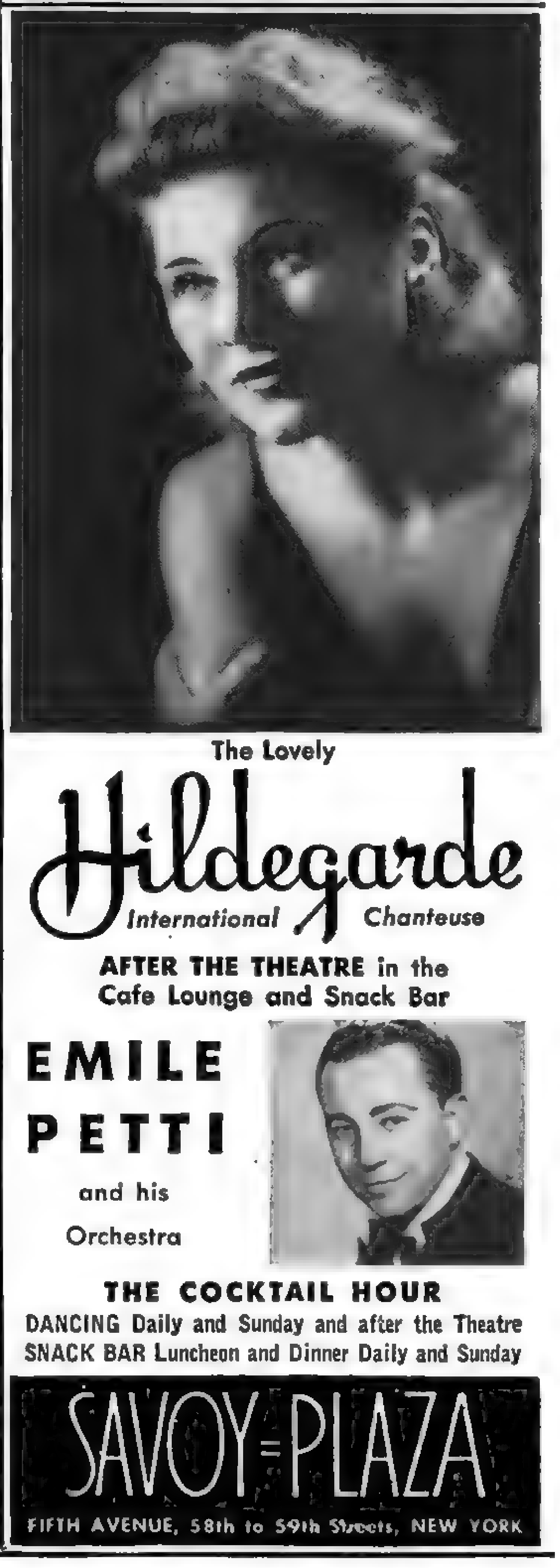
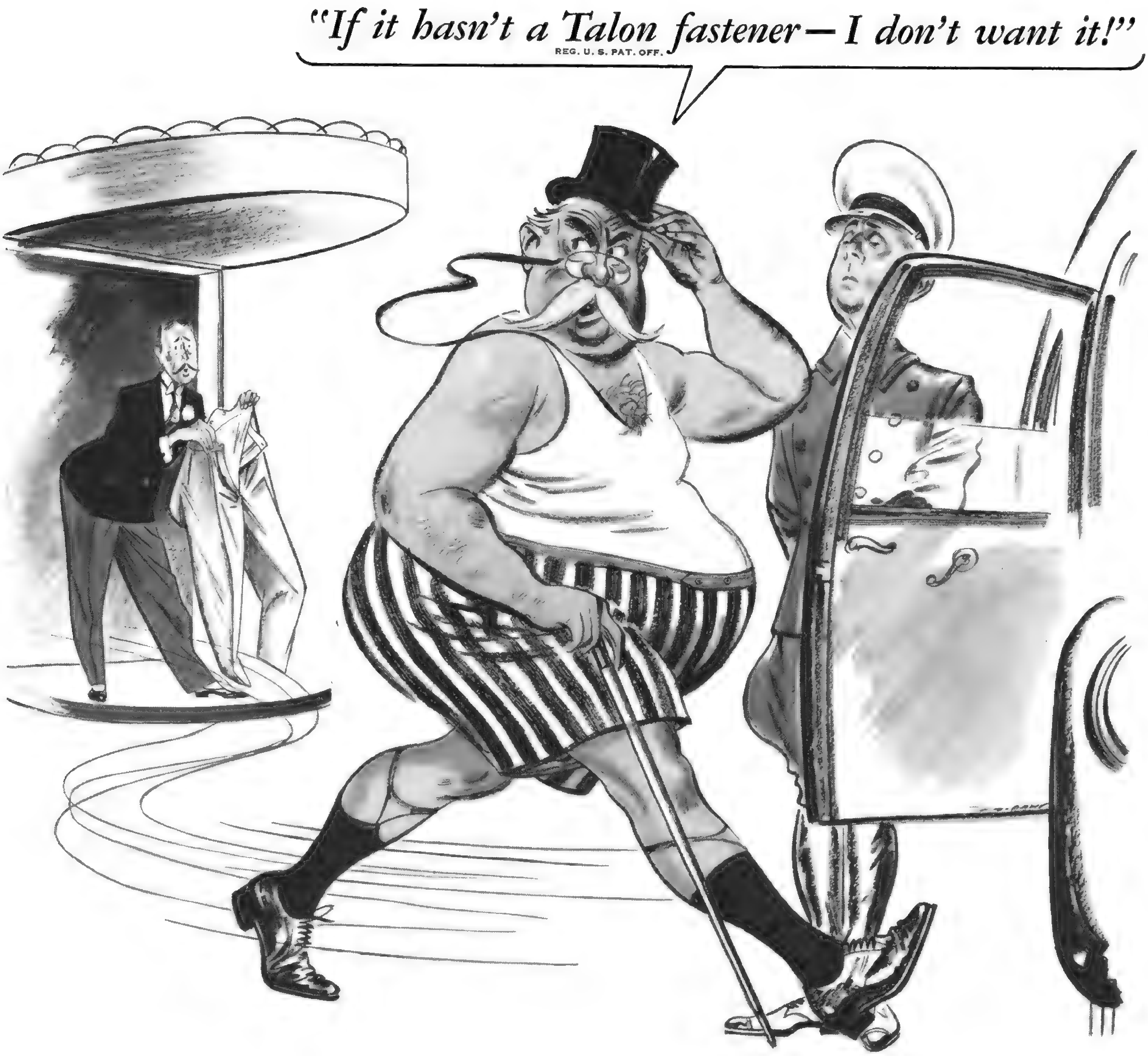


The Lovely
Hildegarde
International Chanteuse
AFTER THE THEATRE in the
Cafe Lounge and Snack Bar
EMILE
PETTI
and his
Orchestra
THE COCKTAIL HOUR
DANCING Daily and Sunday and after the Theatre
SNACK BAR Luncheon and Dinner Daily and Sunday
SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE, 58th to 59th Streets, NEW YORK


"If it hasn't a Talon fastener—I don't want it!"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

All the Judge knows is that he once had a slide fastener that slipped, hitched, jammed—did everything but work properly.

"And by the Great Horn Spoon," he says, "I'm going to get Talon—*T-a-l-o-n*—fasteners from now on . . . or know why!"

☆ ☆ ☆

A rare case? Not at all.

Read what happened when 43 leading stores questioned tens of thousands of men. No less than 80%[*] of these men say there are *bad* slide fasteners.

However, (and here's a valuable tip for you!) the vast majority know how to protect themselves. They want Talon slide fasteners—*exclusively.*

In fact,[‡] among the thousands with a preference, more than 70 men say they want "Talon" to every one man who names any other brand of slide fastener.

☆ ☆ ☆

70 to 1! Obviously, there's just *one* reason for an overwhelming preference like this.

Experience!

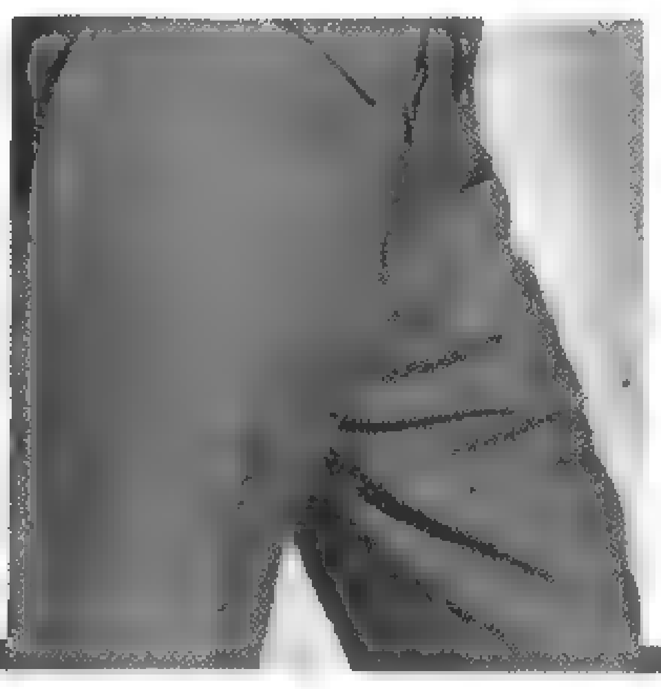
Men have learned that it's *important* to watch out for unreliable slide fasteners . . . have learned that the trademark "Talon" means dependable service.

When *you* buy trousers, be *sure* to keep out of trouble. Profit by the experience of the majority—and make certain the slide fastener is marked "Talon."

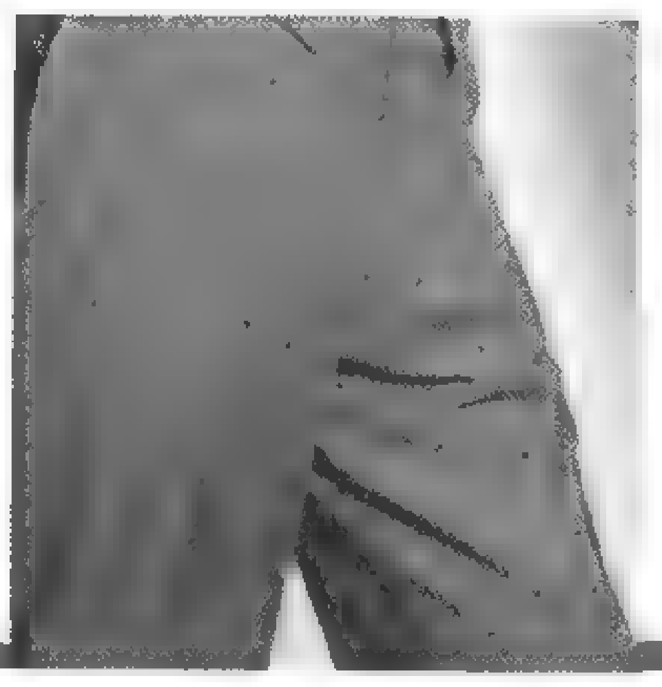
Because it's the dependable slide fastener—men prefer "TALON" 70 to 1[‡]

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Play safe. Always see that the slide fastener is marked "Talon."



Not long ago your trousers had unsightly gaps caused by 5 fastenings.



But now you're well-groomed with the convenient Talon fastener.

TALON SLIDE FASTENER • MADE BY TALON, INC. • MEADVILLE, PA.
Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.

---

[*] *Based on the tens of thousands who answered question.*

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Hart Stilwell

Hart Stilwell, who wrote *The Watermelon Kid*, is a free-lance newspaperman. During the past few years he has written extensively for the outdoor magazines. He is a native Texan.

•

Henry Waxman worked for a long time in Hollywood, photographing movie stars, always seeking dramatic effects—capturing that elusive moment of highest vitality. Later he joined the staff of *Harper's Bazaar* and in his photographs of fashion models he aimed to reveal the real woman behind the professional mask. Naturally this sort of thing proved wearing, and for diversion he has lately been focusing his camera on what he considers a far more diverting subject: dogs.

•

Eli Cantor says *On the Day of Days* is his first serious attempt in the short story form. He was born in the Bronx twenty-six years ago, went to New York University where he got a B.S. and a fellowship in philosophy which led to an M.A. in that subject. Then to Harvard Law School and an LLB., in 1938. Looked for a job, unsuccessfully, started a small advertising agency but gave it up when CBS offered him a place. Next, he took time out to start a novel. Back of him, he says, were thirteen plays and a lot of bad poetry. He has appeared in *Poetry* and in *Coronet*. And he hopes to have a play, *Old Lady*, on Broadway this fall.

Eli Cantor

•

Concerning his authorship of *Men Around London* (page 62) Eric Howard says: "I grew up in Jack London's Oakland, hero-worshiped him as a boy, decided to become a writer at ten or so, won a *San Francisco Chronicle* short story prize at thirteen and have been at it more or less ever since. I worked on papers in Boston, New York, San Francisco (under Fremont Older there). Worked with George Bronson-Howard on plays and silent movies. Helped edit the Munsey magazines, thanks to Bob Davis. Have knocked around all over the West. Now live in the La Crescenta hills, near Los Angeles, with frequent excursions into Arizona, New Mexico and Mexico Viejo. Still young enough to admire Jack London as a friend and a writing man who put plenty of sock into his prose."

Jesse Stuart

By the time you read this, Dutton's will have published Jesse Stuart's first novel, *Trees of Heaven*. And they're planning a collection of his short stories, to be called, *Tales from the Plum Grove Hills*. He sees nothing especially remarkable in his ability to write, teach, lecture and farm, all more or less at the same time. In fact, he finds relaxation, after a day of writing, in feeding twenty hogs, milking seven cows, and looking after the sheep (one hundred of them).

•

Frank Parker says: "Born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, January 31, 1916—Franciszek Andzej Pajkowski. My father, of Polish descent, an employee of the city's Water Works, died when I was a year old, and my mother, also Polish, was left with five small children to raise. At ten, I became ball boy at the Town Club, where Mercer Beasley was at that time tennis coach. He became interested in my enthusiasm for the game and assumed responsibility for my schooling and tennis. I attended Country Day School in Milwaukee, Black Foxe Military Academy in Hollywood, California, and after three years of schooling at Lawrenceville Preparatory School, in New Jersey, graduated in '36. On St. Patrick's Day, celebrated the second anniversary of my marriage to Audrey Browne. The smallest but most important member of our family is Baron Jutaro Komura, our Blue Persian cat, who accompanies me on all tennis tours (he did miss the trip to Wimbledon). My tennis wins include the National Boys' Singles Championship, National Junior Singles Championship, National Indoor Singles, Clay Court Singles (twice), Canadian Singles (twice), ranked nationally No. 1 in doubles with Don McNeil for 1940 and ranked nationally No. 2 in singles for 1940. My debut as a writer is made with *My Forehand for 1940*, in this Esquire, and I fear to see it in print as my English marks at Lawrenceville were not encouraging."

Phil Stack

Phil Stack has been writing "torch" verse for Walter Winchell's column for many years, under the pseudonym, "Don Wahn." He was born in Vermont, he says, but votes the Democratic ticket. Most of his life has been spent in the Broadway sector of New York City and he ascribes the wistful quality in his verse to the fact that he's a descendant of Tom Moore, the Irish poet. He has done advertising, and publicity work and has been a press agent for radio stars. At the moment he is editor of a publishing concern in Dayton, Ohio. He's married to a Brooklyn girl, has a six months' old baby boy. He likes big league baseball and bigtime vaudeville but has a hard time locating the latter these days.

•

Beginning with this issue, Robert W. Marks is doing a *Motors* department. He boasts of having been fired, in turn, from military school, The College of Charleston, and Yale, and (as a reporter) from the old *New York American* and the *New York Post*. He studied music theory at Columbia planning to be a music critic, and his first jobs were as editorial assistant on *Musical America* and New York Music Correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*. To keep the record clean, the *Tribune* also fired him. After doing research in comparative musicology at the American Museum of Natural History, he became Director of Music at the Charleston Museum. He is the author of a *History of Music and Musical Instruments of Ancient China;* a history of Western music; several books on wine. Lately he's been working in photography, recently completed a book on that subject. He spends most of his spare time flying.

Robert W. Marks

•

Wayne Kilbourne left art school to join the A.E.F. Back from Europe in 1919, he set up as a free-lance commercial artist in Minneapolis but had to throw in advertising copy to sell his drawings. An agency offered him a regular paycheck as copywriter if he would stay away from the art department. He's been writing ever since—radio, news reporting, and short stories. Currently, as manager of Northwestern National Life's family economics bureau, in Minneapolis, he's been writing economics for laymen.

Wayne Kilbourne

6 YEARS OLD
4 YEARS OLD
11 YEARS OLD
4 YEARS OLD
5 YEARS OLD
Rich Body
Distinctive Character
Delicate Aroma
Luxurious Flavor
Stimulating Tang

Five Great Whiskies *Wedded* into One!

Each of these five decanters holds a rare whiskey treasure. Note the age of each… from 4 to 11 years old! Observe that each is prized for a single distinctive quality.

If you could taste a few amber drops from any one of these five decanters, you would be delighted. But *still* you'd be missing the distinguished qualities of the other four. For it takes *all five* of these choice, aged whiskies—to bring you the most complete enjoyment possible in a whiskey. Only in *Golden Wedding*—which is *all* whiskey—can you experience this five-fold taste. Serve some to your guests tonight.

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF. As you prefer—in Bourbon or Rye. The straight whiskies in *Golden Wedding* are 4 years or more old. 11%, one straight whiskey 5 years old. 2%, one straight whiskey 6 years old. 1%, one straight whiskey 11 years old. 86%, two straight whiskies 4 years old. Copyright 1940, Jos. S. Finch & Co., Inc., Schenley, Pa.

Golden Wedding

FINCH'S
"HAS HAD NO PEERS FOR FIFTY YEARS"
Golden Wedding

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

The *sharp* flavour gentlemen yearn for

Old English
Process Cheddar Cheese
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When this planet's imperfections gets in our hair, which can offer them but sparse shelter, we find we do well to betake ourself to the grape-arbored Caviar Restaurant of humanitarian Antonine Dadone, 18 East 49th. For here abide peace and epicurean perfection. As the taxi man put it the other evening, "I ain't heard a squawk out of anyone I ever brought from there." Certainly no gnashing was done by our teeth which we had been sinking into chilled papaya melon bestrewn with the peppercorny seeds thereof, and smoked turkey upon broccoli blanketed with super-subtle sauce au gratin, followed by a phenomenal American Brie cheese from Illinois, with which we finished up our blonde bottle of Chateau Carbonnieux (pippin of the Graves District) 1931, thereby ripening ourself for a snifter of amazing Rye aged upwards of 75 years. The Old Master, looking on, seemed to take vicarious satisfaction in our enjoyment.

Tea dancing, keynoted with a Maraca Cocktail, has cropped up spiritedly at Sherry's (300 Park Avenue) with South American new-fanglements—showing that when you add a spiffy new Dorothy-Draper-decorated Bar, anything of a lively, sophisticated sort may happen to the most conservatively correct socialite institution. For the administrators of this establishment are caterers and get around quite a lot, so that they sense what's wanted. Result: while Chef Louis Lacouette weaves his spells in the kitchen as of yore, and Sherry's Continental Boys supply music to go with them, and the square salle remains the handsome classic we are accustomed to, a shot of tropical verve has been injected for the jeunesse.

Songstress Hildegarde has gone so pretty at the Savoy-Plaza's Café Lounge, they've taken a mortgage on her for months to come. Nice break for Fair attenders . . . Good old Vitamin B_1, the wonder-worker that enabled our forefathers to tote their liquor in such volume without a flicker, has found its way into this new sparkler called V. v. Vitawater. By using the latter as the fizz of a highball, social aplomb is kept on even keel . . . Complete the cahootage with a bowl of Hawaiian oddments, and you've got Macadamia and Pythias . . . Aren't we the geography mixer!—reporting (in the April issue) Canada's quaint little number, Au Lutin, where mine host doubles at the kitchen range and the piano, as being located in Quebec, when we meant Montreal. Better accuracy from now on.

Downtown men of substance possessed of a liking for ditto food don't have to be told that there's a gable-fronted cheer house by the name of Whyte's at 145 Fulton Street. Anno 1908 was when the doors opened and the news got out; since when, both oak-paneled floors have been thronged with consumers of New England chowders, soft-shell crabs, India curries, and ruddy roast beef. Pies are dug deep, and all bread, rolls and pastry are constructed on the premises in ye old-fashioned way. Gray-haired Edward E. White, nephew of the founder, is in personal charge and in constant receipt of testimonials that Whyte's Manhattan Cocktails are the best ever, causing lunchers to come back for dinner when they can stay longer.

The Waldorf-Astoria's great big gorgeous Starlight Roof has drafted sweet-musicker Orrin Tucker from his successful stand in the Empire Room downstairs (now in mothballs). As he's a hard man to follow, they've gone out and bagged Eddy Duchin as the next. And will *he* be difficult to follow! . . . Meanwhile this charming chairman of the keyboard is reunioning in the Persian Room of the Plaza with pedal-telegrapher Paul Draper and song-enchantress Jane Pickens, a combination of stars unsurpassed since the Year of the Comet gave Cognac its asterisks. When versatile la Pickens (ah!) plunges into spirituals, the whole white-tied ringside are her chattels.

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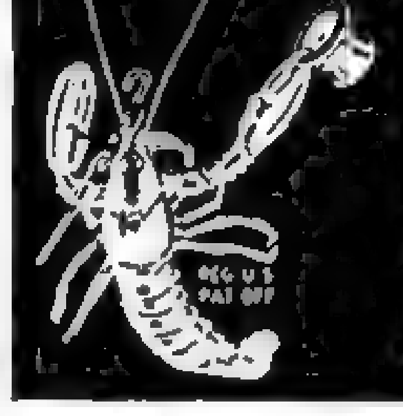

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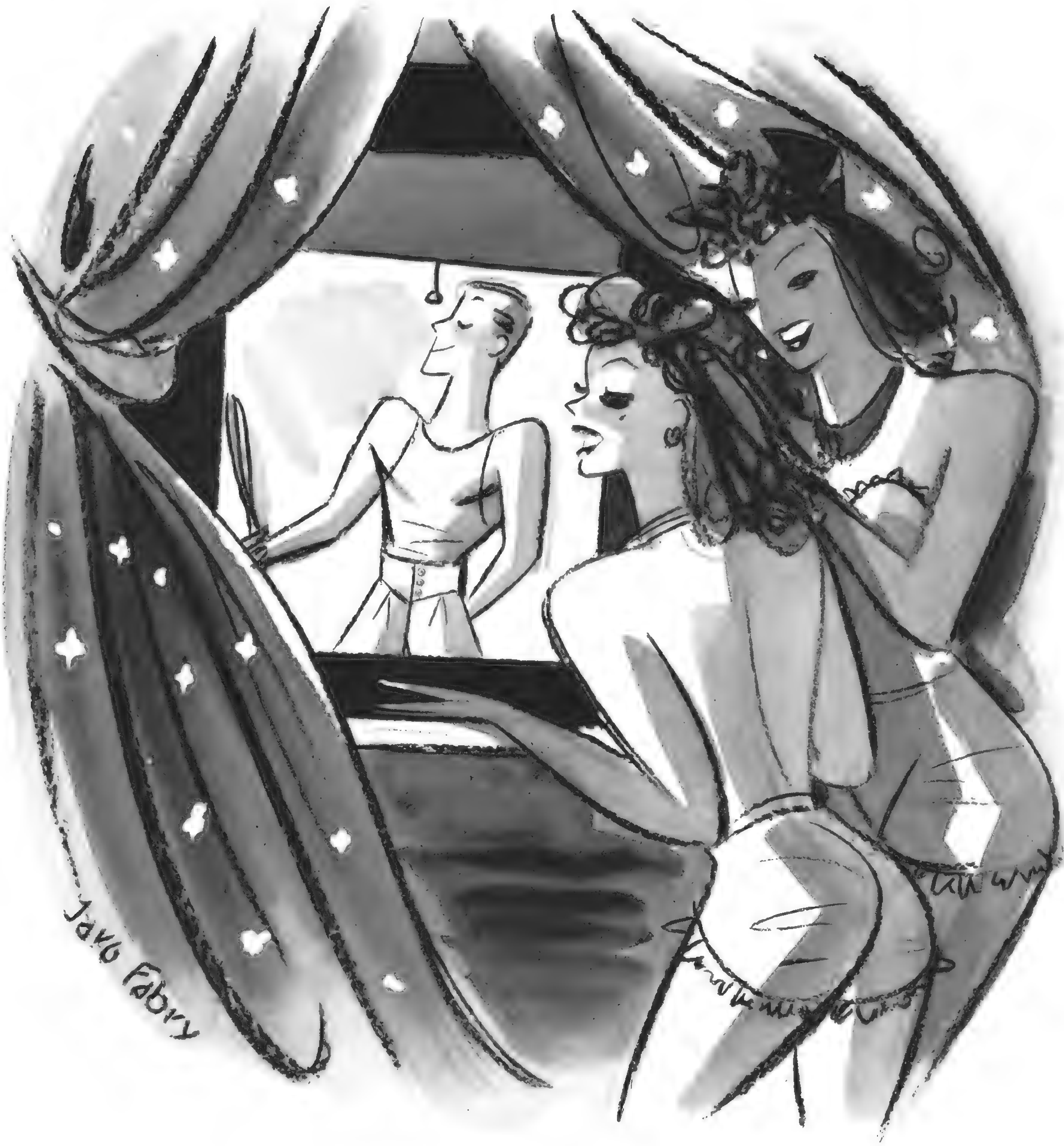

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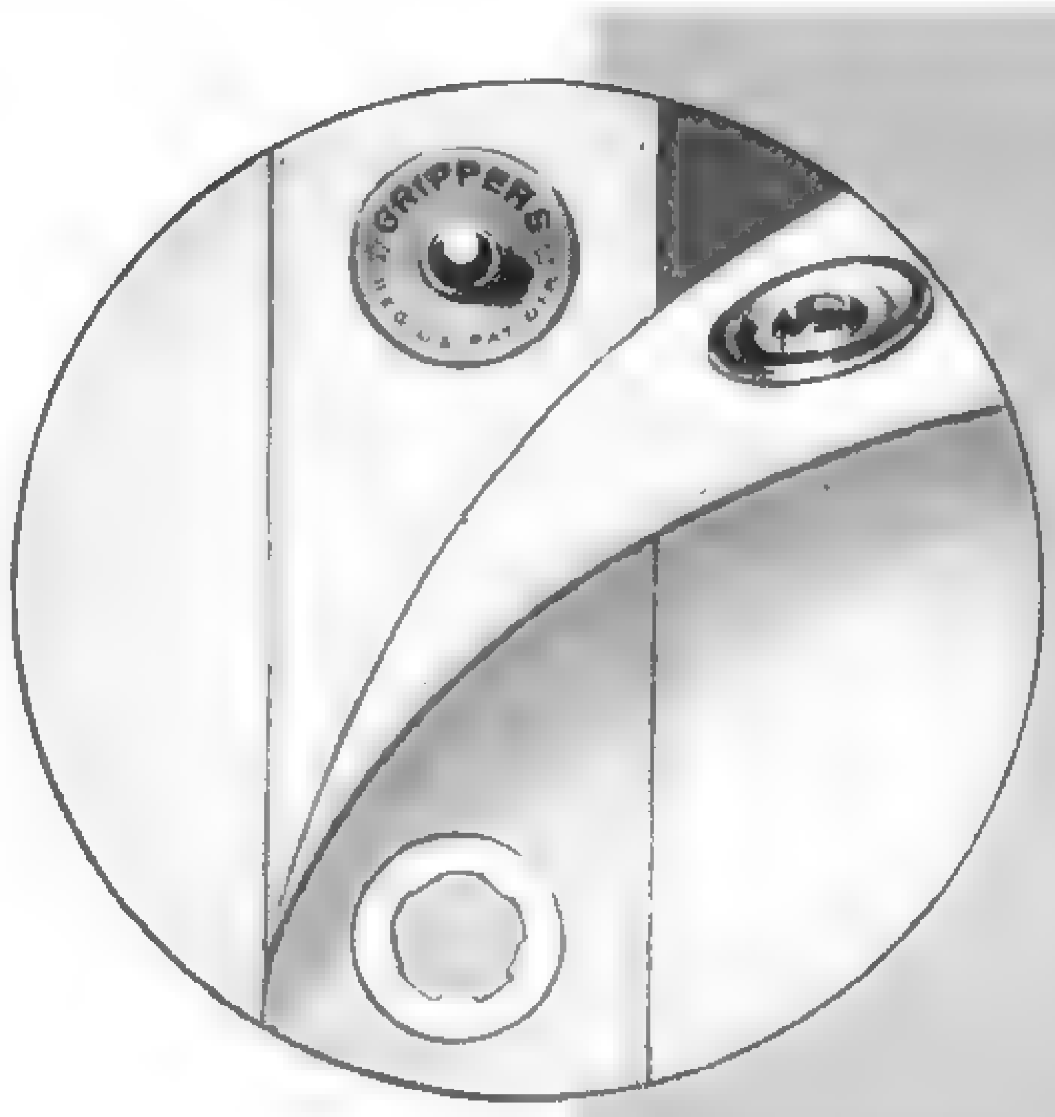

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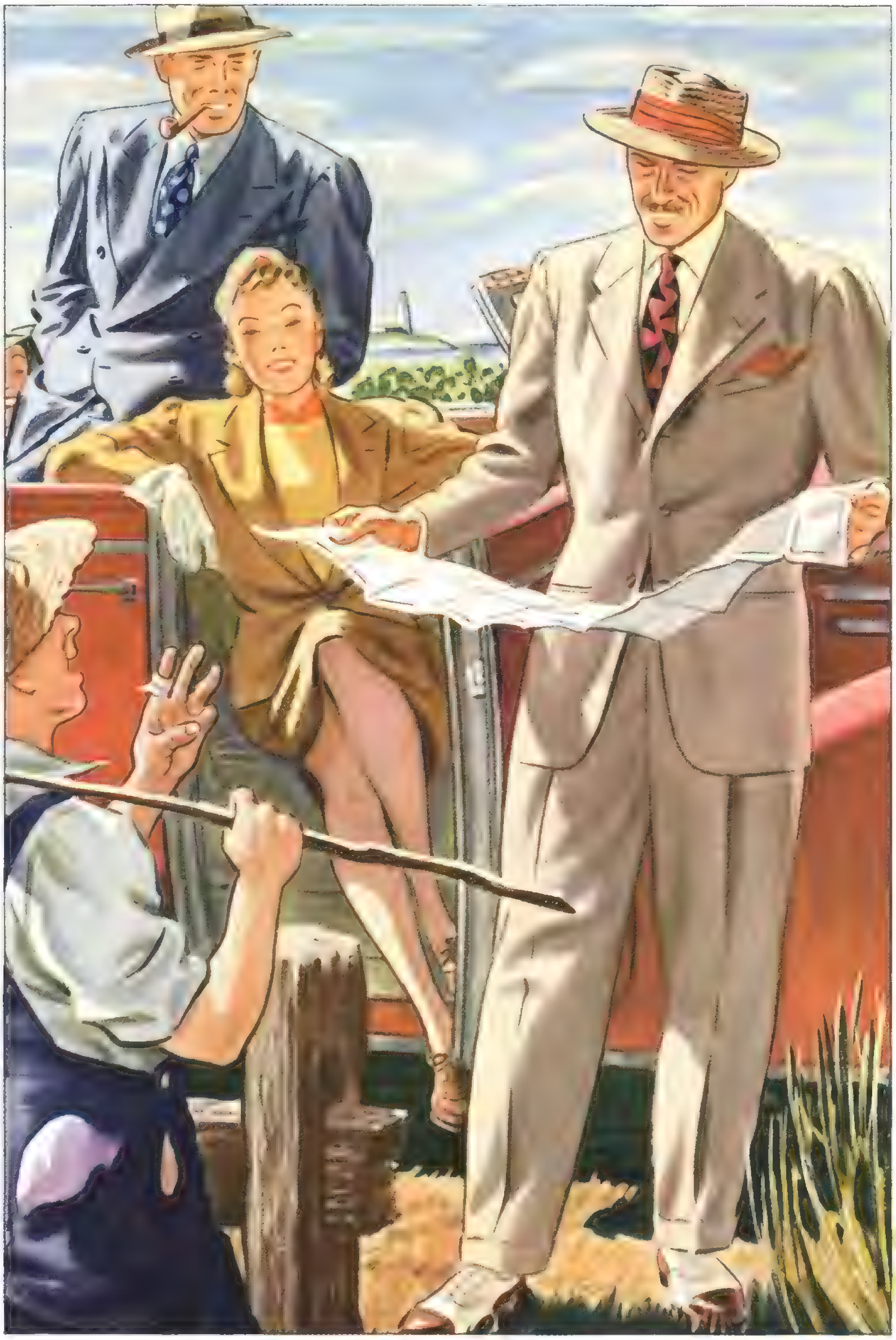

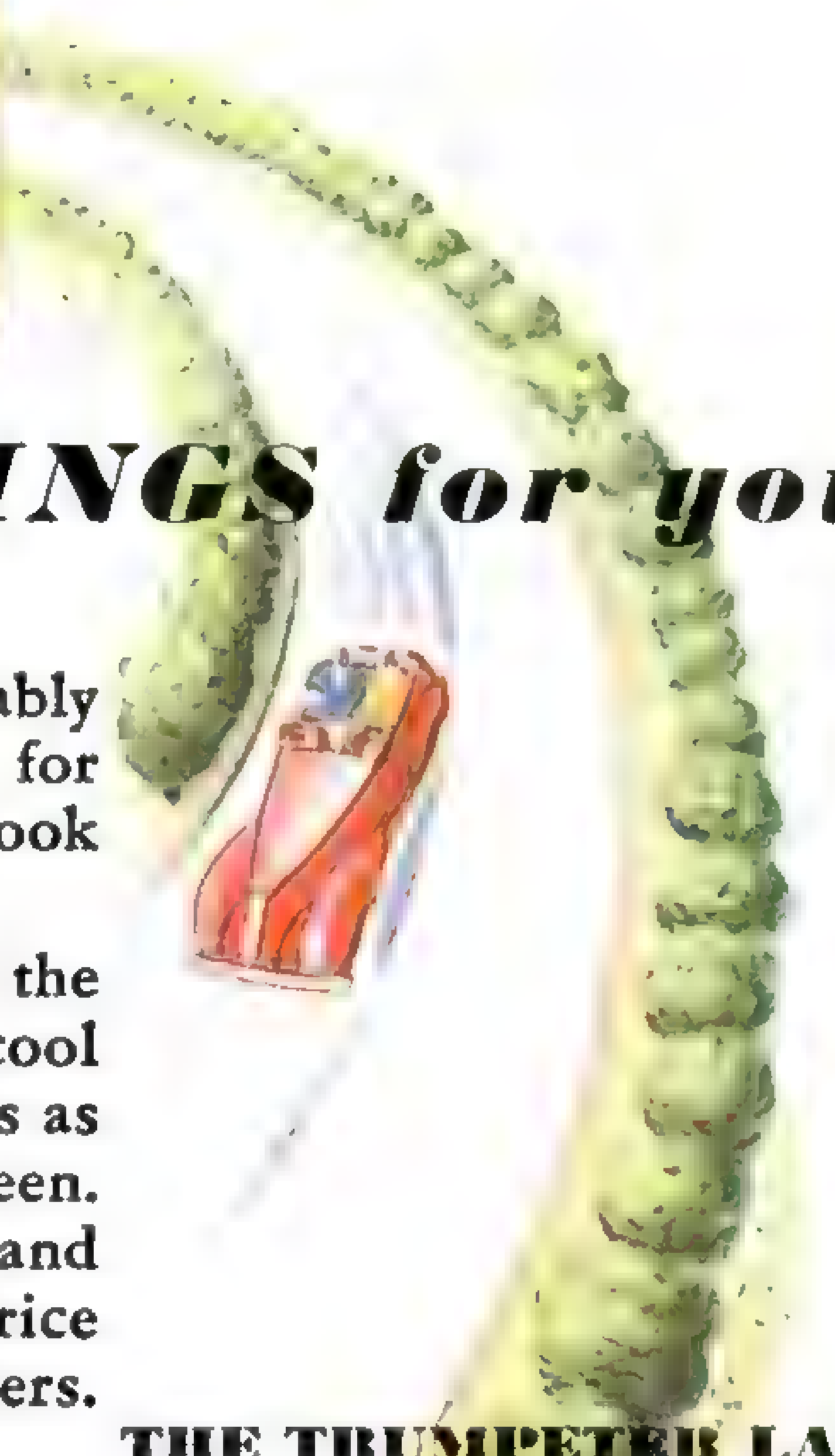

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—*of Hart Schaffner & Marx famed Singa-pore cloth*—unquestionably are the kind of clothes that actually *can* do things for you . . . for your appearance, for your budget and for your general outlook on life during the hot, sticky summer days to come.

This great breeze-inviting fabric is the American twin of the original English fabric designed to keep British army officers cool and trim even in the depths of the heat-ridden tropics . . . It's as light as a vacationer's heart—and as porous as a fine mesh screen. Yet, because it's all-wool, the Singa-pore Dixie Weave is sturdy and holds onto a press for dear life! Best of all, Singa-pore's price is as easy on your pocketbook as the suit itself is on your shoulders.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A Small Thing To Look For
. . . A Big Thing To Find

I Don't Gamble

Those little games among friends aren't worth the price in money, health, prestige and self-respect

ANONYMOUS

• ARTICLE •

I don't play poker now, or shoot craps, or bet even caddy fees when playing golf, or play bridge for money—no, not even for a fortieth of a cent a point.

I used to. I have dealt and have been dealt thousands of poker hands. The cubed ivories have rolled from my fingers and skittered fatefully across blankets, tablecloths, green baize surfaces, or simply a living room rug until the sun shone again out of doors, and the birds chirped their matin song.

The fun and recreation that golf is supposed to offer have been erased utterly for me far too often as I stood on the eighteenth tee and knew I had to win that hole—or else! Always the "or else" meant losing a great deal more money than I could afford. Shaken by the knowledge as I was, failure usually was my jeering companion as I slogged desperately from fairway to rough and rough to fairway, until all the putts were down at last and the payoff was at hand.

And all too frequently there have been disastrous occasions when I have had the pastime of contract bridge turned into something that resembled instead a tense and losing joust with the stock market.

In summing up, my verdict is, I am afraid, wholly lacking in originality. It's the time-worn conclusion of the burnt child staring ruefully into the flames. It is simply this: It's not worth it.

Gambling beyond my means grew into an indulgence that developed a malady within me whose source was mental, but the physical manifestations of which left me nerve-flayed and near what could easily have been an emotional breakdown. As the malady grew more virulent, I found myself with increasing frequency stabbed suddenly awake at night by my tortured sub-consciousness, sweat springing from my pores, and self-recriminations and the bitter anguish of remorse making a welter of dread in my mind. Personal debts, notes at the bank, and a straitened budget haunted me asleep and awake, very tangible hobgoblins, created by what I had to admit was my own folly.

The insidious thing about it was that my gambling was always "friendly." It never approached the big-time stage. I was never luridly trapped by card sharps, or squeezed to a sterile pulp in a professional gambling house. The pari-mutuel bet remains a puzzle to me to this day, and I have never wagered a dime on the outcome of a horse race. Had any of these fates of the gambling dupe of tradition been my lot, I would today present only the tragi-comic figure of just such a foolish and penniless victim.

The fact, however, that it has always been friends or at least acquaintances who got my money—or whose money, far less often, I got—made my notes at the bank none the less pressing, and payment on the mortgage on my car none the less urgent. Yes, I was even reduced to the pitiable extremity of getting just such a mortgage once. To a man whose income is in the two to three hundred dollars a month class, say, winning fifty or seventy-five dollars in a night of poker brings a radiant elation. And I have known that elation, that jubilance. But losing that amount—or more—on that same income can leave a clammy sense of horror, a cold despair that seems to writhe scornfully in one's numb soul. I know.

When I won I remembered the warm camaraderie of the game, the smoky, cozy atmosphere, the drinks and sandwiches, the luxurious yawning stretch when the game broke up, and the crisp fold of bills in my wallet. When I lost I remembered no camaraderie, the fellowship was a frigid mockery, the smoky atmosphere choked, my eyes burned from loss of sleep, my wallet was flat and if I couldn't pay all I owed then a trip to the bank was in order the next day, and the protracted ordeal of meeting payments on a new note came later. The town in which I then lived was comparatively small; my position in the community was a good one, and money in hundred or two hundred dollar lots at the time was not too difficult to get on my own signature. Paying back those amounts *was* difficult, however, and trying to keep my credit unimpaired became an ever more harrying trial.

I realize that to a great many people the amounts I lost would be "chicken feed." To me they were anything but. Bear in mind that my income was in the neighborhood of three thousand dollars a year, that I had a wife and child and a certain definite position to "keep up" in the community. The exigencies and peculiar prominence of my job demanded it. One can easily imagine then what two or three nights of losing perhaps twenty-five to fifty dollars each night meant to a budget painstakingly drafted to allow for three new suits every two years. In three nights I might lose enough money outright to have bought three suits of more expensive material and tailoring than I ever felt I could "afford" as a rule. It seemed I could afford the hazardous and prodigal challenge of fifty-two glossy pieces of pasteboard, yet haggled over the price of a suit, washed my own car instead of sending it to a service station, and took a week's vacation at the beach instead of two. The irony is at once grotesque and appalling.

Victim of a passion for gambling as I was, I usually had an acute fellow feeling for others afflicted similarly. And the word affliction is a classic in understatement. Without being either melodramatic or evangelistic, I think my own store of bitter experience qualifies me to say that gambling beyond

Continued on page 115

NO
YES
MAYBE
Richter

"Will you stop running our daughter's life?"

The City in the Sycamore

A beehive is an Amazonian world, and the male a mere trifler, an outsider, tolerated for breeding

by PAUL ANNIXTER

• ARTICLE •

SPRING had come to the broad valley of the San Joaquin. The sage was bright green again and the wild lupin ran like a blue flame along the northward-facing hillsides. The hollows were sprinkled with daisies and the twigs of greening willows and sycamores made a wine-yellow veil along the horizon.

With the first week in April there came down the wind that destiny for which Nature had intended the glory of those flowering hillsides. Out of the north half a dozen dark bullets came zooming; at least, they might easily have been bullets so far as speed and singleness of purpose went. They were six burly young worker bees—honey-scouts sent out in advance of a big swarm that was now resting some miles to the north.

Above the flowering slopes the scouts slackened their booming flight, settled low and began a slow, methodical circling of the flowering area. The extent of the sage slopes was mapped out to the last geometrical yard, bee-measure. A short antennae-consultation ensued, after which the surrounding landscape was explored in widening circles. It ended in a giant sycamore tree which stood like some sprawling monster at the head of the valley. One of its low-hanging spotted limbs, long ago shattered by lightning, had been hollowed out by ants or woodpeckers. Here it was agreed the swarm might dwell in safety and put by a store of honey for the coming winter.

The decision having been reached, the burliest and most active of the scouts whose name, by the way, was Drona, went winging back to the swarm with a deep zooming note of elation. The swarm was at rest some three miles to the rear, clustered hundreds deep about their queen who had seen fit to come to rest on the low branch of a willow during the chill of the preceding night. It was a huge swarm, the solid mass of it bulking larger than a football, its weight bending the low branch quite to the earth. The dense living cluster seemed to breathe and pulsate like one organism, a stir as of respiration throughout the mass.

They had covered an amazing distance in the past thirty-six hours. Twice they had flown the sun out of the sky in their ardent quest for a perfect hiving ground, but no pasturage had been quite ample enough, no woodland offered quite the seclusion desired by this seasoned queen. But this morning the arrival of Drona settled the matter. Further antennae-discussion ensued, then the swarm stirred slowly to life as the word was relayed through the living mass to the queen.

In humming squadrons the outer layers of the cluster lifted and hovered above the swarm in a singing, gyrating cloud. Others momentarily swelled their ranks, but it was fully twenty minutes before the innermost knot of the swarm disintegrated and the queen herself lifted heavily in air. Slowly but with gradually increasing momentum the swarm swept southward in a dense, swirling vortex fully twelve feet high, flying close to the ground. The deep resonant hum of their myriad wings was so pervading that it might have been taken for the approach of an airplane. They came to the sycamore stub where the equally slow process of settling took place, streams of workers passing in and out of the hole for minute examination in a bedazzling, humming cloud.

By afternoon the big swarm was well ensconced in the new home and steady lines of workers were already pouring in and out of the hollow like dark smoke, bringing loads of leaf-bud gum from distant trees to mix with wax and saliva for the foundation cement of the coming city. Another detachment was furiously at work cleaning the interior of the hollow stub, sweeping the floor and flying forth with bits of wood mold and specks of dust and dirt. So much to be done and so brief the summer weeks in which to complete their labors. Unlike the tame hive bees who have many aids from man, they must renovate the entire interior and then line it with propolis, or bee glue, before the vital matters of building the brood cells were even begun.

Work, selflessness, sacrifice, these were the keynotes of the new hive, inherited from a million generations of diligent ancestors, and the business of the day was carried forward with such one-pointed zeal that the wings of the workers going forth and returning boomed like the motors of overtaxed airplanes. Now and then incoming and outgoing individuals would collide on the threshold and pitch forward on their noses, giving voice to high, squeaking buzzes of impatience at the momentary delay. From sun up till dark the high-pressure activity continued, and within the hive labor did not cease even then. The work of the wax-making artisans who were laying the foundation of the city went on long into the night, a murmurous ferment of activity. The senses of these craftsmen were so acute that no light was needed. Their wonderful eyes with their thirteen thousand minute facets absorbed some light even in the deepest gloom, and their antennae took the place of the other four senses, as well as senders and receivers of wireless messages.

The excruciating labor and mechanical judgment involved in hanging and anchoring the mass of waxen walls and tiers to the roof and sides of the hollow limb, the manner in which the bees formed living ladders of their massed bodies for the benefit of co-workers, would have called forth amazement and praise from the most expert of human engineers. For it was an actual city they were building, and all in the dark and without concrete plans. A city that was to be a labyrinth of complicated buildings, with streets, storehouses, public squares, a perfect ventilation and sanitation system. Only one of the crucial points in the city's construction was the location of the brood cells, where the future population of the hive was to be reared. For if the brood cells concentrated too high or too low in the hive, or too near or too far from the door and its possible heat and cold drafts, disaster would ensue.

Within a week an idea of the city's design could be gotten from the rapidly growing walls which, exactly opposite from the cities of men, hung downward from the roof and outward from the walls, instead of rising from the ground, the topmost tier when all was completed, standing for the first floor, the bottom one being the last. Daily now, the sunlight creeping in across the threshold pricked out in azure and gold the growing edifice of wax.

While all this labor was going forward, deep within the hollow limb, the impregnated queen was kept fed, cleaned, combed and caressed by her faithful retinue and likewise guarded from the occasional amorous beaux among the drones who blundered in and out in the absence of a guardroom. The queen at all times was the sovereign heart of the hive; her fecundity a thing of divine sanctity in the minds of her subjects who were neuters. The care and respect of the ladies of honor who were privileged to watch over her, were boundless, heroic. Here was a completely Amazonian world, where the female was supreme, the male a mere trifler and outsider, kept for the stud alone and liable to be cut off when times were hard or food scarce. The hard, intensely practical feminine intellect determined all things here, its keynote being that deep-seated order which is fundamentally a feminine principle.

As soon as the interior of the hollow stub was glued airtight and the foundation combs well anchored, guards were placed at the entrance to the hive and detachments of workers went forth to bring in pollen. Already the queen had begun to lay her eggs on the floor of the hive, being unable to wait for the construction of the hexagonal brood cells. For weeks she would lay between a thousand and fifteen hundred eggs each day, for the future population of the city. During the second week these eggs were carefully placed in the finished cells and the army of wax artisans was gradually cut down, part of them being sent forth to gather honey, others set to tend the larvae in the brood cells, still others to fanning the vitiated air within the hive. The ceaseless hum of all this activity throbbed within the hollow stub, a festival song of labor, steady and rhythmic as the purring of turbines within a great liner. Yet so splendid was the sense of order within the hive that it mattered not what tasks were allotted to the workers; they set their minds on but one thing for the one time. Every thought and act of the community centered about the principle of the utmost good for the whole.

Drona, who had taken her place among the wax workers at first, now joined the army of honey gatherers. None allotted her this task. She was guided by an inner voice, that was part of the brooding, overshadowing power which can only be designated as "the spirit of the hive." This spirit was all-pervasive, immutable, harmonic, knowing all that was necessary to know, for the good of the hive.

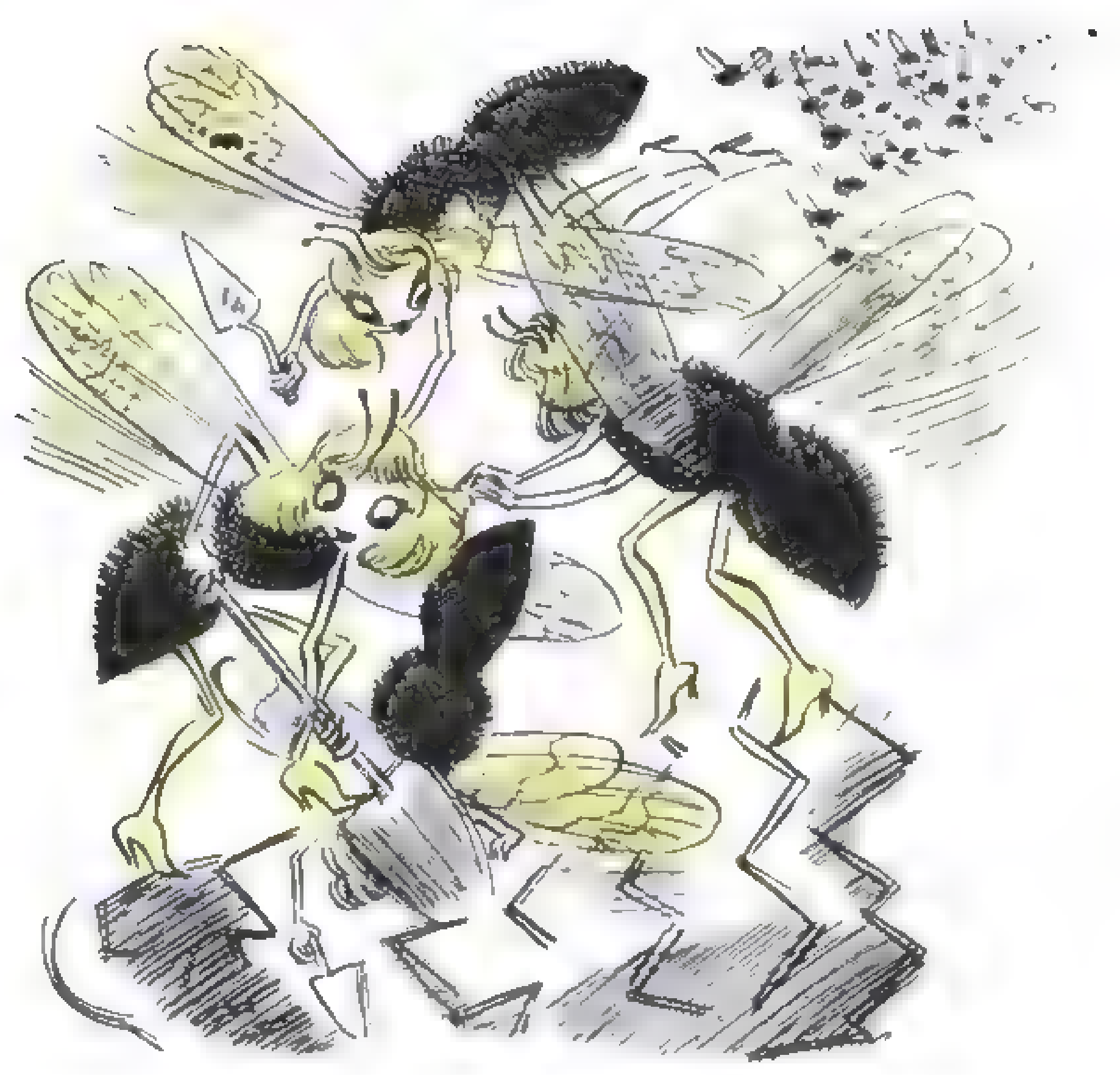
The sage slopes were just coming into bloom and all day long Drona, with hundreds of other workers, systematically rifled the purplish blooms of their dark sweet nectar. While this was going on another of nature's deep-seated laws was simultaneously taking place, that of the fertilization of the sage plants for the coming season. For as the bees entered each fragrant flower, the delicate anthers of the calyx touched the soft velvety bodies of the insects, leaving thereon that which would touch the stigma of some neighboring flower, thus carrying out the mystic and magical process of plant impregnation.

Whenever a particularly rich harvest was found the homing bees would carefully mark the spot, rising slowly on leaving, with heads pointed homewards until they had fixed their direction securely by noting every nearby landmark. So ingrained was the virtue and diligence of the little workers that they scarcely allowed themselves time to eat or sleep. Often through the long hot hours hunger assailed Drona, but on no occasion was the precious vintage she drew from the tubes of the flowers allowed to pass into her stomach proper, but only into the outer stomach, or honey sac—the stomach of the community, so to speak. As soon as this was freighted to capacity, she zoomed homeward, following the long dark files of workers, to empty her load into the communal vats. From twenty to thirty such trips she made per hour throughout the entire day.

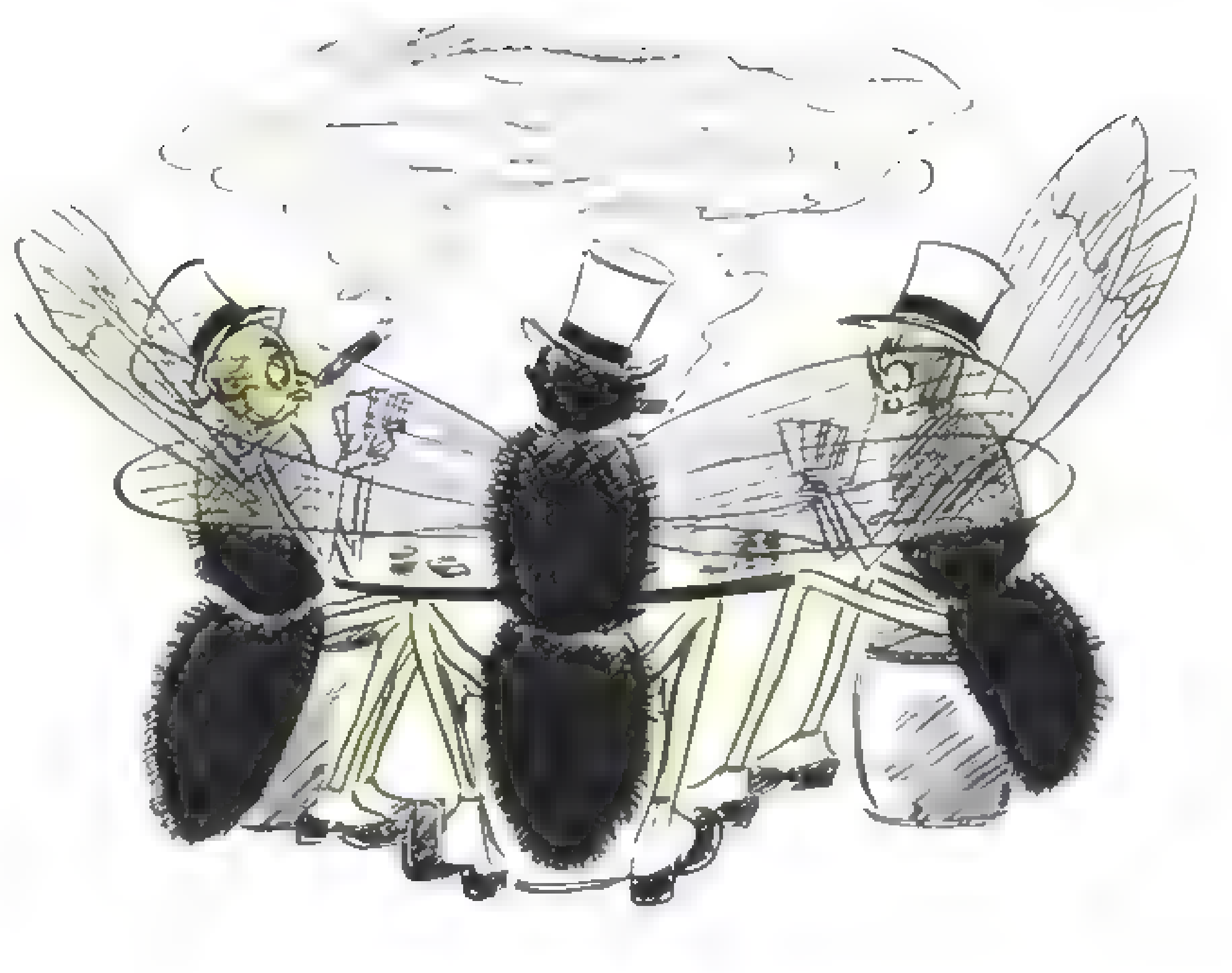
These were the days of greatest casualties for the new hive. The many birds returned with the spring, snapped up scores of workers on their way to and from the hive. Large spiders lying in wait among the foliage ambushed many more; foraging field mice took their toll and lizards learned to climb the sage bushes and lie in wait with the deathless patience of their reptile kind. The daily toll amounted to a hundred or more, but it is doubtful if these losses were even noted, for bees have a peculiar duality of character arising from their highly specialized automatic mode of existence. Within the hive all were united in a singleness of thought and aim as complete as the different organs of a single body. Wound one of them and thousands would sacrifice themselves to avenge the injury. But outside the hive they seemed no longer to recognize each other.

To Drona came many adventures in the weeks of April harvest during which the orders of the day were to store up as much prime golden honey as was in the power of the worker army to bring in, regardless of risk or fatigue. On the dry slope above the sage flat another colony of bees had made their summer

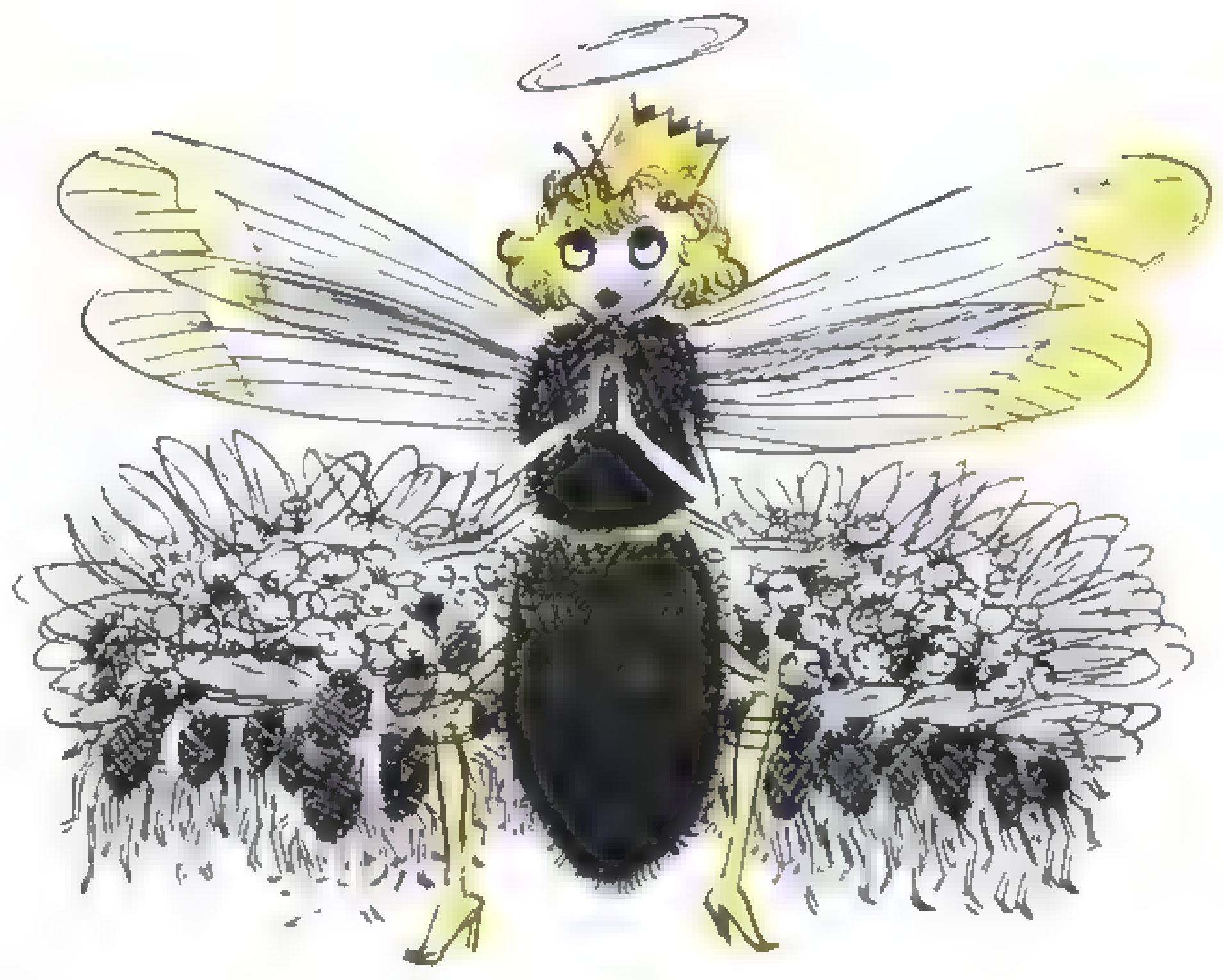
Continued on page 131



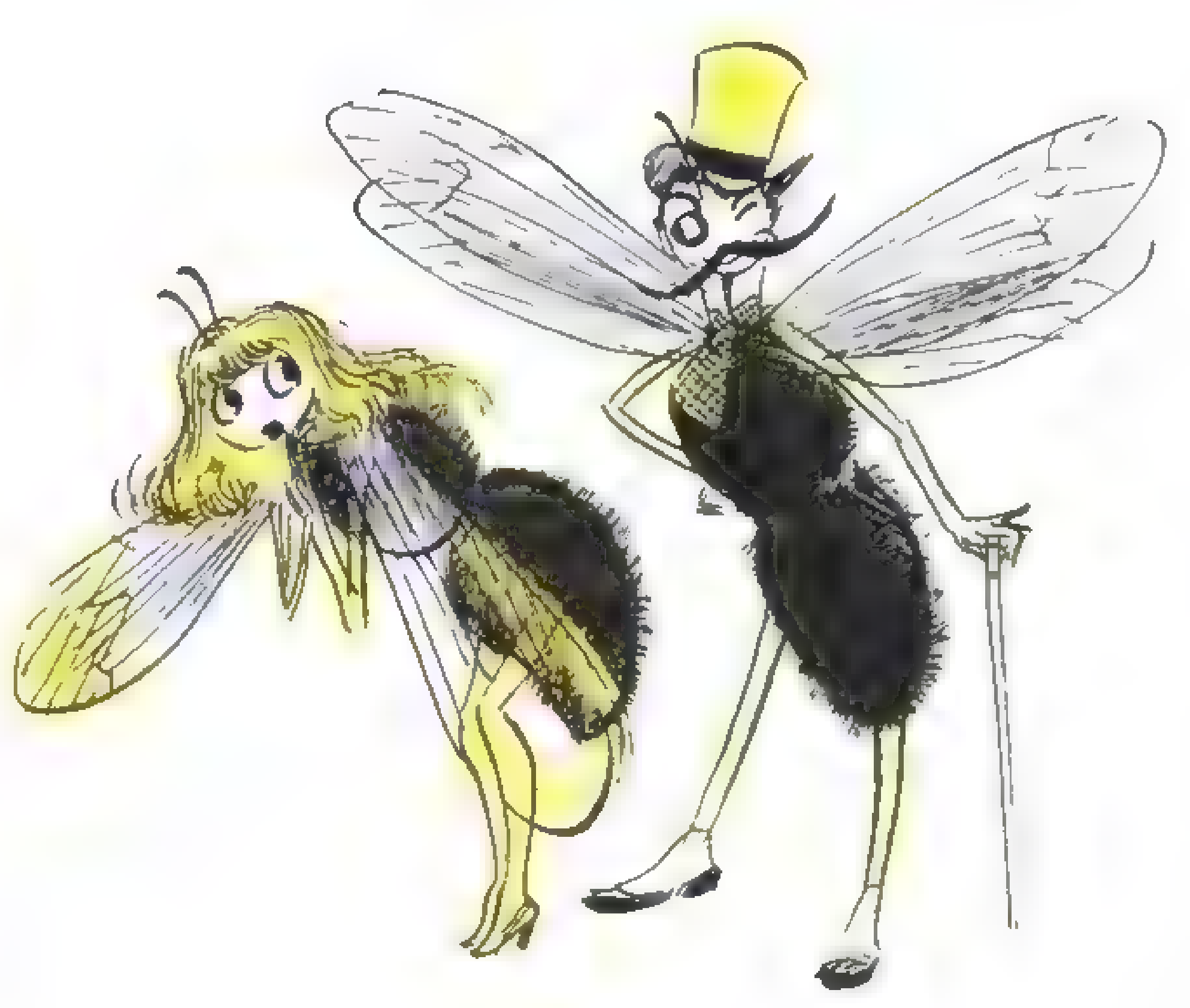
1—The Working Bee toils night and day
And needs no help from F. H. A.



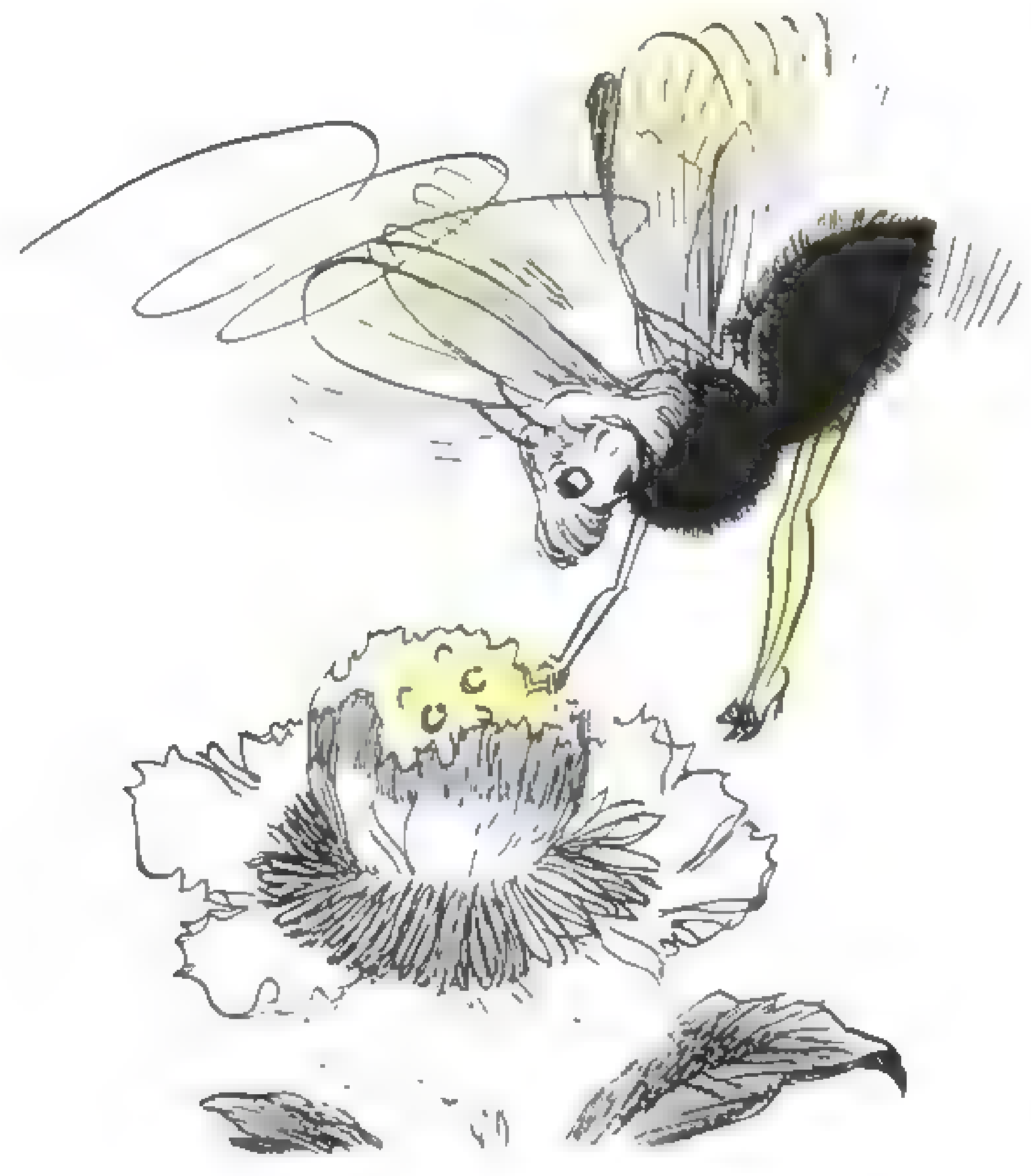
2—But, sad to state, the Drone's a Dud
Except when he is playing "stud."



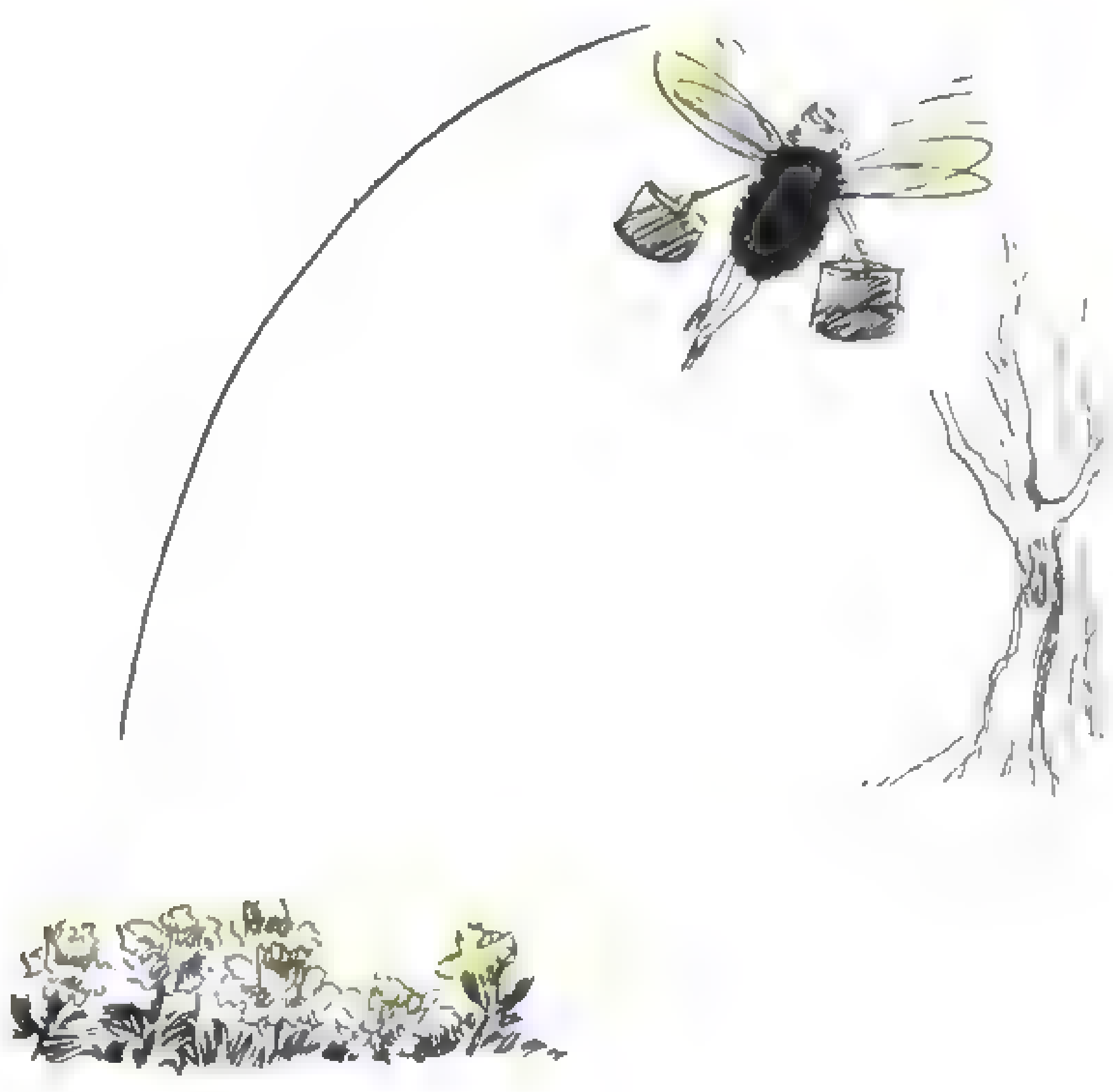
3—The Queen Bee, bless her little soul,
Has never heard of Birth Control;



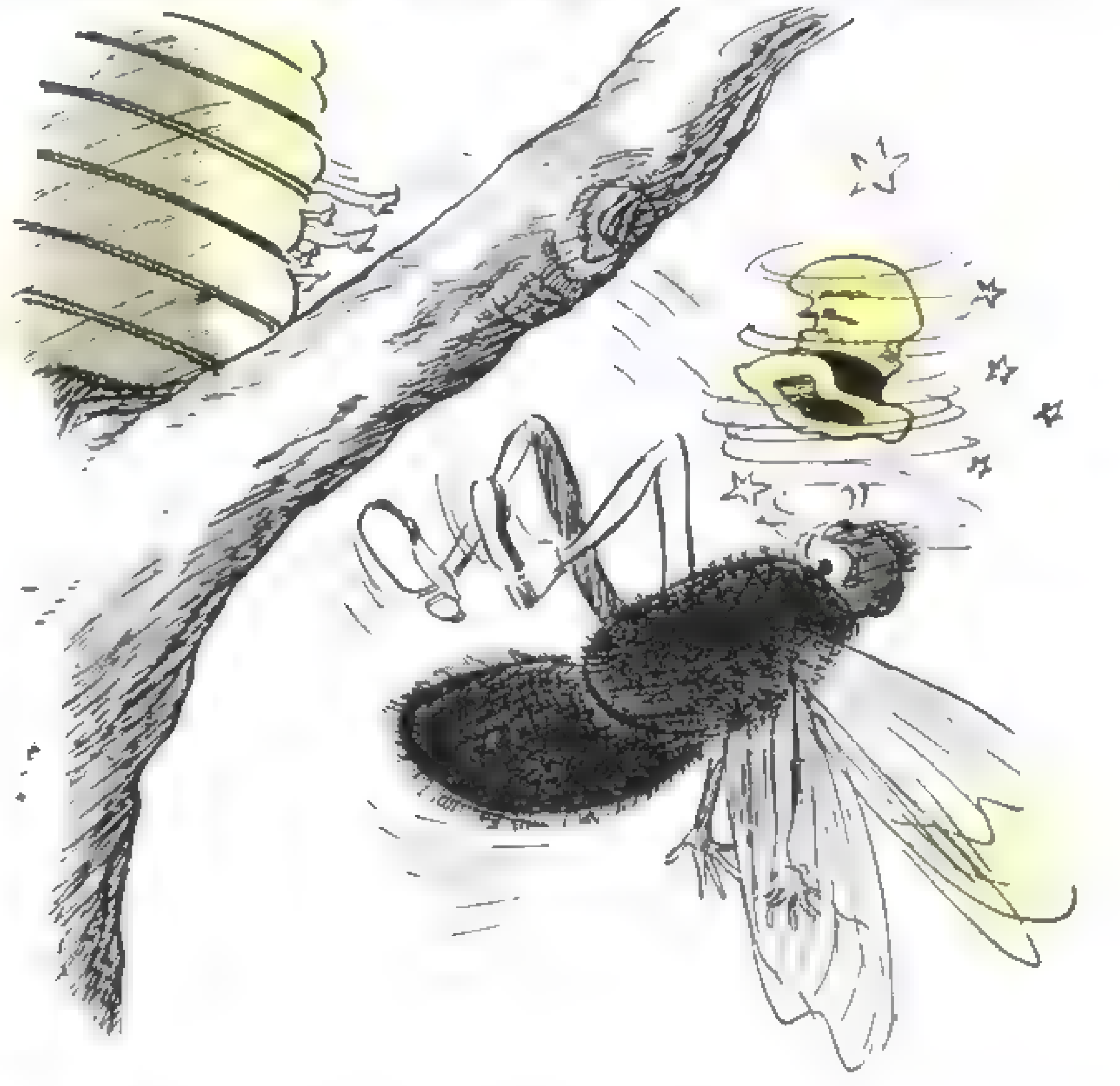
4—Which, doubtless, is why there are found
So many Sons of Bees around!



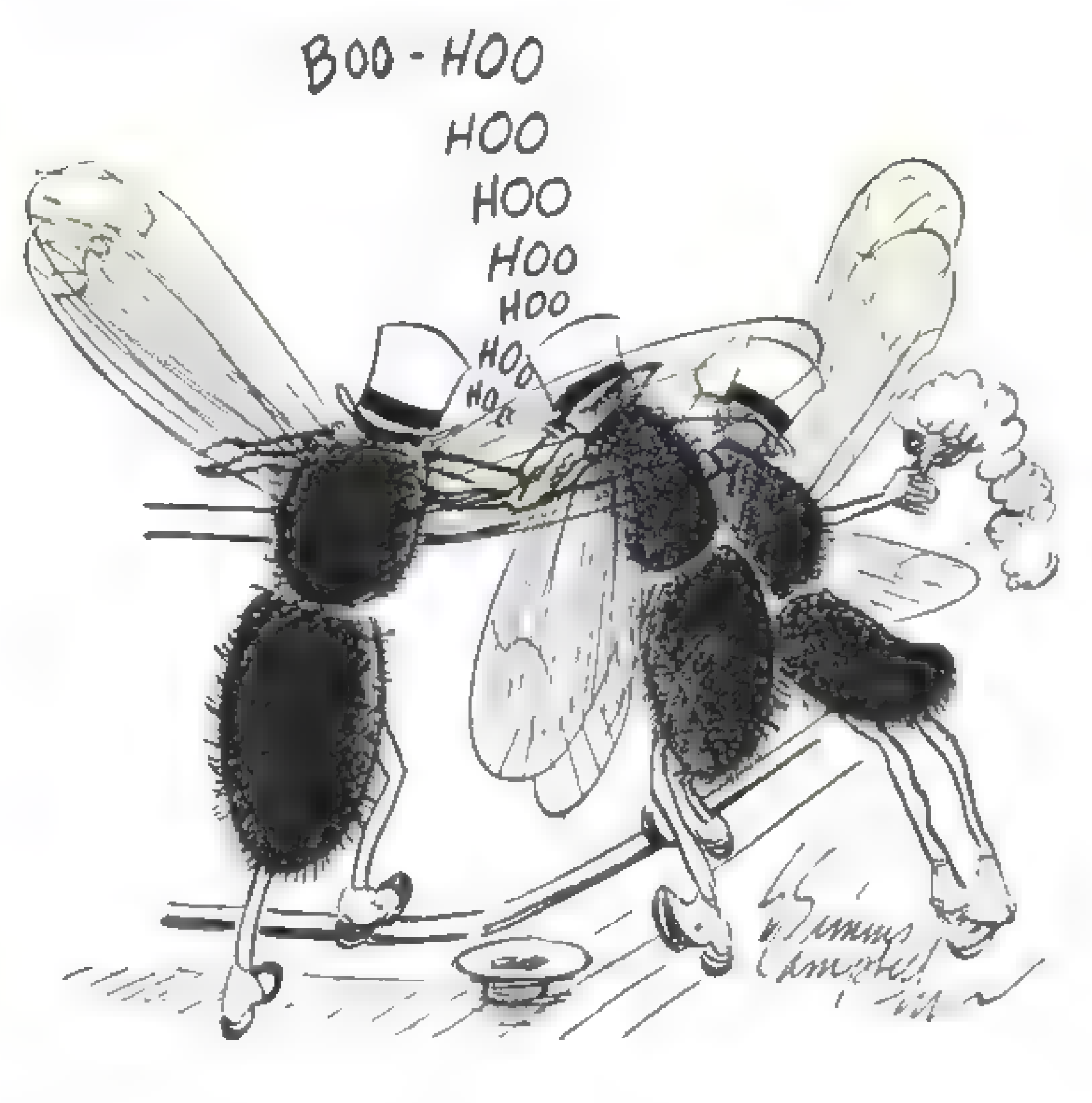
5—This working girl is out for blood,
Just watch her whisper: "Hi ya, Bud!"



6—And watch her bring the honey home
Straight to the Queen Bee's honey-comb!



7—But when the loot begins to fail—
Who takes the rap? The hapless male!



8—So, thus we find that even SHE-BEES
Give their HE-BEES . . . HEEBY-JEEBIES!

Pat Hobby's Secret

Only the pay-off was needed to shoot the picture, and Pat figured if the playwright was drunk, he'd spill it

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

▪ FICTION ▪

Distress in Hollywood is endemic and always acute. Scarcely an executive but is being gnawed at by some insoluble problem and in a democratic way he will let you in on it, with no charge. The problem, be it one of health or of production, is faced courageously and with groans at from one to five thousand a week. That's how pictures are made.

"But this one has got me down," said Mr. Banizon, "—because how did the artillery shell get in the trunk of Claudette Colbert or Betty Field or whoever we decide to use? We got to explain it so the audience will believe it."

He was in the office of Louie the studio bookie and his present audience also included Pat Hobby, venerable script-stooge of forty-nine. Mr. Banizon did not expect a suggestion from either of them but he had been talking aloud to himself about the problem for a week now and was unable to stop.

"Who's your writer on it?" asked Louie.

"R. Parke Woll," said Banizon indignantly. "First I buy this opening from another writer, see. A grand notion but only a notion. Then I call in R. Parke Woll, the playwright, and we meet a couple of times and develop it. Then when we get the end in sight, his agent horns in and says he won't let Woll talk any more unless I give him a contract—eight weeks at $3,000! And all I need him for is one more day!"

The sum brought a glitter into Pat's old eyes. Ten years ago he had camped beatifically in range of such a salary—now he was lucky to get a few weeks at $250. His inflamed and burnt over talent had failed to produce a second growth.

"The worse part of it is that Woll told me the ending," continued the producer.

"Then what are you waiting for?" demanded Pat. "You don't need to pay him a cent."

"I forgot it!" groaned Mr. Banizon. "Two phones were ringing at once in my office—one from a working director. And while I was talking Woll had to run along. Now I can't remember it and I can't get him back."

Perversely Pat Hobby's sense of justice was with the producer, not the writer. Banizon had almost outsmarted Woll and then been cheated by a tough break. And now the playwright, with the insolence of an Eastern snob, was holding him up for twenty-four grand. What with the European market gone. What with the war.

"Now he's on a big bat," said Banizon, "I know because I got a man tailing him. It's enough to drive you nuts—here I got the whole story except the pay-off. What good is it to me like that?"

"If he's drunk maybe he'd spill it," suggested Louie practically.

"Not to me," said Mr. Banizon, "I thought of it but he would recognize my face."

Having reached the end of his current blind alley, Mr. Banizon picked a horse in the third and one in the seventh and prepared to depart.

"I got an idea," said Pat.

Mr. Banizon looked suspiciously at the red old eyes.

"I got no time to hear it now," he said.

"I'm not selling anything," Pat reassured him. "I got a deal almost ready over at Paramount. But once I worked with this R. Parke Woll and maybe I could find what you want to know."

He and Mr. Banizon went out of the office together and walked slowly across the lot. An hour later, for an advance consideration of fifty dollars, Pat was employed to discover how a live artillery shell got into Claudette Colbert's trunk or Betty Field's trunk or whosoever's trunk it should be.

II

The swath which R. Parke Woll was now cutting through the City of the Angels would have attracted no special notice in the twenties; in the fearful forties it rang out like laughter in church. He was easy to follow: his absence had been requested from two hotels but he had settled down into a routine where he carried his sleeping quarters in his elbow. A small but alert band of rats and weasels were furnishing him moral support in his journey—a journey which Pat caught up with at two a.m. in Conk's Old Fashioned Bar.

Conk's Bar was haughtier than its name, boasting cigarette girls and a doorman-bouncer named Smith who had once stayed a full hour with Tarzan White. Mr. Smith was an embittered man who expressed himself by goosing the patrons on their way in and out and this was Pat's introduction. When he recovered himself he discovered R. Parke Woll in a mixed company around a table, and sauntered up with an air of surprise.

"Hello, good looking," he said to Woll. "Remember me—Pat Hobby?"

R. Parke Woll brought him with difficulty into focus, turning his head first on one side then on the other, letting it sink, snap up and then lash forward like a cobra taking a candid snapshot. Evidently it recorded for he said:

"Pat Hobby! Sit down and wha'll you have. Genlemen, this is Pat Hobby—best left-handed writer in Hollywood. Pat h'are you?"

Pat sat down, amid suspicious looks from a dozen predatory eyes. Was Pat an old friend sent to get the playwright home?

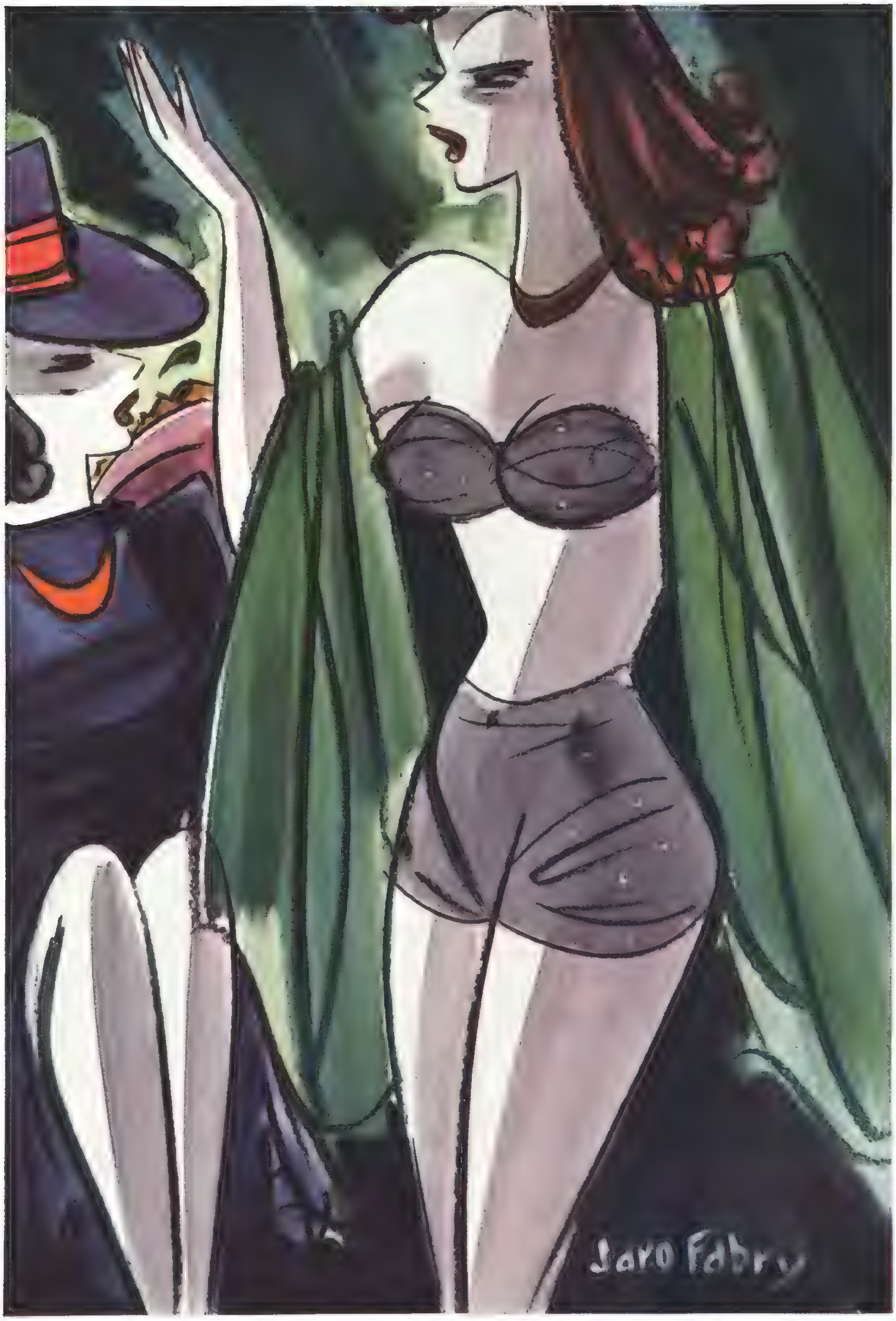
Pat saw this and waited until a half-hour later when he found himself alone with Woll in the washroom.

"Listen Parke, Banizon is having you followed," he said, "I don't know why he's doing it. Louie at the studio tipped me off."

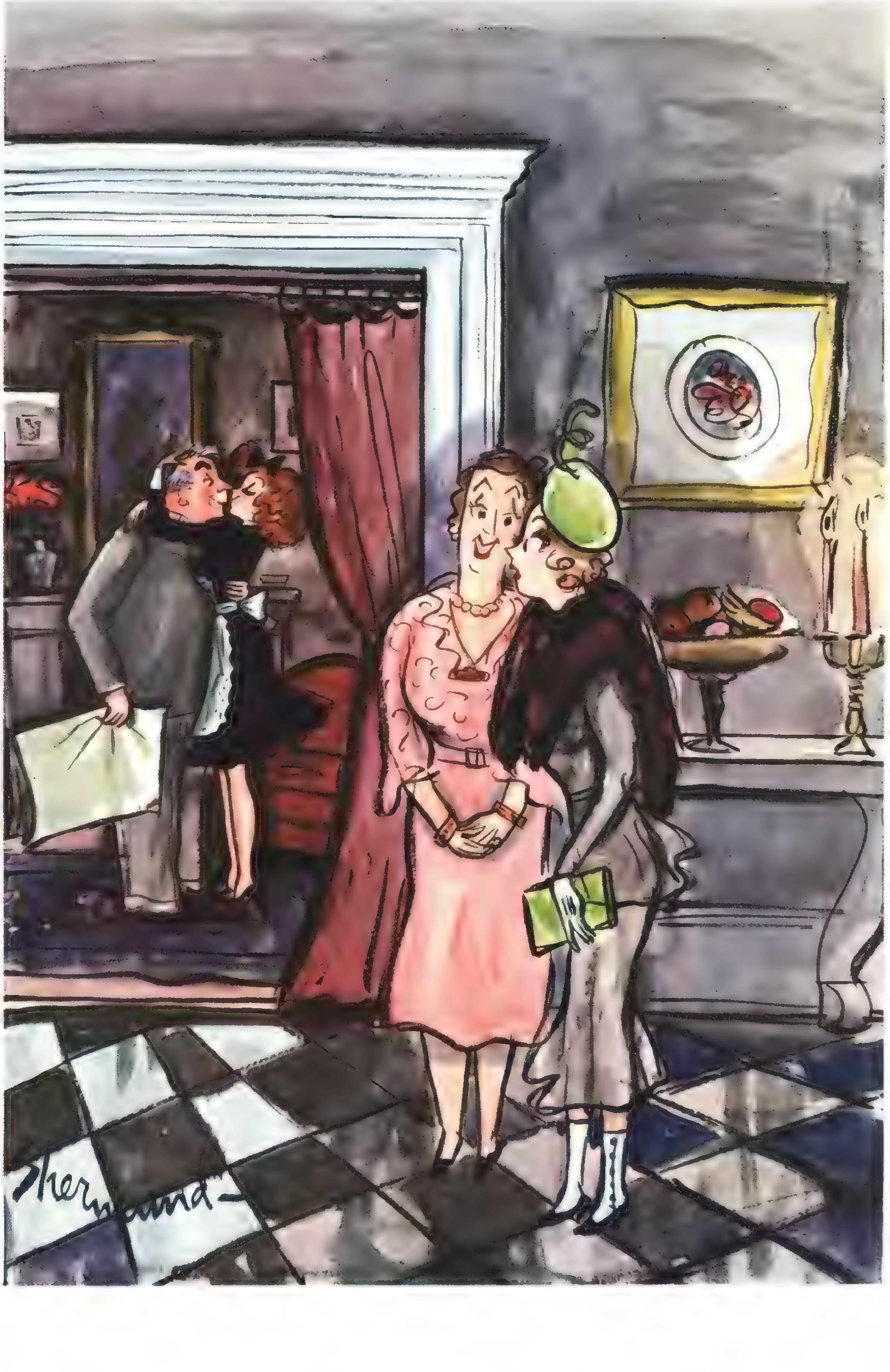
"You don't know why?" cried Parke,

Continued at top of page 107

"It's a pretty big crew to put to work on a dog house, but you know the union"



"He's paying me fifty thousand dollars to get back his letters but I'm retaining the movie rights"



"She's marvelous with the children, too"

The Old British Calm

The Chief Steward felt submarine alarms were for the lower classes but whispers sufficed for *A* Deck

by STANLEY LOGAN

• SATIRE •

"It's no damned use, sir, tryin' to sleep on a blasted shelf with all that infernal racket goin' on outside."

Such was the unanimous opinion of a gathering of British army officers in the first-class smoking room of the *S.S. Aylmer Castle* as she plunged up the Bay of Biscay on the last lap of her voyage from the Orient to England on a November night in nineteen fourteen. It was a night when sea and sky seemed to melt into one moist conspiracy against her very life. Rolling and pitching—groaning and shuddering—she took it all in her stride; and so did those members of His Majesty's Forces who had decided to sit up and make the best of things.

"Making the best of things" being essentially a British hobby they were doing pretty well at it with the assistance of Alfred Ghilchick—Chief Steward of *A* Deck—and a goodish assortment of bottles.

It was not part of A. Ghilchick's duties to sit up all night and administer restoratives to the passengers under his care, but he had volunteered doing so.

Had not the Mother Country called to her children to cluster round and do their bit?

Most certainly she had—and in no uncertain voice! And, as with one voice, the goodly company all present and correct aboard the *Aylmer Castle* had answered her!

And the least he, Alfred, thought he could do, being beyond any military age, was to chip in and do *his* little bit.

And with a right good will he was doing it. Emptying *this* Major's ash tray—splashing *that* Captain's seltzer; respectfully enjoying the bawdy badinage of all the junior officers.

But he achieved the height of stewardly bliss in ministering to the Colonel. For beyond peradventure Colonel the Honorable Wilfred Sholto Berkley-Bennett, C.B. was Alfred Ghilchick's pet passenger.

Not only, in his eyes, did that officer possess every "Colonelish" virtue but he was—in addition an "Hon."—and the steward was—as are all good English servants—a snob. He dearly loved a Lord, and, if no Lord were present he could make out very nicely with an "Hon." And so it was with a gesture of an acolyte presenting a humble offering to a tribal god that he placed a double port on the table at which the Colonel sat.

In general appearance Wilfred Sholto Berkley-Bennett resembled that of a prawn on ice. He had prawns' eyes and a prawnish complexion; add to these a bald head made of polished coral—a white cavalry moustache—and the ribbons of the C.B. and the D.S.O.—and there you have him. Physically. But his mentality belied his somewhat bristling exterior. Years of loyal service to his King and Country in some of the foulest climates to be found below the equator had left him surprisingly serene and calm. The epitome of British phlegm. His voice—when in use off parade—was mild and gentle and it was in such a tone that he now addressed himself to Alfred Ghilchick.

"Steward," he asked, "how many days late are we now?"

"Three, sir," replied Alfred—and his was the voice of one apologizing for the unBritish behavior of the elements.

"Three days!" echoed a third voice—that of the Colonel's vis-a-vis, a younger officer who, given time and sufficient port would ultimately resemble his senior—even as a twin brother. "What I mean is, sir," the voice went on, "if this confounded weather doesn't cheese it we may miss the jolly old war altogether. I mean to say—if this jolly old boat doesn't get a move on, we may miss the jolly old boat altogether, eh what? Ha! Ha! Ha!"

The Colonel's eyes regarded his junior benevolently like those of a wise father tolerant of the impatience of youth. "Think so?" he said, (for he was economical of speech).

"Well, what I mean is, everyone at home says the whole shebang will be over by Christmas and a lot of silly asses we'll look—I mean to say—gettin' to the Front just in time for the march into Berlin—what?"

"I shouldn't worry so very much about all that," said the Colonel, sipping his port.

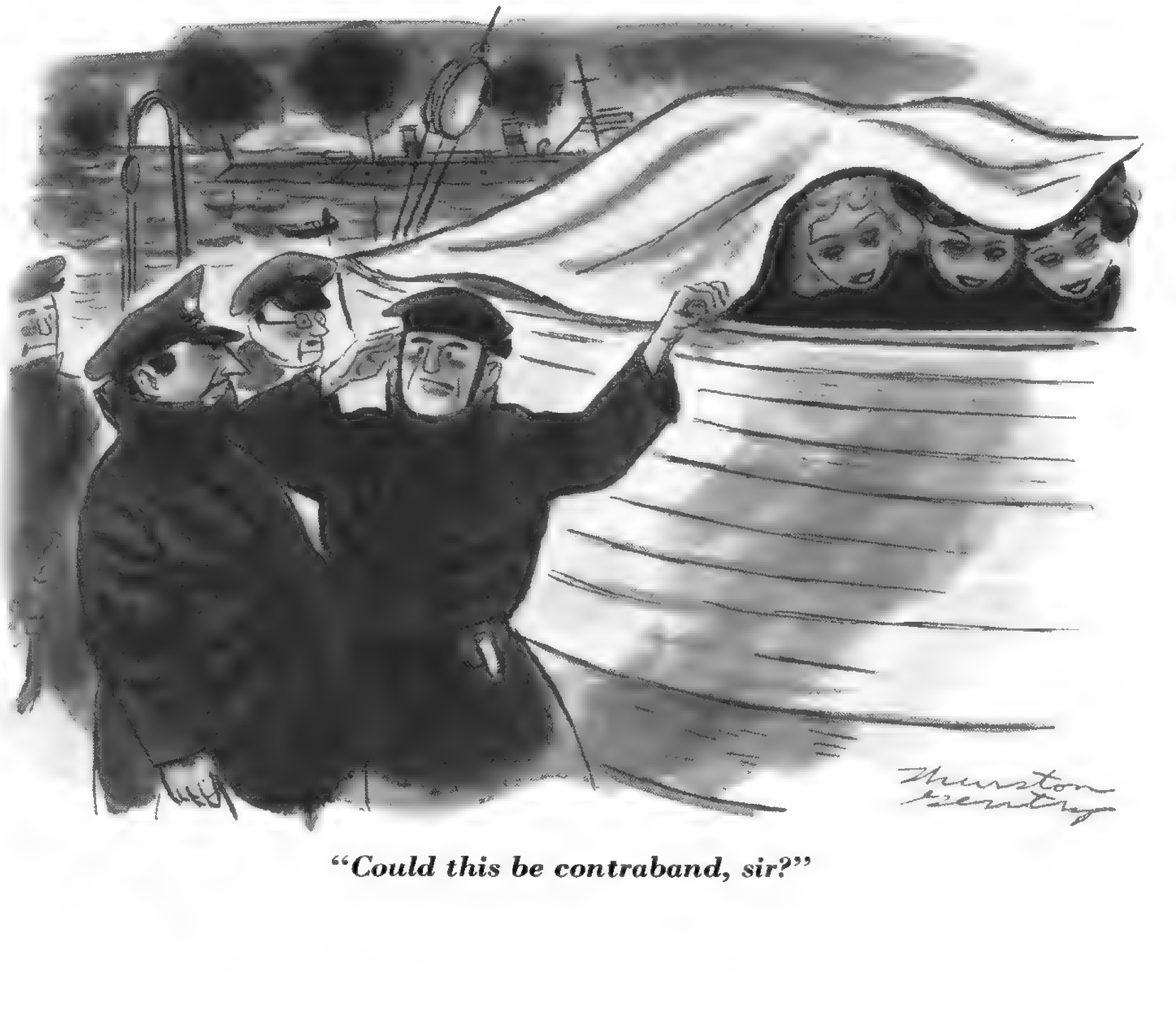
"One thing about it, though," continued the Irrepressible, draining his glass, "with this kind of sea runnin' the jolly old skipper won't be gettin' the wind up so badly about all that submarine rot. Beastly bore, I mean to say—all that boat drill and jumpin' to stations at the most ungodly hours—and all for what? Submarines! Pshaw! D'you know what I think, sir? I don't believe there's any such animal. *I* think it's just something jolly old Fritz thought up to scare us—that's what I think. Whoever heard of the German Navy?" he concluded with that fine contempt of the Junior for the Senior Service.

"Steward—two double ports," said Colonel Berkley-Bennett.

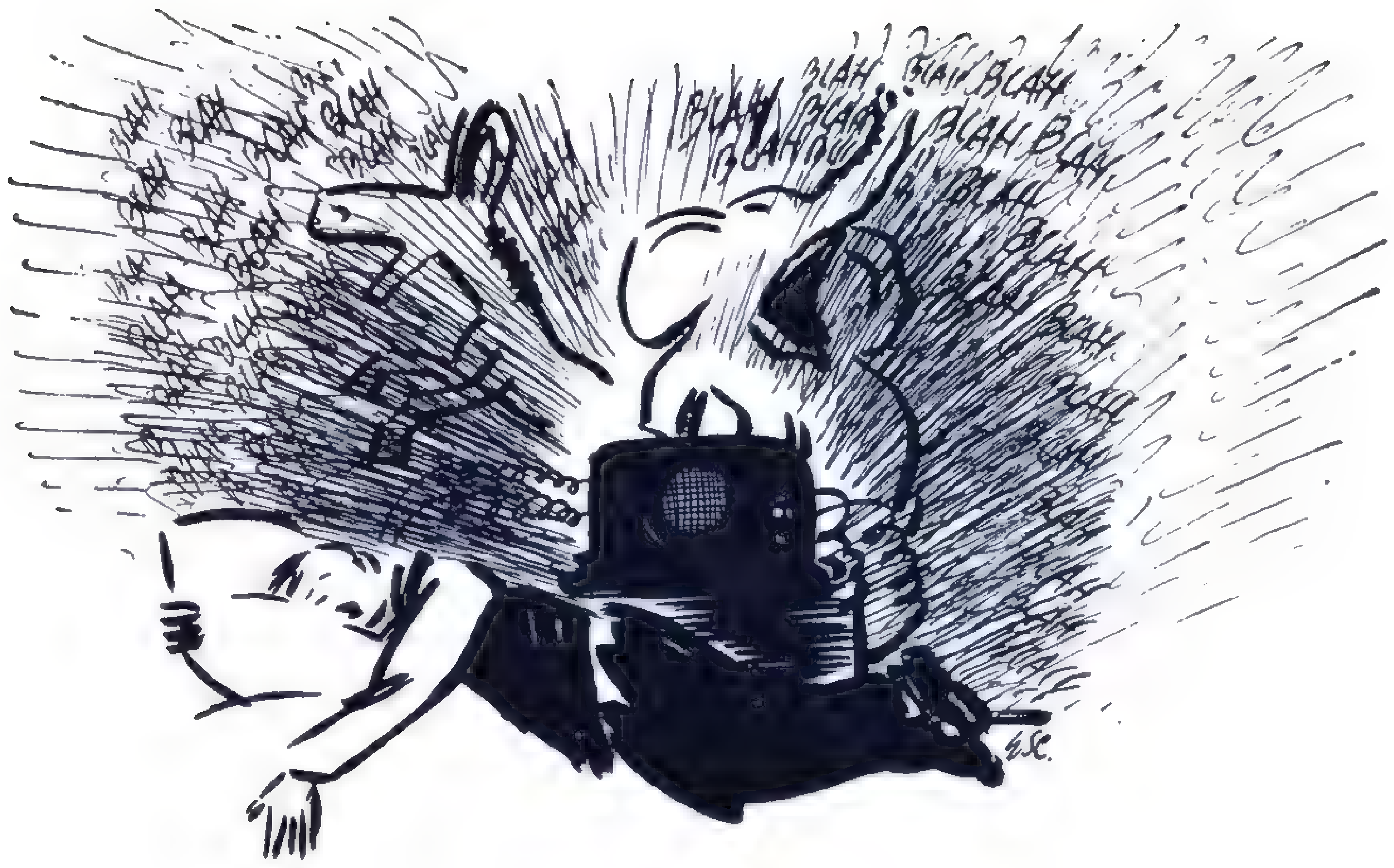
"Yessir, coming, sir," said Alfred Ghilchick: steward.

Came the dawn and the good ship *Aylmer Castle* entered the comparatively placid waters of the English Channel, of which her master took immediate advantage by ordering all passengers and crew to "submarine stations" before breakfast. In order that this protective measure should be carried out with promptness and dispatch by all concerned, the Captain had arranged a series of signals consisting of the clanging of gongs, the blowing of bugles and the shrilling of whistles that conveyed to the meanest intelligence aboard what was required of him or her and that he or she had better look slippy about it and no questions asked. The culminative effect of

Continued on page 129



"Could this be contraband, sir?"



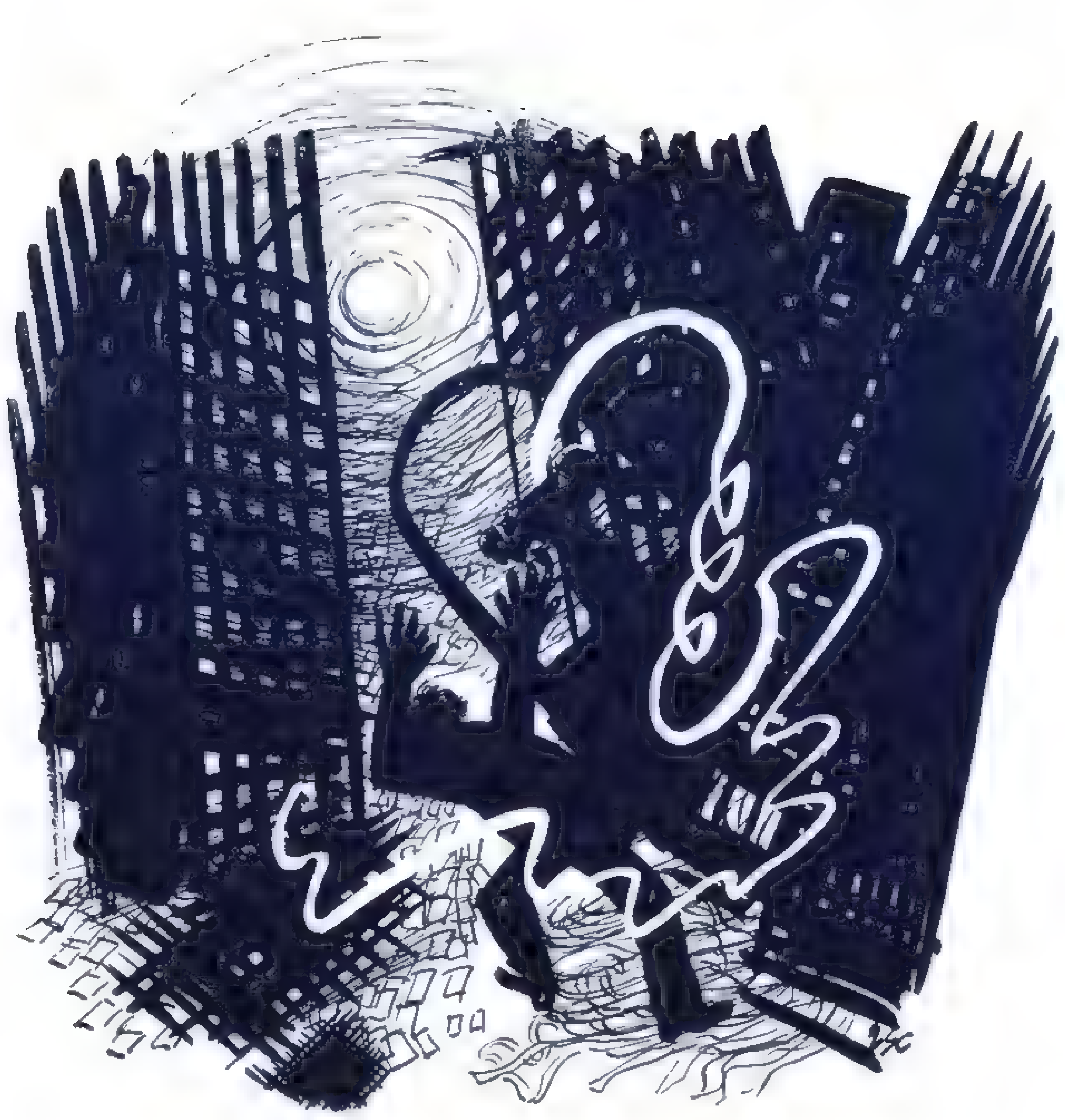
DESIRE

Seems to me the average man
  Don't give a damn who the hell is President,
As long as he can pay the landlord what he asks,
  And remain a resident.

Pessimistic Poems of a Pushcart Peddler

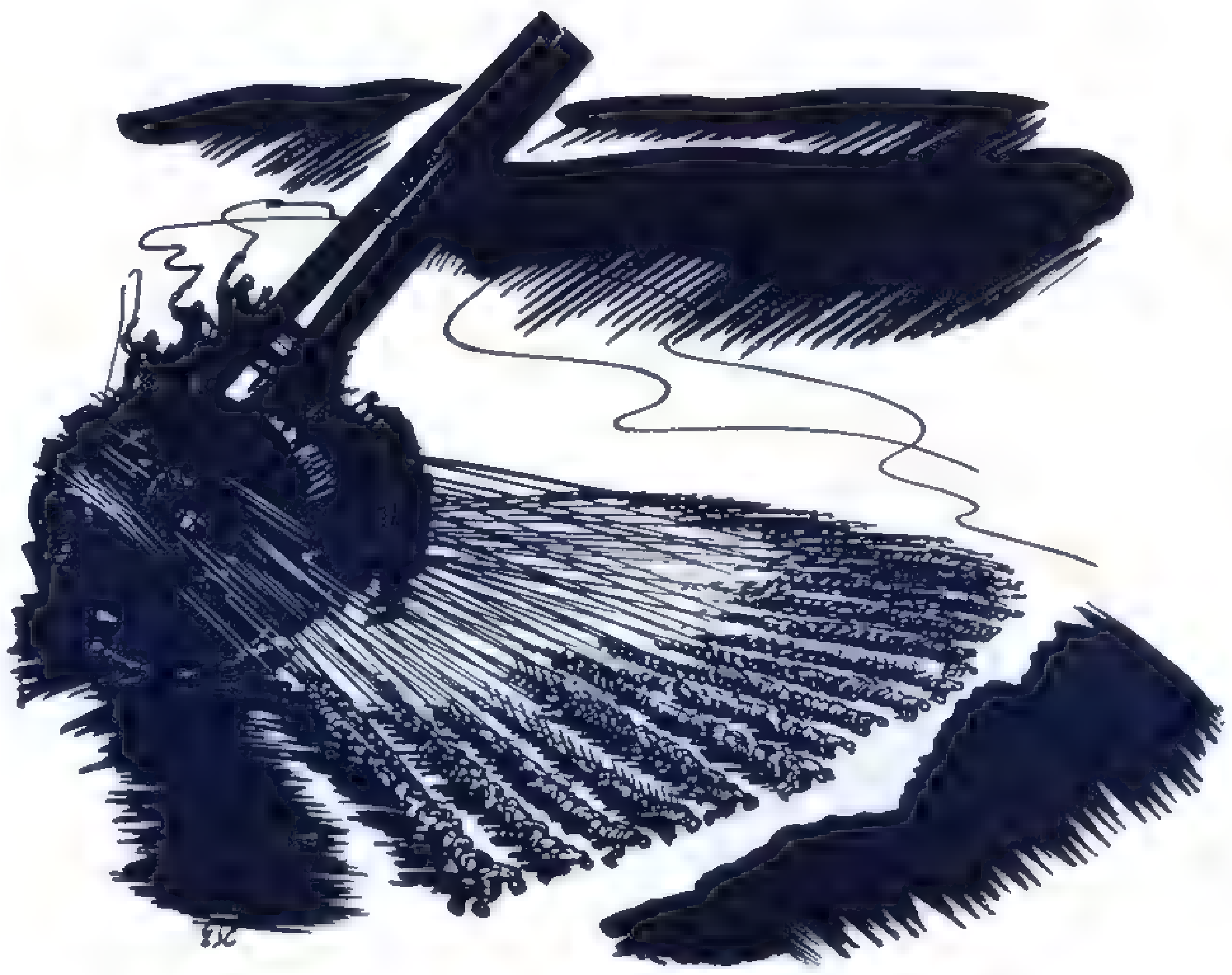
by MARTIN PANZER

DRAWINGS BY E. SIMMS CAMPBELL



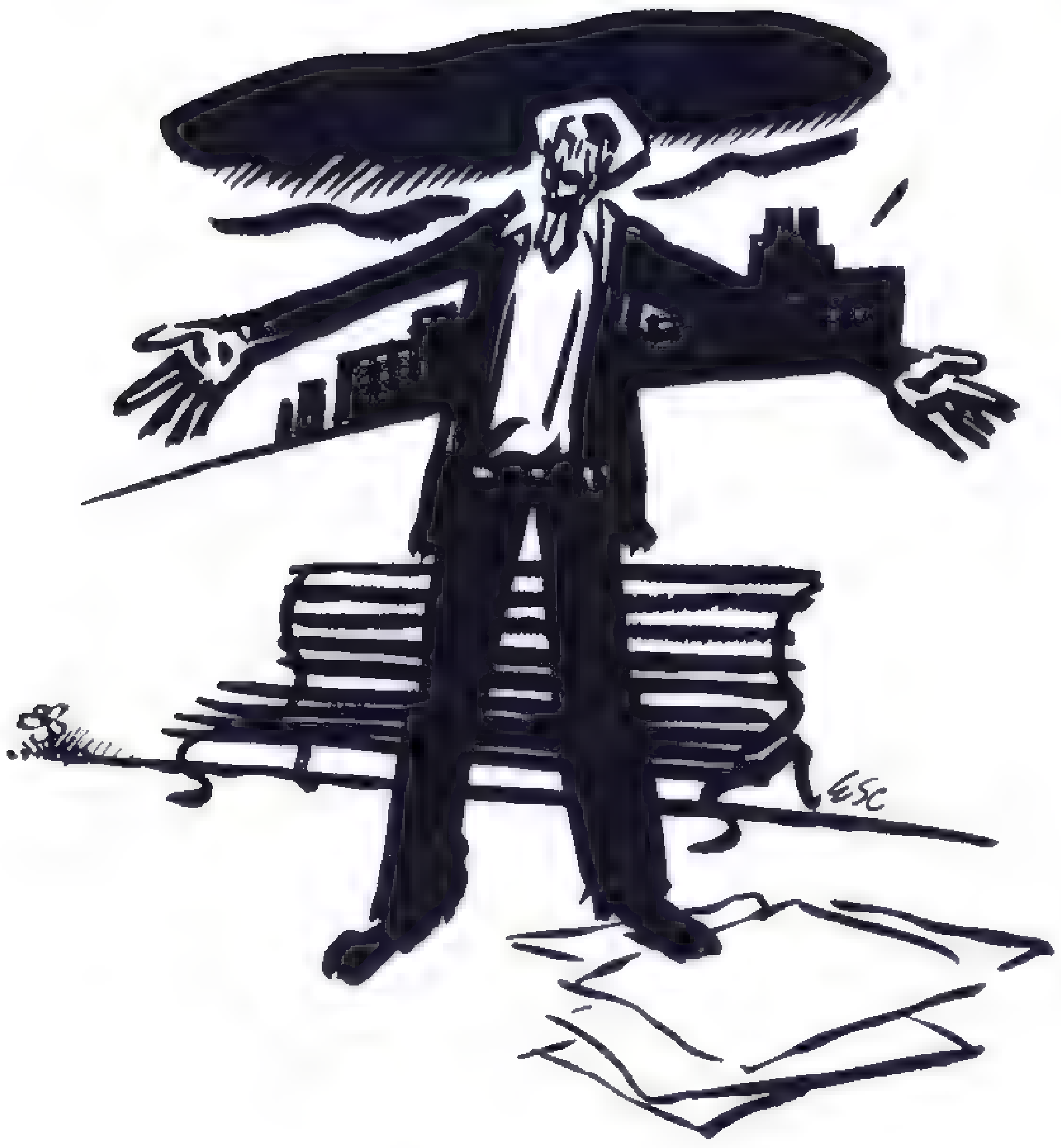
FINANCE

A feller I know
Wanted to make some easy dough,
So he went down to Wall Street.
He said he was going to beat
The Market. When he came back
I said, "Jack,
Did you beat it?"
He said, "Please omit flowers
I beat it after I was there only two hours."



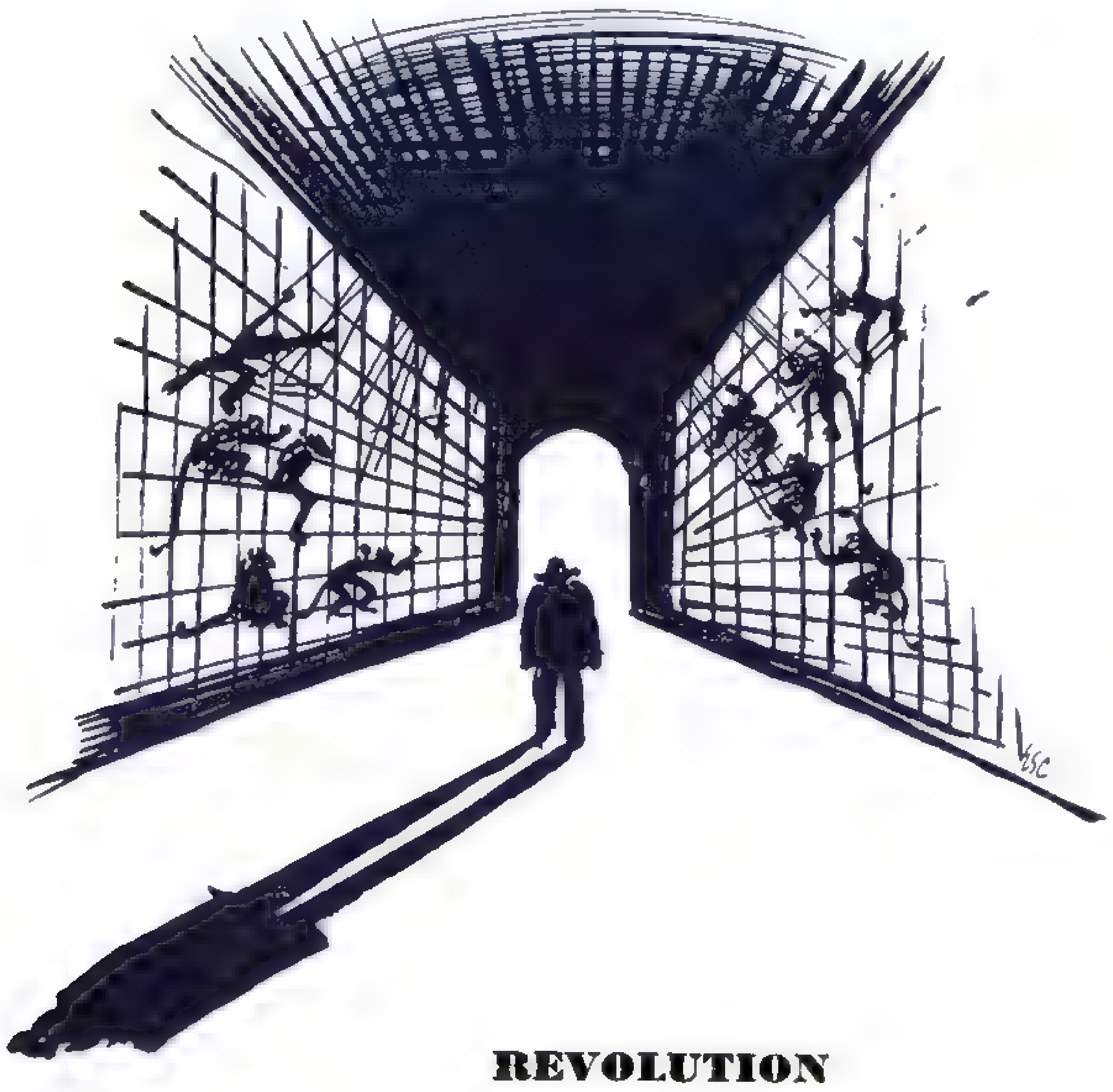
DOUBT

They say a stitch in time saves nine—
It sounds fine—
But sometimes when I see where the world is going,
I think it's maybe too late for sewing.



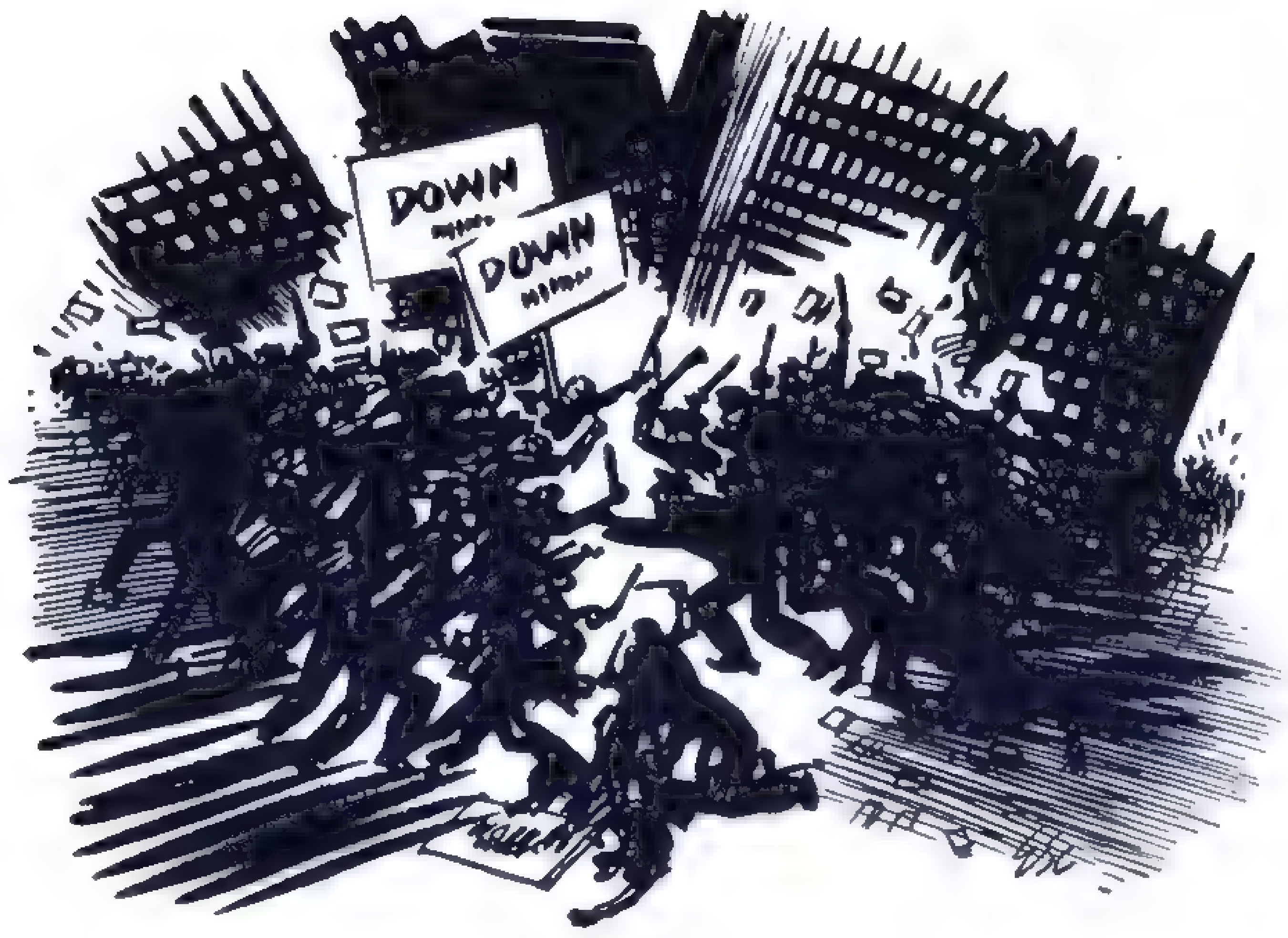
CAPITALISM

The Communists about the capitalist system are yelling—
Somebody should start telling
Communists that a capitalist system would be swell—
It's the fact that they ain't got no system that makes the world a hell.



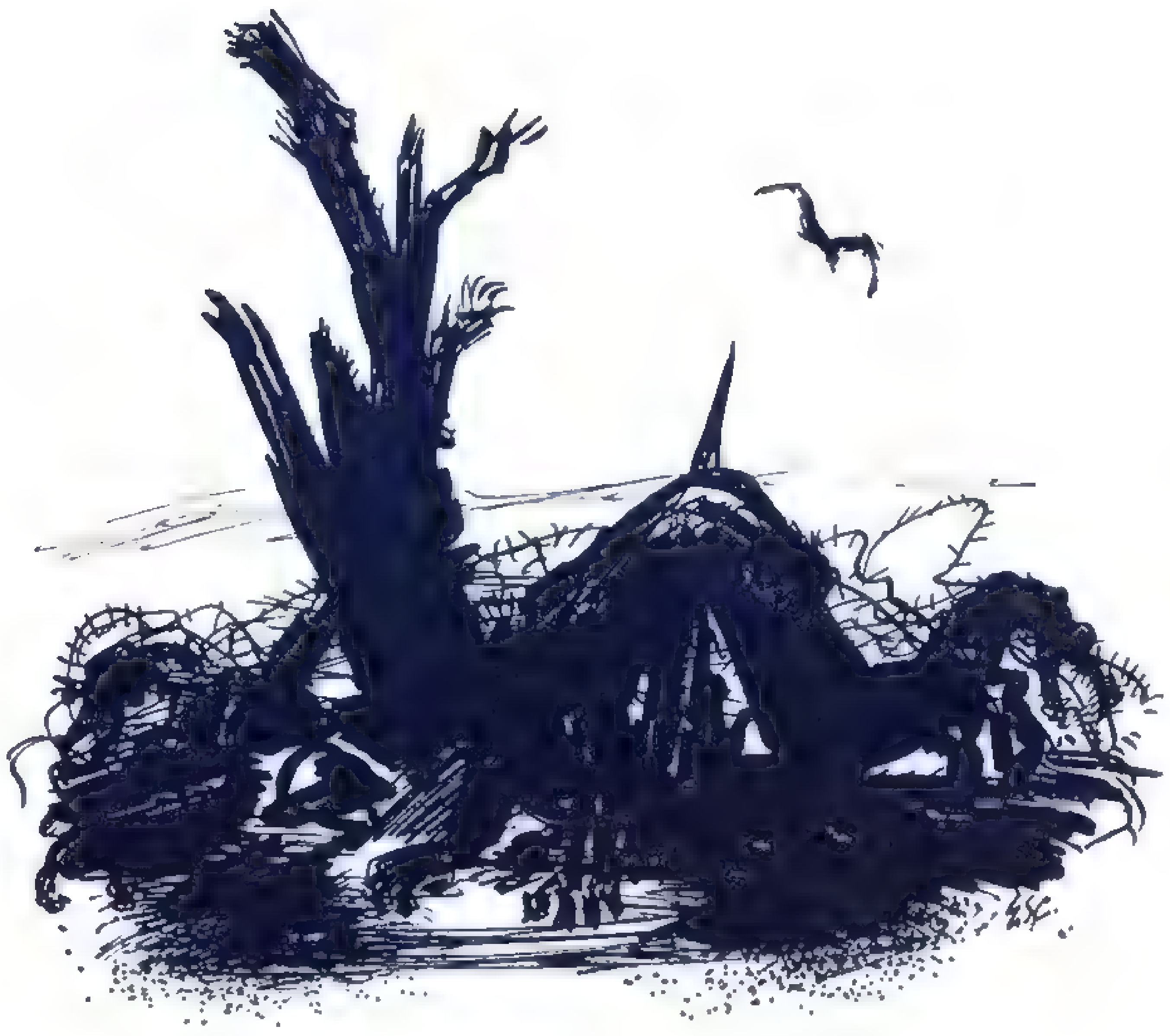
REVOLUTION

I'm telling you,
When I go to the zoo
And see the monkeys eating fruit,
While outside men are starving and wearing somebody else's old suit,
I first realize that if it wasn't for evolution,
There wouldn't be any need for revolution.



TAXES

The way some men talk about taxes
They're guilty of sedition—
But for me a chance to pay an income tax is
My greatest ambition.
You can argue till you're hot in the head . . .
If you pay taxes, you're not a guy who has to worry about bread.



PEACE

I notice lately that those
Who used to yell about peace
Are now sticking out their nose
For an armaments increase,
While the others
Who always wanted war
Are advocating that all of us American brothers
Should stick to the American shore.
I don't think any of them care a hoot
What happens to us when guns begin to shoot.
With them the business of peace or war
Is simply a matter of having an ox to gore.

The Girl Who Wept Pearl Tears

She wished to be rich so she could go to the movies every night, to be famous, and last, to be loved

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

ONCE upon a time—as all fantastic tales begin—there lived a girl who was very poor. And because she was very poor and very miserable she cried every morning and every night.

She cried because she was in rags and she cried because she had to rise so early in the morning and go to work. She cried because no one came to take her to the movies and she cried because her father married again and her step-mother did not like little girls. And then she read the story of Cinderella and she cried again because she was so much like Cinderella, only in her life there were no Prince Charmings and there could be no glass slippers.

And since she read the story of Cinderella she took to sifting the ashes because she wanted to be like Cinderella and like all the other poor girls in the movies. She was certain that if she sifted enough ashes—Oh, tons and tons of ashes—then something would surely happen. Something good. But when she thought of all the great mountains of ashes which she intended to sift she again began to cry. It was too much. Life was too hard.

One day through the cloud of dust over her ash pile she noticed a tiny little man with a large book under his arm.

"Lady," he said, and it pleased her greatly to be called lady and have someone notice she was growing up, "I have arrived with the book of All Desires. Your name, please, and tell me what you most desire."

"My name is Mary. I want . . . I desire . . . Oh, I don't even know!" And she wept again because she didn't even know what to ask for. There was so much, so much.

"Would you like to be a princess?"

"No. No. I read about them in the papers and they all seem in difficulties. Their day must be over."

"Then what would you like?"

"Well, if I were rich then I could go to the movies every night; and I would like also that people should know who I am and notice me. And also I would love to be loved."

He opened the book and wrote: "Mary: Rich. Loved. Famous. Her tears will be pearls." Then he closed the book and said: "Just keep on weeping, Mary, and you will have your wish." And when he had spoken these words he disappeared.

Mary went back into the house and brushing the dust from her hair she thought of the little man and his big book. Surely this was only a vision; only a dream. And even his words she must have imagined. Then she wept again because she was certain it all did not happen.

But as she wept she heard strange little sounds. And glancing down she saw bright little pearls rolling on the table.

"Oh, it is true!" she exclaimed. "It is true. I will be rich, and people will notice me and they will love me. Oh, I will be so happy, so happy." She gathered up the pearls in her handkerchief.

That evening at supper she showed them to her father.

"Where did these come from?"

"I wept them, Daddy."

"Tell the truth."

"I cried them out of my eyes."

"Would you lie to your own Daddy?"

"It is the truth and you don't believe me."

"No. I don't believe you."

When she heard these hard words she burst into tears.

"See!" exclaimed her step-mother, catching a pearl which had rolled down Mary's cheek. "It is true. The little brat is working miracles."

"Oh Mary!" exclaimed her father. "Forgive me for doubting your word, but it is so unusual."

He stroked her head and said: "Cry a little more, my child, and let me see how they come out of your eyes."

She cried some more and her father kissed her and loved her so. And she threw her arms around his neck and said: "Oh, I am so happy."

The pearls were tested and found to be as real as any born in a deep sea oyster. Their color and luster were excellent and while they were fairly small, only as large as a young girl's tears, they were perfectly round.

"Listen, my child," said her father when he brought home the little box of pearls which had that day been tested and appraised, "how do you do it?"

"I just cry and the little hard things drop out of my eyes."

"Does it hurt?"

"No."

"Could you possibly cry bigger ones?"

"I don't know."

"Perhaps if you had bigger sorrows the pearls too would be larger. Everything in this world is in proportion."

"I don't know."

"Your Daddy has had a hard time in his life. His business is not going very well. He loves you very much and he would be very unhappy if you did not try to cry bigger tears."

"It was easy to cry when I was unhappy. Now it is harder. But I always cry at the movies."

"We will go every night," he said.

In the morning while Mary was still in bed her step-mother came and sat beside her.

"Listen, Mary," she spoke. "I wish you could understand me better. Perhaps I might have been more understanding myself but it is very hard to be a second mother. Perhaps some day you may find this out for yourself. When I married your father I wanted a home

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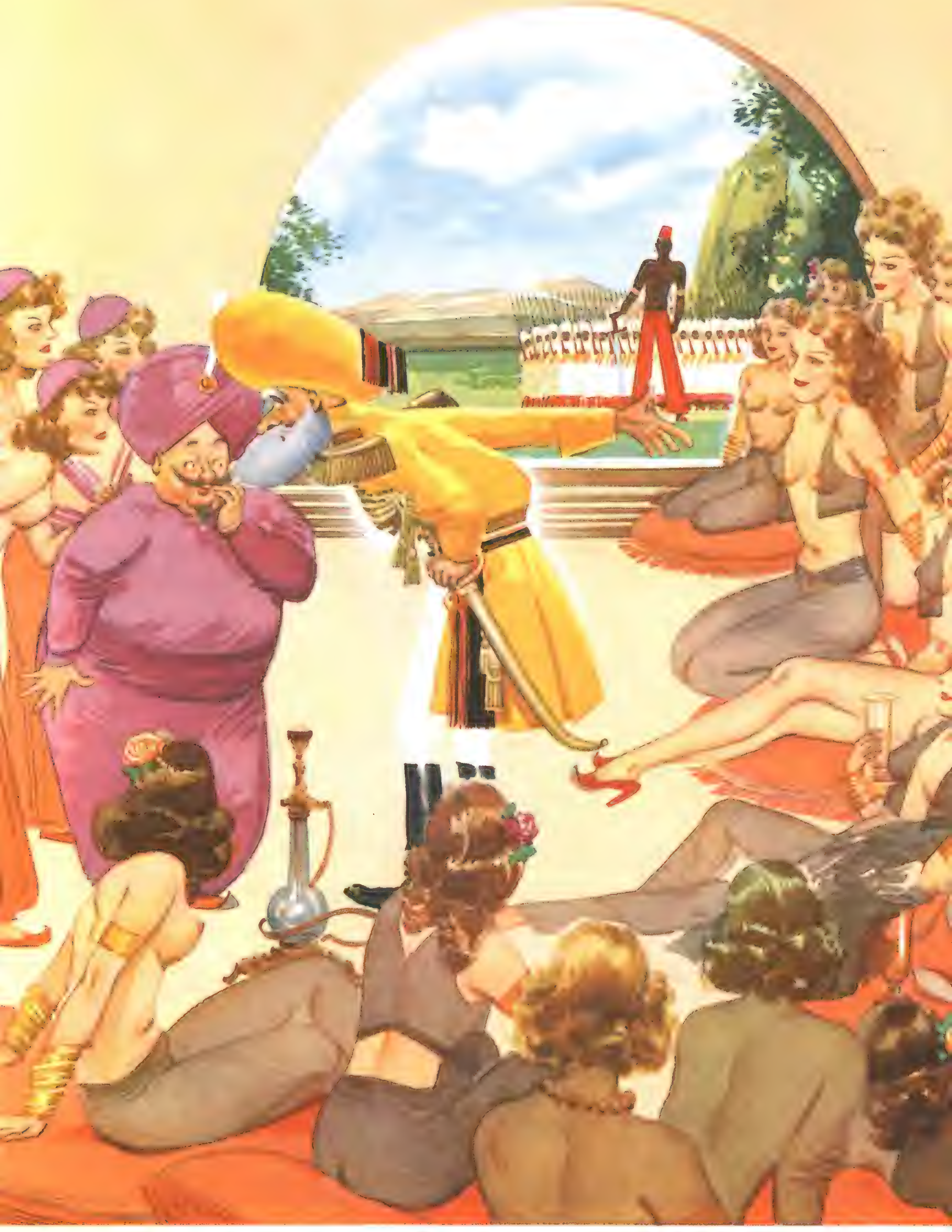
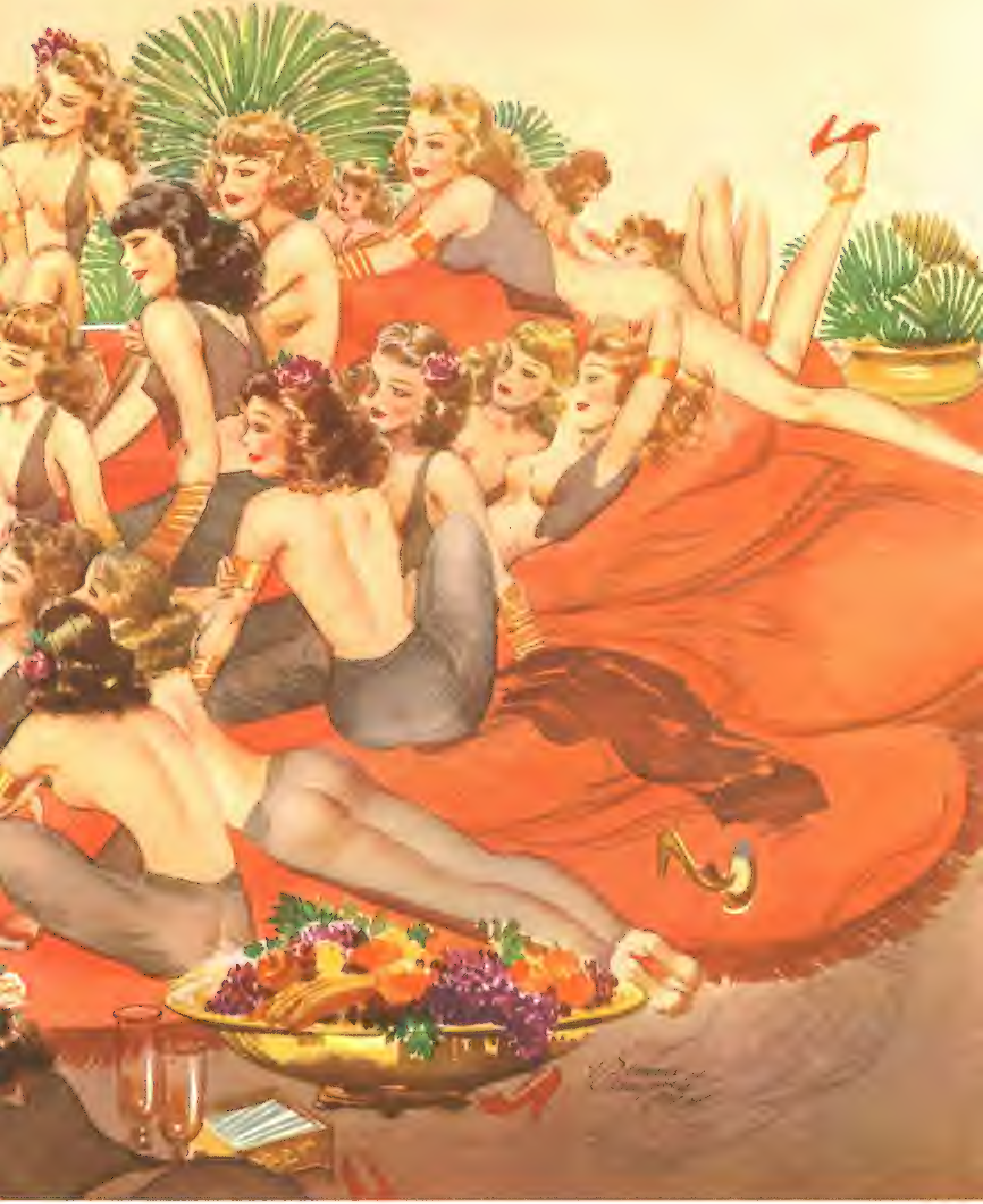
"Now are you convinced I used a real live model?"



"I've been called to the front, my friend—do you mind taking care of my family?"



AQUATINT BY HOWARD BAER

"I got the job as secretary to Mr. Gilt

by — with an assistant to do the office work"

Tricks of Street Fighting

Judo teaches you to keep your head in the face of pain and pick some vulnerable spot to counter-attack

by JAMES H. S. MOYNAHAN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

A FRIEND of mine who is a very quiet guy once took a cab to a pier with his fiancée. At the pier an argument arose, in the course of which the cab driver got not only abusive but threatening.

My friend, who, as I have said, is a quiet guy, may have seemed a little too polite to the cab driver. At any rate, the driver started to get out of his cab to carry out his threat.

There wasn't much my friend could do. He'd argued with the cab driver, presenting, he believed, a logical case. The driver had refused to listen. The presence of a young woman didn't seem to be having the chivalrous effect it usually has. The driver had his mind made up he was going to beat up my friend and nothing was going to stop him.

"So what did you do?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "When he put his hand on the window I just pulled it out and bent his elbow back against the window sill. He was a bad character and I guess I hurt him, but I couldn't afford to play with him. He was really mean."

When I first became a member of the New York Dojo, I can remember certain spectators who would drift in from the Times Square district, sit around for an evening watching the bouts, and vanish, never to be seen again. I asked one of the boys who they were

"Oh," he said, "We get a lot of those fellows. They come in and want us to teach them a lot of street-fighting tricks. When we explain to them that they'll have to learn Judo properly, they lose interest. But we cannot go teaching these dangerous tricks to anybody before we know how he intends to use them. Why should we give our time for training gangsters?"

I did learn a good many street-fighting tricks at the Dojo, but I didn't learn them on the mat, as a general rule. I learned them in the shower room, after practice. And I would not have been shown them if I hadn't demonstrated to my tutors' satisfaction that I was fit to be entrusted with them.

Now I don't know how much street fighting you've done. If you've never done any, either there's something wrong with you, or you're a very, very smart head. If you've done a lot of it, you're probably a chump. Comes a point where certain facts are supposed to sink in.

What is a fight, anyway, and what's the purpose of it? My dictionary defines a fight as "Strife to attain an object in spite of difficulties or opposition." I'd change that a little, I think. I'd make it two objects. Because in addition to the outward prize of battle, there is always in the background that second object—prestige, or "face." And even more often than not it's the most important object.

We fight to attain an object—or objects. If we could attain them by easier means than a street brawl, there wouldn't be much point in resorting to throwing punches, would there? The guy who gets what he's after without a struggle is still one up.

"But," maybe you say, "I *like* to fight." Brother, let's not kid ourselves. You don't like to fight. You like setups.

So before you go trying out any of the following, it might not be a bad idea to ask yourself: "Do I get along with people in general, or is this to be just another means to having my own way?"

Now the first lesson in free-for-all fighting is not, as you might think, devoted to the *Coup du père François*, nor even the Seven Points of Pain Above the Shoulders. It's this: *Expect* to get hurt.

The reason for this is simple. Most people who get into a fight lose their heads the minute they feel pain or find themselves helpless in an arm lock. Yet even a small boy on the sidelines could tell them how to escape. Why is this?

If you suspend a dog by his tail so that his teeth are within biting distance of your leg, he will make no attempt to reach your leg, but instead will try to twist himself up to get at your wholly unapproachable hand. He can't do a thing but snap at the source of his pain.

If you grab a man by the throat, what does he do? Almost invariably he will reach for your hands and try to pull them away. Your own throat is similarly exposed, but he won't attempt to seize it. All he can think of is relieving the pain in his own.

Now you can see the point. All you have to do when your assailant closes with you is to keep your head in the face of pain and to pick some vulnerable spot in *his* body to counter-attack.

Let's say, for example, a man has seized you by the throat. I can think instantly of a dozen ways you could free yourself, some of them standard jiu-jitsu tricks, some of them based on the principle I have just given you—counter-attack. See for yourself how many you can dope out. Here are several of them for samples.

Forked fingers pressed against the eyeballs; a thumb hooked in a nostril; pressure in the hollows behind the ears, stamping quickly on toes or instep; the "Irish uppercut"; bending back your opponent's little finger, and so on. I myself should use none of these, preferring less painful Judo tricks which at the same time put my opponent at a disadvantage or even out of the play altogether.

"But," someone objects, "Suppose he grabs my wrists? Then my hands aren't free."

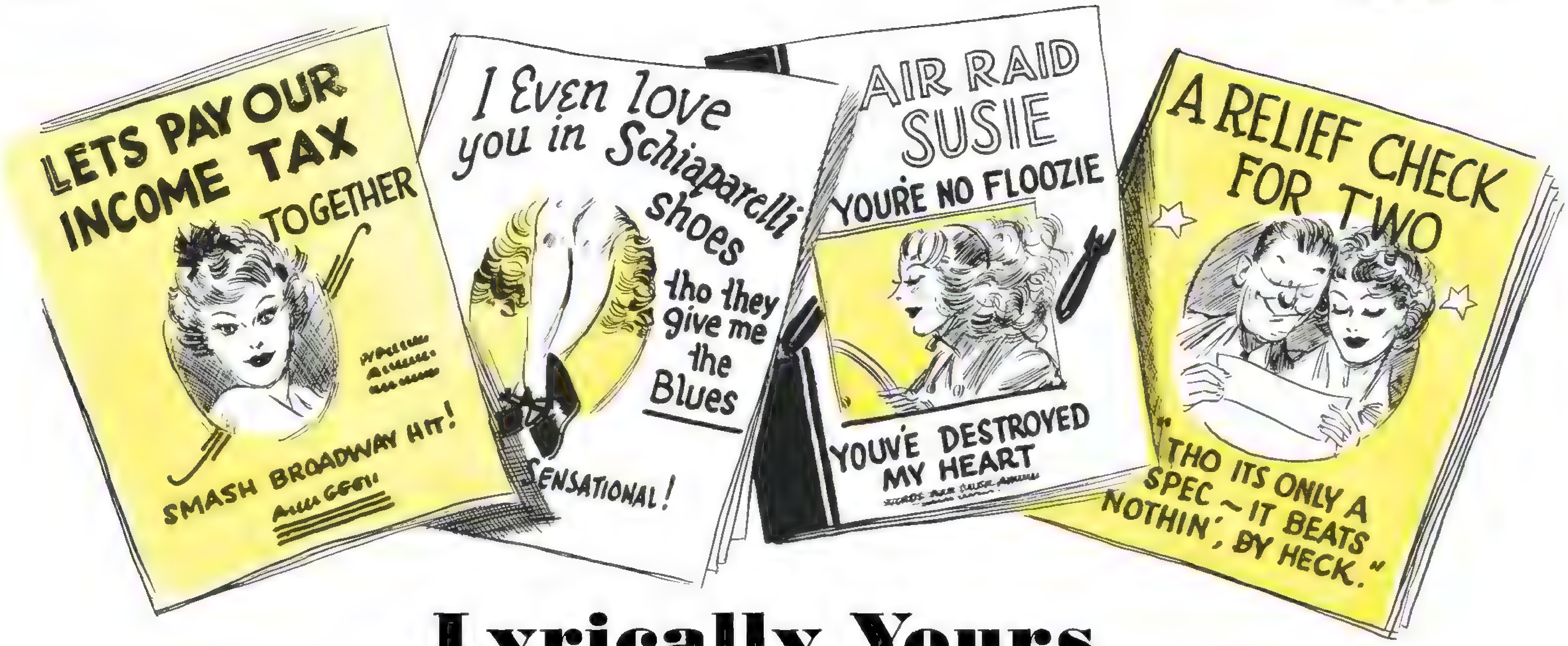
No one can hold your wrists if you don't want him to. I don't care if you're a frail girl and he's a longshoreman. Here's the trick.

First jerk your wrists as far apart as you

Continued in center of page 117

ALL PAPERS
Phillips

"Louis didn't have corned beef so I got you ham on rye—there was two hold-ups in District Five and he was out of mustard—that is all"


LETS PAY OUR INCOME TAX TOGETHER
SMASH BROADWAY HIT!
I Even love you in Schiaparelli shoes tho they give me the Blues
SENSATIONAL!
AIR RAID SUSIE YOU'RE NO FLOOZIE
YOU'VE DESTROYED MY HEART
A RELIEF CHECK FOR TWO
"THO ITS ONLY A SPEC ~ IT BEATS NOTHIN', BY HECK."

Lyrically Yours

If "I love you" has been overdone, try these snappy songs on world affairs, radio, fashions and sports

by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SATIRE •

The Tin Pan Alley Publishing Co.
Times Square, N. Y.
Gentlemen:

I have just been listening to some advice by an expert on popular songs, and I have decided that I would like to become a popular song writer. This expert says that one of the main things in writing lyrics is to be original, to avoid the old hackneyed phrases. It is strictly O.K., he admits, to say "I love you," —in fact it is practically essential—but what the smart modern song writer must strive for is to say it with phrases that haven't been used before.

Rather than sitting down and dashing off an entire song, I have decided to submit a few outlines, giving you the main points of the ideas that have come to me since I thought that advice over. I may give you a few lines of my songs occasionally, but nothing more than that. As for the music, that is not particularly in my line. If any of these ideas click with you maybe we can then get hold of Kern or Porter or Berlin or somebody like that. I think we could come to some sort of an agreement. So all right, here goes:

Here is one that is pretty timely, I think. We might call it *My Good-Will Baby.* This song would be fraught with international significance, and have quite a lot of phrases that are current in diplomacy. It stresses the idea of coming to an amicable understanding, and decries the use of force. For instance, here is the way the chorus might start:

"I like the way you look and talk; I like the way you act,
So darling, let's get busy with a non-aggression pact."

Pretty nice, eh? I think anybody could figure out that the underlying sentiment in this is "I love you," only it is a lot more cosmopolitan, more suave than saying "I'm jittery over you," or something like that.

I also have in mind a song that embraces purely American politics rather than the international angle. This one, I think, would be particularly timely right now. Its idea is that my sweetheart is distinctly permanent, a girl who can rule me as long as she wants to. Wait a minute! Don't get the idea that I am advocating dictatorship. Nothing of the sort! This song would be written from an unmistakably democratic point of view. Well, I haven't got going on the lyrics yet, but I have the title. This will explain what I mean. I'm going to call it: *You're No Third Term Sweetie; I've Elected You For Life.*

Elected. That's the important word, you see. Do you think the title is too cumbersome? I sincerely hope not. Sheet music covers are also not in my line, but perhaps I could venture a suggestion. The girl could be standing in the door of the white house—a *little* white house, a replica of the real one. Then you would see the fellow going into a voting booth. Not bad, eh? And certainly original.

Here's one I have on the scientific angle. This is certainly an age of science, and song writers should keep up with the latest inventions. There is one that is going to be very important in the near future, and it would be a great pity to neglect it. I have a few lines already written on this although they may have to be polished a little:

"I see your image every day,
Though you are miles and miles away.
Your face and form are just as clear
As though I saw you standing here.
Darling creature, divine,
Reception coming in fine!"

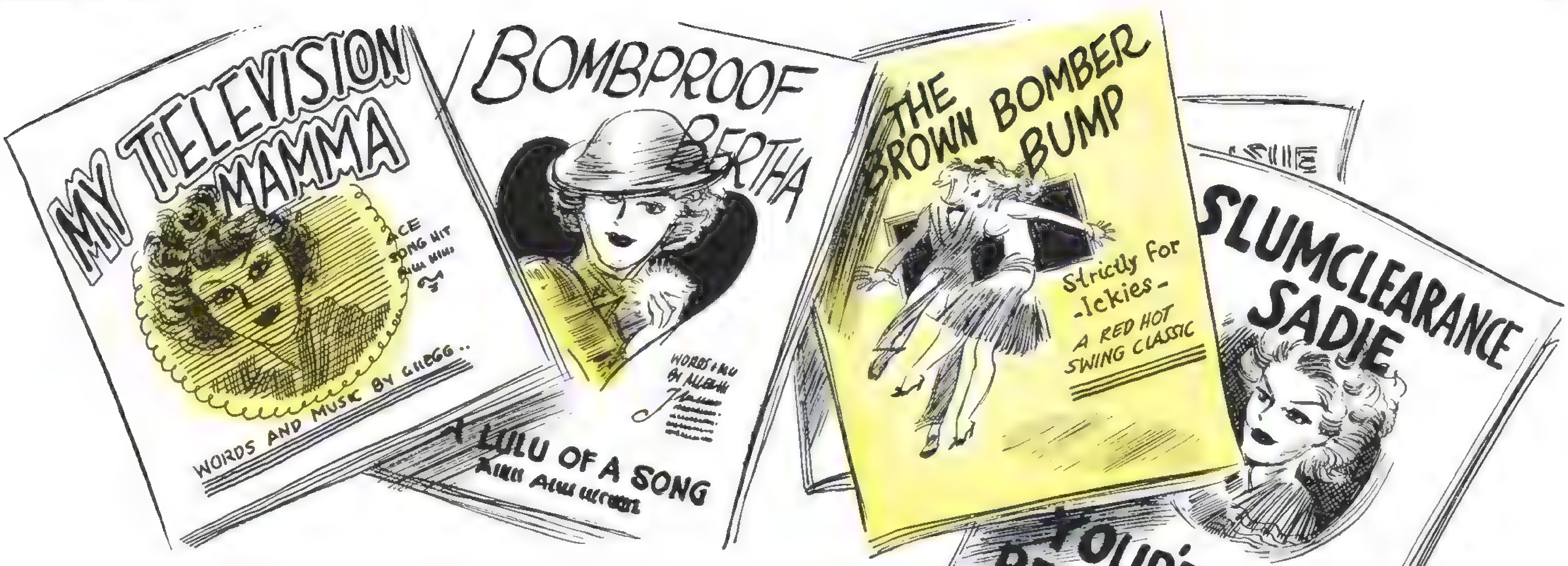
Don't worry about that meter at the end. The music would fit it. I am thinking of calling this either *You're Always on My Screen* or *My Tela Vision of Loveliness.* Which do you think would be better? If this song were plugged on television it would help put both the song and television over, no?

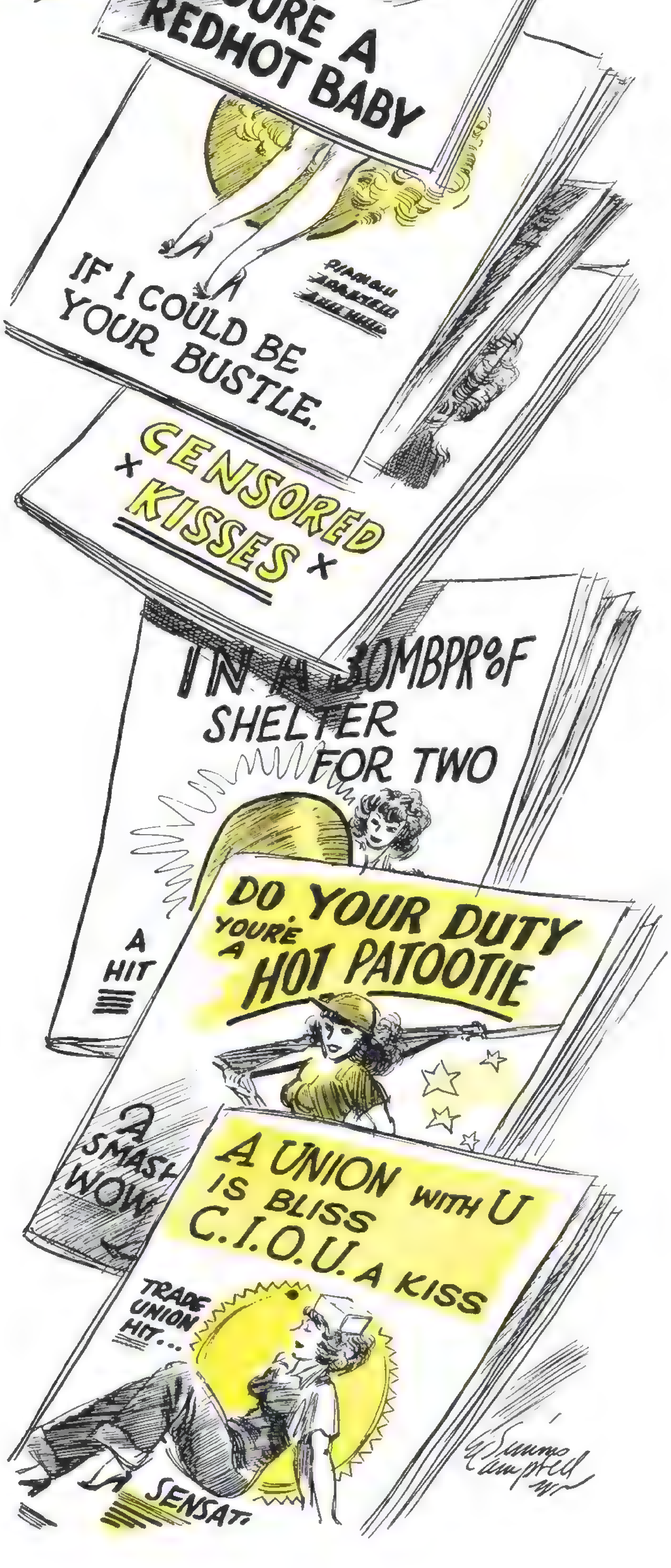
Another way of saying "I love you" would be to incorporate the fashion angle. I don't want all my songs to be on politics and science, naturally, and this one would be in a somewhat lighter vein. I'm thinking of a tony title for this one: *The Mainbocher Serenade.*

"I'd like to hold you tight like a corset,
I'd like to stroke your hair like a snood.
Although it may sound simple,
I wish I were your wimple.
If I could be your bustle,
How happily I'd rustle—"

Well, I don't know about that last couplet. Think it would get by all right? Seems to me it ought to be O.K. for a revue or a night club ditty, but I wouldn't know about the radio. But if the rest of the song were O.K., I guess I could easily revamp that. Another hitch is that I haven't yet thought of a good rhyme for corset. Maybe "adores it" will do. A bit far-fetched, but in songs you can get away with quite a lot, I guess.

So far I haven't come up with much of anything on the sports angle, although it occurs to me that skiing would probably be the best sport to choose for an original ditty. The skiing craze is decidedly modern, and I don't believe that love has yet been hitched up with this popular winter pastime—I mean skiing. A pretty good title, I think, would be: *If I Could Ski With You One Hour Tonight.* Or possibly: *I've Got You Under My Skis*—although this last doesn't quite seem to get across the sentiment I want. My general idea, of course, is that we'll ski along life's trail together, never having a crack-up, taking the jumps without fear or favor, and that


MY TELEVISION MAMMA
ACE SONG HIT
WORDS AND MUSIC BY GREGG..
BOMBPROOF BERTHA
LULU OF A SONG
THE BROWN BOMBER BUMP
Strictly for -Ickies-
A RED HOT SWING CLASSIC
SLUMCLEARANCE SADIE


YOU'RE A REDHOT BABY
IF I COULD BE YOUR BUSTLE.
CENSORED KISSES
IN A BOMBPROOF SHELTER FOR TWO
A HIT
DO YOUR DUTY YOU'RE A HOT PATOOTIE
A SMASH WOW
A UNION WITH U IS BLISS C.I.O.U. A KISS
TRADE UNION HIT...
SENSAT

our skies will always be snowy. This last would be a good novelty twist—instead of demanding that the skies be blue. But I won't go any further on this until you give me your O. K. A possible baseball angle, taking into account recent World's Series, could be a song: *You're the Champ, My Yankee Sweetheart.*

Here, I think, is a natural on what is going on with radio today—all those broadcasts about the European situation. Get this for a snappy title: *Special News Bulletin: You're Wonderful.* I ask you, could that miss? Here are some lines:

"I interrupt this program to say that you're divine.
I switch you to our studio to ask will you be mine?
And here's the latest front-page news:
When you're away I get the blues.
I want a hug, I crave a kiss,
And let them try and censor this!
This statement's made officially.
For further details, dear, see me."

What would you think of a song entitled: *Let's Build a Federal Project Home For Two?* I won't elaborate on that any further. Just turn it over in your mind, and see what reactions you get.

And how about this:

"You smiled at me, and took my hand
And though perhaps you hadn't planned—
It was a Blitzkrieg.
Although we met beneath the moon,
I never thought I'd fall so soon.
It was a Blitzkrieg."

I am planning to call this: *It Was a Blitzkrieg.*

The last song I am going to outline is one that should prove a natural for the America of today, discussing as it does one of our most pressing problems. Here is what I've got so far:

I CAN'T BE NEUTRAL OVER YOU

"By all the stars that shine above,
There's no embargo on our love.
They'll never stop me shipping arms
Around your waist, or claim your charms
Are contraband, so honey, please,
Let's fight for freedom of the squeeze."

I think you will agree that I have a natural here. When you put across the thought that love cannot be neutral, you are voicing a really great thought, and there will be millions of lovers who will thrill to this sentiment. And that's not all. I have a variation for the last line. On the second chorus, it will be changed to: "Let's fight for freedom of the seize." This gives more variety than most modern songs have. Of course when you hear the word "seize" it will sound just like "seas," but it will show up on the sheet music. And when it is sung, the crooner sticks in some extra lines to make it clear:

"I mean I'll seize you,
I mean appease you,
For it's cash and carry
To the church to marry,
That's my wartime lullaby!"

How many copies did *Yes, We Have No Bananas* sell?

Sincerely yours,

E. C. Gregg ###

The Potato Patch

She reproached herself for letting a tramp in at night, only a month after her husband had been buried

by KONRAD BERCOVICI

• FICTION •

Flora Cameron went down to her kitchen in the middle of the night to make herself a cup of coffee. She had gone to bed early after milking the two cows, but the rain beating down on the tin roof of the farmhouse and the sultry heat of a July night in Michigan hadn't let her sleep.

She was alone in the house; had been alone ever since Peter Cameron had fallen off the truck laden with the tree stumps he had cleared from his land. He had been a living corpse for over a year and nagging her about what was to be done on the farm, trying to run it from a sick bed, when he wasn't complaining of his pain. The night before he died he had worried over the forty acres of cutover land that he hadn't finished clearing.

If only he hadn't worked so hard! They were all breaking their backs, the men, clearing the stumps, to get more land, to grow more potatoes, in that part of Michigan. They began pulling the stumps out before the sawmills had moved away.

Flora Cameron had just sat down at the kitchen table, after putting the coffee pot on the fire, and raised the flame of the kerosene lamp hanging from a rafter overhead, when she heard a knock at the door.

Her first impulse was to reach for the shotgun behind the door. The Cameron farm was on a side road on the tip of the peninsula and its doors had never welcomed strangers even in the daytime; not even when Peter was alive and well. Yet, at the second knock, she opened the door to see who was knocking at it so persistently on that rainy night. A man in the early thirties raised a wet face from under the brim of his hat and said:

"Pardon me. I have seen a light . . ."

Something in the man's voice reassured her and stepping aside from the door the farmer's young widow said:

"Step in . . . Sit down by the stove. I'll get you a cup of hot coffee in a minute. Come in."

When he had taken off his soaking wet hat, she saw that he was even younger than he had appeared at first glance; was blond and blue-eyed. His hair was almost red.

"I was caught by the rain ten miles from here . . . It came sudden like, didn't it?"

"Yes . . . Sudden like," she said. "There ain't no house in ten miles on this road . . . Did ye know that?"

"Ten miles! Ten miles!" he repeated again and again.

"I'll get you something to eat while the water is coming to a boil," she interrupted him, and seeing a half gesture of protestation, she added, "I was aiming to get me something to eat. That's why I came down. I am always hungry when it rains. Aren't you?"

"Don't know that I am," he reflected, shuffling over to the stove. She noticed that he clipped his words short and singsonged them just a little. He spoke like a foreigner she thought; that is a foreigner to those parts.

While she was breaking the eggs in the frying pan she heard his teeth rattle, and noticed that he was shivering with cold.

"I'll get you some dry things to put on in a minute . . . some of my husband's things. You look after the eggs."

And with that she ran upstairs, to her bedroom, took an old suit of Peter's from the cupboard, some dry linen, socks, shoes, stole a glance at herself in the mirror, rushed down the steps, threw the bundle on the kitchen table and said:

"Hang your own clothes behind the stove to dry. Call me when you have changed to them dry things. I'll be in the next room."

"Many thanks. It's many times over what I expected."

She sat down in a rocker, in the dark parlor, and waited to be called by the tramp she had let in. That tramp was about Peter's height. A little taller maybe. Not so good looking. Well. In a way he was better looking. She mustn't think of that. She was angry with herself for allowing her mind to wander so. If she hadn't given him Peter's clothes to put on she would go in now and tell him to go. She shouldn't have a strange man in the house at night. What would people say! They were more particular in the peninsula about young widows than they were about young girls. If only she hadn't given him Peter's clothes! Her mother had always warned her against allowing her heart to trip her mind.

"You can come in," the tramp called.

It was funny to hear herself invited to her own kitchen by a stranger who had just come in. She straightened out her hair and went back to the kitchen. The frying pan with the eggs was on the fire. The coffee pot was boiling. Her husband's clothes were a little tight on him. His own were hanging on a chair beside the stove and steaming.

"I've given you a lot of trouble," he apologized looking her in the eyes.

"It's only human," she answered, slicing some bread onto a platter. "Coming a long way?"

"From Toronto, Canada, and on to Detroit to find work there."

"No work at home?" she asked, buttering the bread and thinking of the clipped way he spoke. Was that the speech of Canada!

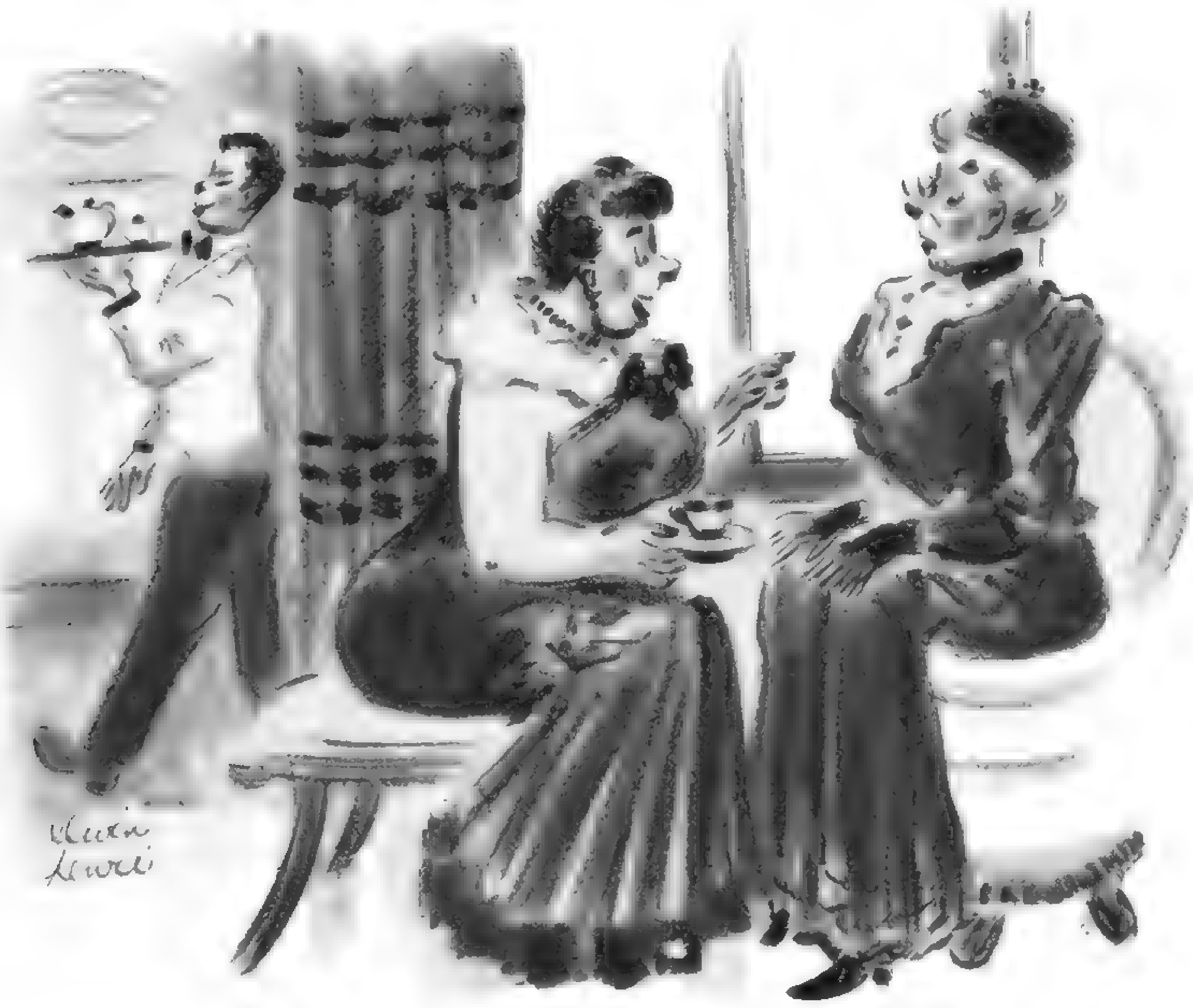
"Not much; that is, a day here a day there. A man wants steady work. Something to rely upon."

She took the pan off the fire and divided the eggs; half into his platter, half into hers.

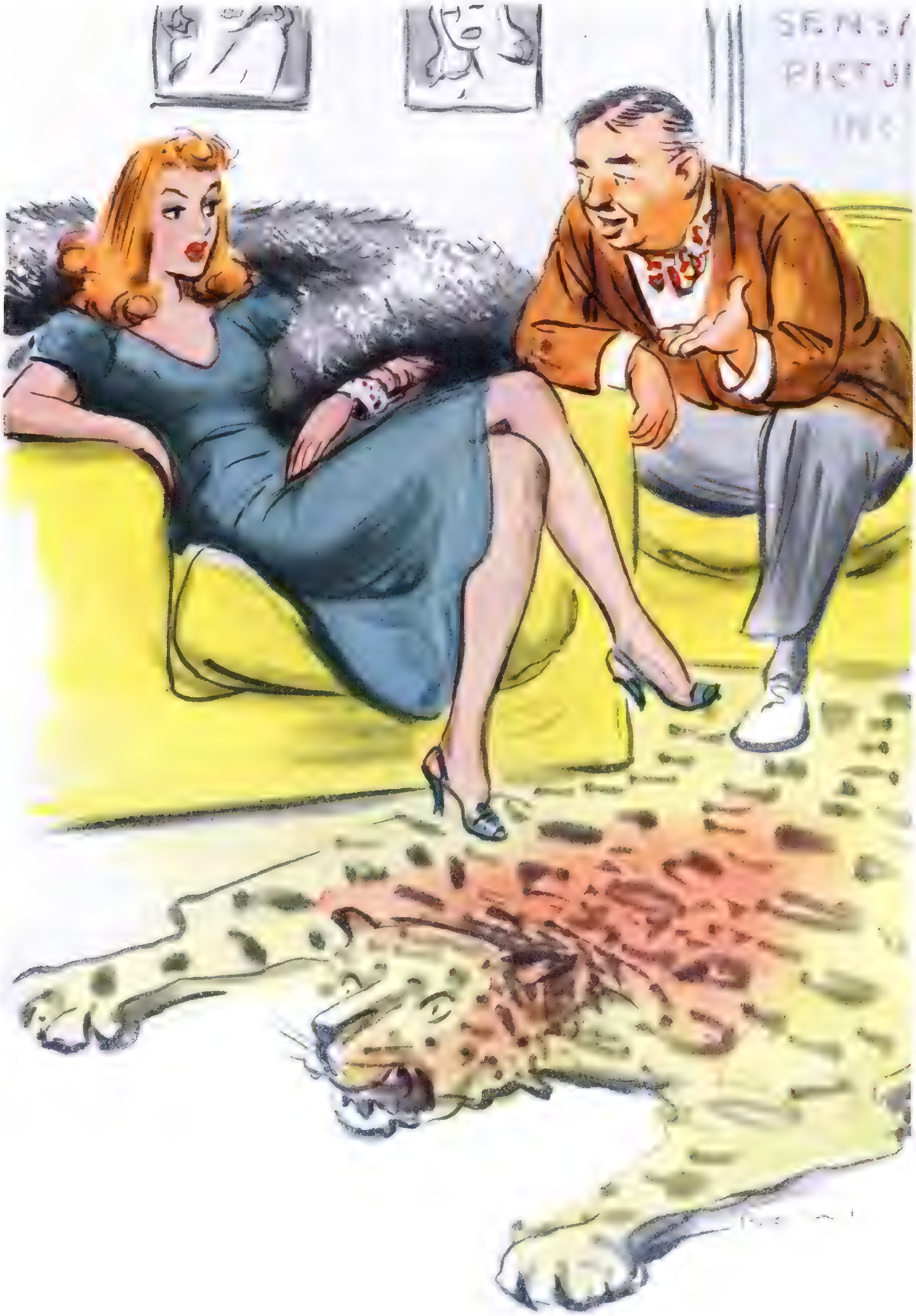
"There is everywhere plenty of work for them that is willing," she said stubbornly as she sat down right under the lamp. "Move up your chair."

She ate silently, slowly, stealing glances at him from time to time. His face was visibly

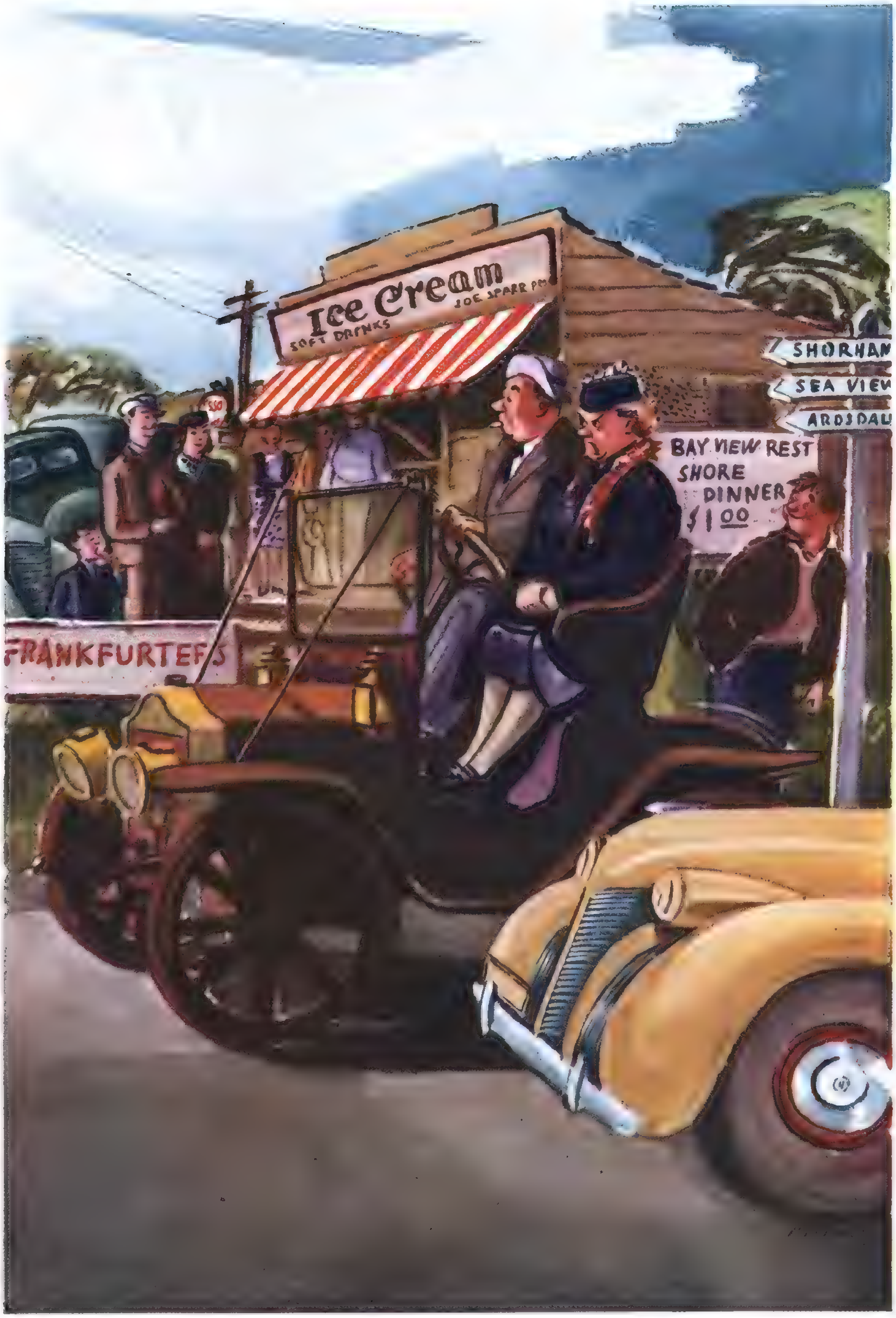
Continued in center of page 175



"Chinese are the quaintest people—he calls me 'Honorable old screwball' "



"There are two ways of becoming a star, Miss Tulare—one is by industry, concentration and perseverance—the other I think might interest you"


Ice Cream
SOFT DRINKS
JOE SPARR PR
SHORHAM
SEA VIEW
ARDSDAL
BAY VIEW REST
SHORE DINNER $1.00
FRANKFURTERS

"Out of a hundred thousand automobiles manufactured in 1910 you had to pick one that was mechanically perfect"

The Watermelon Kid

What is there about skeet that makes boys in knee pants walk away with the national titles?

by HART STILWELL

▪ SPORTS ▪

When the cream of the nation's shotgun shooters gathered in San Francisco for the 1939 National Skeet Shoot they knew their work was carved out for them.

They were face to face with the job of beating a couple of boys. One of them was Dick Shaughnessy, who started pouring it on the adults three years ago, when he was fourteen, and who has kept it up so consistently that they expect to be beaten by him.

But the boy that particularly worried them was the Watermelon Kid, fourteen-year-old Bobby Parker of Oklahoma, who was out there fifteen hundred miles from home base with no watermelons on his hands to handicap him.

The experts all knew that the watermelons were what saved them from complete rout in the 1938 National in Oklahoma. In fact, one publication in reporting the shoot explained how it happened that Bobby failed to win the National in 1938. It was the pressure of business, the reporter said. Bobby was so busy running back and forth from the ice house to the skeet field, serving cold watermelon to the experts, that he had to shoot in between times. It slowed him down and one or two of the old fellows around twenty-one or twenty-two slipped by him.

But in 1939 the story was different.

And the worst fears of the nation's adult gunners came true when this fourteen-year-old Watermelon Kid without any watermelons emerged from the firing line as the All-Around Skeet Champion of 1939, once more upholding the tradition of this new sport—that a little child shall lead them.

The situation is a remarkable one in sports, and so far as I know it has no parallel. What kind of a game is this that little boys in knee pants keep winning? Well, let us take a look at the situation.

Skeet is a new game, and a fast growing, popular one.

It is a variation of straight trap so conducted that the flying clay targets, or "birds" are thrown from a wide variety of angles, these angles being designed to duplicate shots the hunter will encounter in the field.

The birds actually follow the same path each time, the angles being achieved by having the shooter take different positions for different shots.

The original idea of the inventors was to develop a game that would enable a man to become a good wing shot in the field. At straight trap you may learn to hit targets going away from you. But it leaves you in the deep, dark unknown when something starts moving toward you, as you will readily see by taking any trap shooter out to a skeet field and witnessing his near helpless plight.

Like so many other games started for such purposes, skeet has become an end in itself, and thousands of those who smack the blue rocks on the nose couldn't tell you the difference between a partridge and a snipe. They probably never saw either in the wild.

When Charles E. Davies and William H. Foster whiled away some idle hours back in 1925 cooking up this game, they certainly never dreamed that a hundred thousand people all over the country would be banging away at it in fourteen years.

Furthermore, they probably never dreamed that this new concoction would turn out to be a vehicle in which the youth of the land, carefree little schoolboys, could heap the humility of defeat on their papas and grandpapas, showing them up for a bunch of old fogies who don't know much about handling a scattergun. Perhaps if they had dreamed that such a possibility existed, they would have gone back to regulation trap and said no more about it.

But they didn't.

They gave the game to America, and America welcomed it. We have it with us today, indulged in by more than a hundred thousand addicts, scattered from Texas to Michigan, and from Florida to California. A few hundred of these gunners are little boys. And if you want your eyes really opened to an interesting situation, just hang around while I tell briefly the story of what these young lads have done in a competitive way.

Skeet began holding its national championships in 1935, and there our story of the little boys begins.

The 1935 National was held at Cleveland, and the allbore, which is the big noise of the shoot, was won by a grown man, L. S. Pratt. As the panorama of succeeding championships unfolds, it will be seen that the winning of an important skeet title by an adult is something of a novelty—perhaps an accident.

In that first National two remarkable boys showed up on the scene. One was Billy Clayton of Oklahoma. The other was Bob Stack of California. Billy won the smallbore. Bob and Billy finished second and third, respectively, in the sub-smallbore. Stack finished second in the 20 gauge.

In other words, their combined achievements were the outstanding event of the shoot. And at that time they had each reached the venerable age of sixteen years.

Now in 1936 the little boys got revenge for what that man Pratt did to them back in 1935. They simply took over the show, with the help of a young man of fourteen years who blew in from Dedham, Massachusetts, and practically took the skeet tournament back home with him.

Here's the way the boys divided it up.

Dick Shaughnessy, he was the lad of fourteen, the Dedham Kid, took the allbore with 248 out of 250 targets. Just back of him was

Continued in center of page 122

IVATE
L. Reynolds

"Another Yale graduate applying for a job, Mr. Harlow. He has his credentials with him"

The Japs Have a Rule for It

Policemen enforce housecleaning on fixed days and the wearing of striped pants at garden parties

by CARL CROW

•ARTICLE•

The night train from Kyoto according to the time table was due to arrive in Tokyo at eight o'clock in the morning but we had boarded it in a terrific rain storm which continued during the early part of the night and washed out some of the road bed. It jolted along with frequent unscheduled halts and there were several delays while repairs were made on small bridges. At daybreak we had covered but little more than half the distance and would be lucky if we got to Tokyo before noon. I was sound asleep at seven o'clock when the train boy tapped on the compartment door and insisted that I get up.

That was the last thing in the world I wanted to do at that particular moment. I had been awake most of the night watching the operations of the repair crews and hadn't gone to bed until long past midnight when the rain had stopped and there appeared to be no further prospects of excitement. I tried to question the boy but he hurried down the corridor to call other travelers and I had to come to my own conclusions as to his reasons for waking me at this unreasonable hour. The only thing I could think of was the possibility that a bridge had been washed out ahead of us and that we were to be transferred to another train. That had been done only a few weeks previously when I was on a trip between Nagasaki and Shimonoseki.

As I was eating breakfast in the dining car the boy came through and I demanded, not any too politely, to know why he had called me. He turned on me the gaze which Japanese reserve for foreigners who ask stupid questions, then said, with the usual stiff bow:

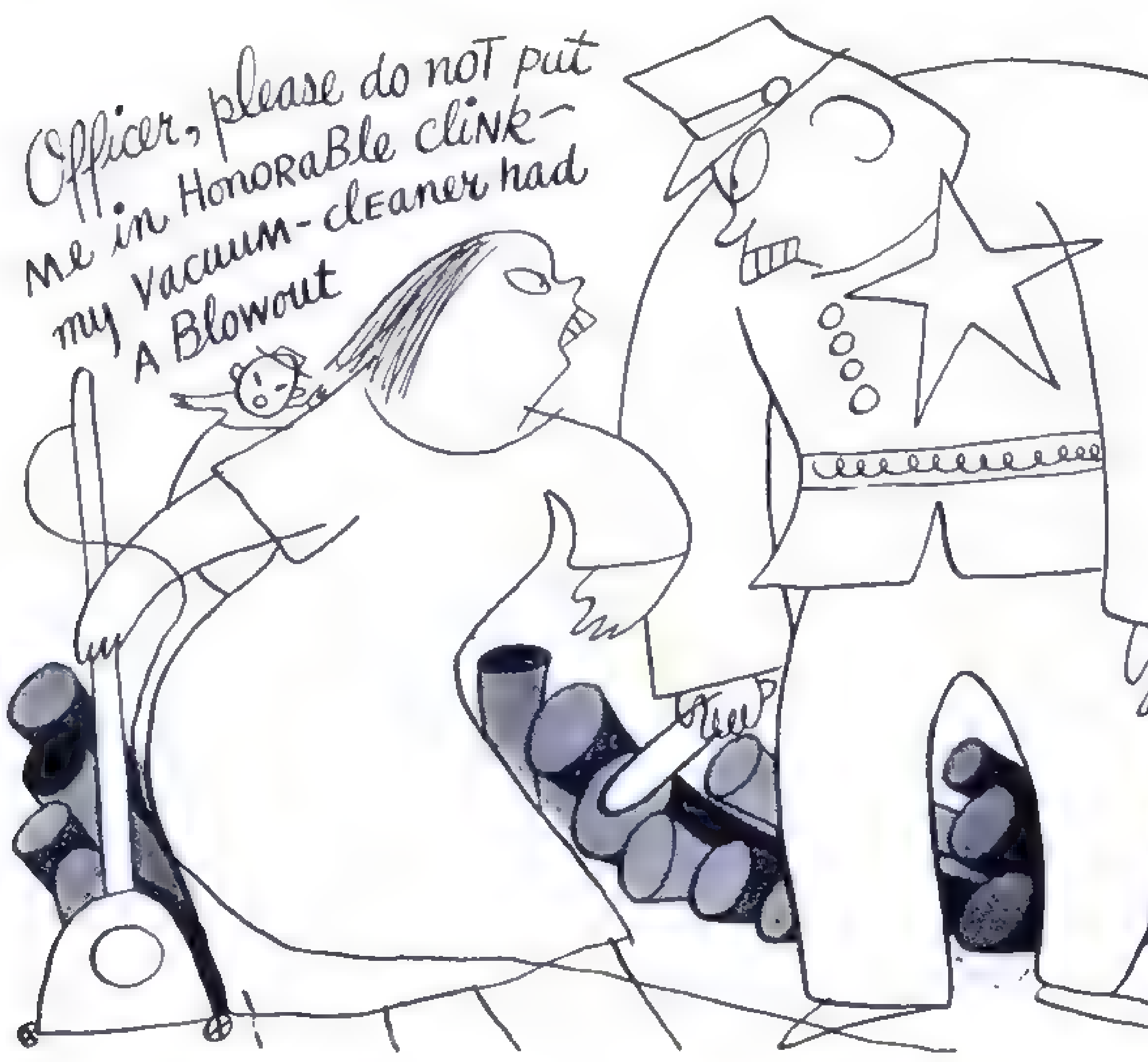
"I am very sorry for you that Japanese train is late. Railway regulations say all Tokyo passengers must be called at seven o'clock."

To him that was a perfectly satisfactory answer. It was exactly what every other train boy in Japan would have said under similar circumstances, and most of them would have called Tokyo passengers at seven o'clock, just as we had been called, no matter what distance the train might be from Tokyo. Presuming that the train lived up to the time table passengers should be called at seven and that was provided for by the regulations drawn up for the guidance of the train boys. But it was typical of Japanese rules and regulations that there should be no provision for the fact that the train might be late. That would have been an admission of possible imperfection in the train service which no one would like to take the responsibility of suggesting. To allow the train boy to use his own judgment in the matter would be directly contrary to all Japanese ideas as to how affairs should be managed in a country where all thinking is presumed to be the responsibility as well as the privilege of one's superiors. There are very few people in Japan who have what might be called thinking jobs.

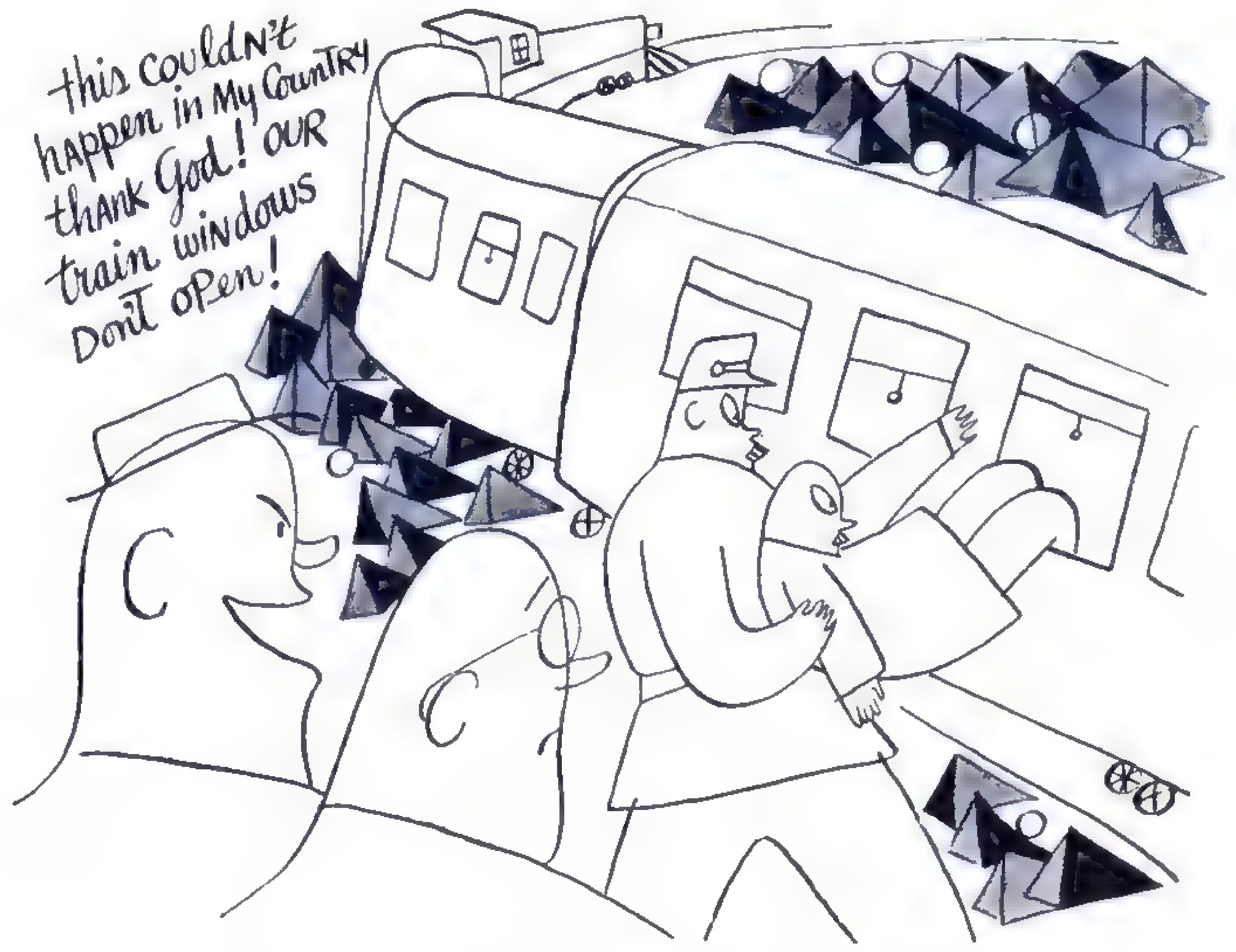
Everything is done by rule in this country which takes a certain amount of justifiable pride in its efficiency. If a new situation arises a new rule is made which is presumed to settle that particular problem for all time to come. There are hundreds of these rules and thousands of suspiciously inquisitive policemen always at hand to see that they are obeyed. There is a rule that passengers must enter a train by the door which is presumably intended to prevent them climbing through the windows. At any rate an American family got into a lot of trouble a few years ago when an aunt playfully passed a small baby through the window to the mother who was sitting inside the car. It was only with the greatest difficulty that the policeman who saw this felonious act was dissuaded from taking the entire family, including the baby, to the police station for questioning.

There is a rule about housecleaning, and a day fixed for it every spring and autumn and policemen visit the premises to see that the housewife has done her duty. Every tourist who is in Japan at the proper season learns that there is a very rigid rule about the clothing to be worn at the semi-annual garden parties to which they are usually invited. Striped pants and a silk hat are required and if a guest arrives in a closed car, policemen open the door and have a look at the legs of the pants before he is allowed to go past the gate. Very few travelers carry formal clothing with them on Oriental tours and tailors in Tokyo and Yokohama do a thriving business renting these garments. They carry a wide assortment of the most common sizes but if a tourist happens to be unusually tall or unusually fat he is out of luck and can't attend the party unless he goes to the expense of buying a new and hastily tailored outfit.

The rented suits never fit. In fact there is good reason to believe that they never fit anyone, including the men for whom they were originally made. Many of them have done years of service and are decidedly threadbare and shabby. In between the times when they are rented to tourists they are in constant demand by minor Japanese officials. They know the uncertainties and hazards of a


Officer, please do not put me in Honorable clink— my vacuum-cleaner had A Blowout

Housecleaning in Japan must be completed on a certain day . . . or else!


this couldn't happen in My Country thank God! OUR train windows Don't open!

For some mysterious reason there is a rule in Japan that passengers must enter a train only through the door.

political career and rarely invest in ceremonial garments of their own until they get into the higher brackets of official life. But as long as the pants are striped and the hat is of stovepipe design the rule has been observed and the police are satisfied. The local foreigners have a lot of fun for they always gather in the lobby of the Imperial Hotel and watch the tourists come back from the party in their rented garments.

On all patriotic occasions flags are displayed under police orders and according to regulations which specify not only the size of the flag but the exact distance from the street level, and the angle at which the staff must be fixed over the gateway or doorway. The flags must be up before a certain date and not be taken down until after a certain date. After the flags are in place police come around with a tape measure to inspect them and see that everything is in order. By the time they are through every flag on the street is as orderly as a line of Japanese soldiers standing at attention. Spontaneous outbursts of patriotic enthusiasm are also carefully regulated. It is not necessary to encourage them, as may be done in some other countries, for the patriotism of the Japanese has about it a burning religious fervor. But the police see to it that the demonstrations follow the orderly lines that have been set forth in the rules for such occasions.

I was living in Tokyo during the early part of the World War when the Japanese captured the German port of Tsingtao, their most dramatic contribution to the Allied cause. Although it was a foregone conclusion that Japan would take the place, the news that it had fallen came two months after the ultimatum to Germany and there was joyful relief that it had ended successfully. Every newspaper in Tokyo issued *gogais*, the little handbills which take the place of the extra editions of full sized papers as issued in other lands. These *gogais* use a very small amount of news print and, as they cost one sen and are sold in huge quantities, they enable the newspaper publishers to make formidable circulation claims.

When I heard of the Japanese victory I visualized to myself the kind of a celebration that would be going on in most any city in America if we had been at war, and started out to see how the crowds in Tokyo were acting. I went first to Hibiya Park, the popular meeting place of the city. It was then about dusk and the place was deserted, so I presumed the crowds had gathered at some other place, possibly the Ginza. That is the Broadway of Tokyo, with noise, bright lights, glamorous geishas and cheap but very good beer. The street was just the same as it usually was in the early evening. And so were the beer halls with the cheerful bar maids smelling of perspiration and cheap perfumery which fought with the odors of beer and *sake*. There were a few students discussing grave affairs over their five-sen beers and I asked one of them about the celebration. He told me it had been postponed by police order until the following day. He felt rather sad about this because he had come to the Ginza with some friends expecting to see a lot of fun but from the way things were going it looked as though they would spend all their money where they were and have nothing left to buy beer with when the celebration really began.

After the newsboys sold out their *gogais* that night there was no further indication in Tokyo that anything had happened. But at the same hour the following evening the official celebration was going full blast and the Ginza was packed with enthusiastic patriots. During the afternoon there had been parades of school children waving flags and shouting "banzai." Soldiers maneuvered, bands played and at nightfall there was a grand display of fireworks. After supper the Ginza beer halls were filled with revelers who reveled boisterously on beer and *sake*. It was a glorious celebration and the twenty-four-hour wait did not appear to have chilled the enthusiasm of the public. I have often wondered whether or not it would have been possible in any other country successfully to postpone the celebration of an event of this sort.

No one lives in Japan without constantly running into these multitudinous rules of conduct; this strictly regimented life. Foreigners are either irritated or amused by the way in which they are interpreted or enforced by all classes of Japanese who have any authority. No foreigner can live happily in the Orient without a sense of humor and most of them cultivate it as a talent that must not be hidden. Others take to gin and biliousness. I was usually able to get a lot of fun out of them. But the regulations I ran into as a result of the fall of Tsingtao were not funny enough to justify the expense. I was the only correspondent the United Press had in the Far East and Roy Howard warned me not to get scooped on the story. No one had any idea whether it would break in Tokyo, Peking or Shanghai, so I protected myself in every way possible. The editor of the China Press in Shanghai promised to cable me if they got the news there before it came from Peking, and arranged with the Japanese Telegraph Administration for him to receive an R. T. P. (Receiver to Pay) card. I had to put up the minimum deposit of a hundred yen.

The Japanese had made a naval and military game out of their attack on the German naval base and played with the small German garrison as a cat plays with a mouse, trying one maneuver after another just to see how it would work and what lessons could be learned. So the attack dragged on for weeks and with bigger and more dramatic events in Europe, what might have been a big world headline story finally became, outside the Far East, merely an incident of secondary importance, and the news was published in New York before it was in Tokyo. A few days later I went around to get my hundred yen back. The official looked at my receipt and listened to my explanations, then consulted a book of rules and said he couldn't do anything about it until I surrendered the R.T.P. card. This took some time, but I finally got it back and went to the office with the card and my original receipt.

There was a long consultation between three officials and further reference to books of rules and then more objections. They said the Danish company which operated the cable between China and Japan might allow my friend to file a cable to me without demanding the card and then where would they be if they had returned the deposit? My suggestion that they notify the cable company canceling the arrangement fell on deaf ears but they said they would go into the matter again if I would give them a satisfactory letter from the company.

This required more time and correspondence but I finally got a letter which showed very conclusively that no one could send me a cable by that particular company without paying for it in full and in cash. After all this delay and trouble I walked into the office with a feeling of triumph over great obstacles, but it didn't last long. The book of rules was consulted again and finally a head

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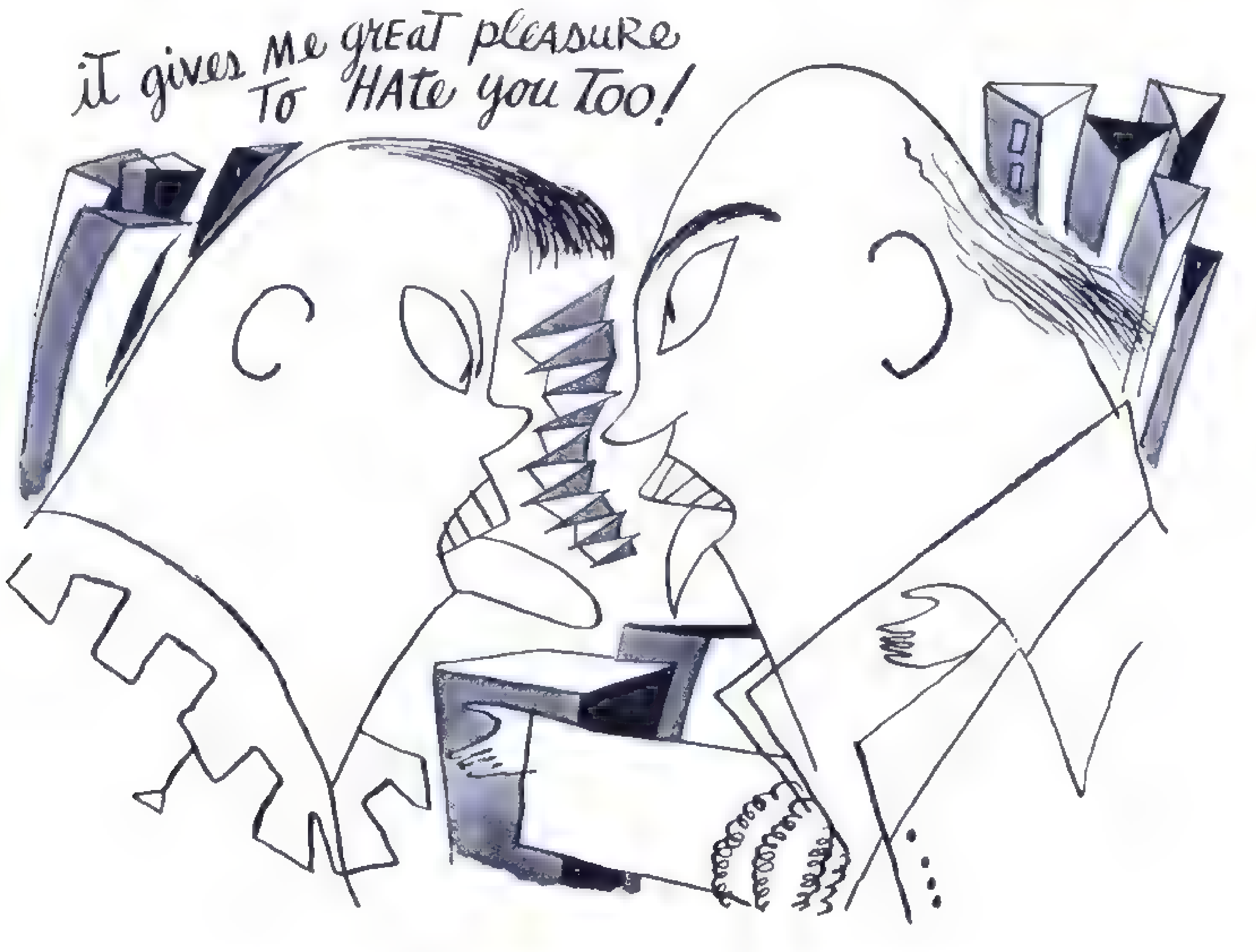
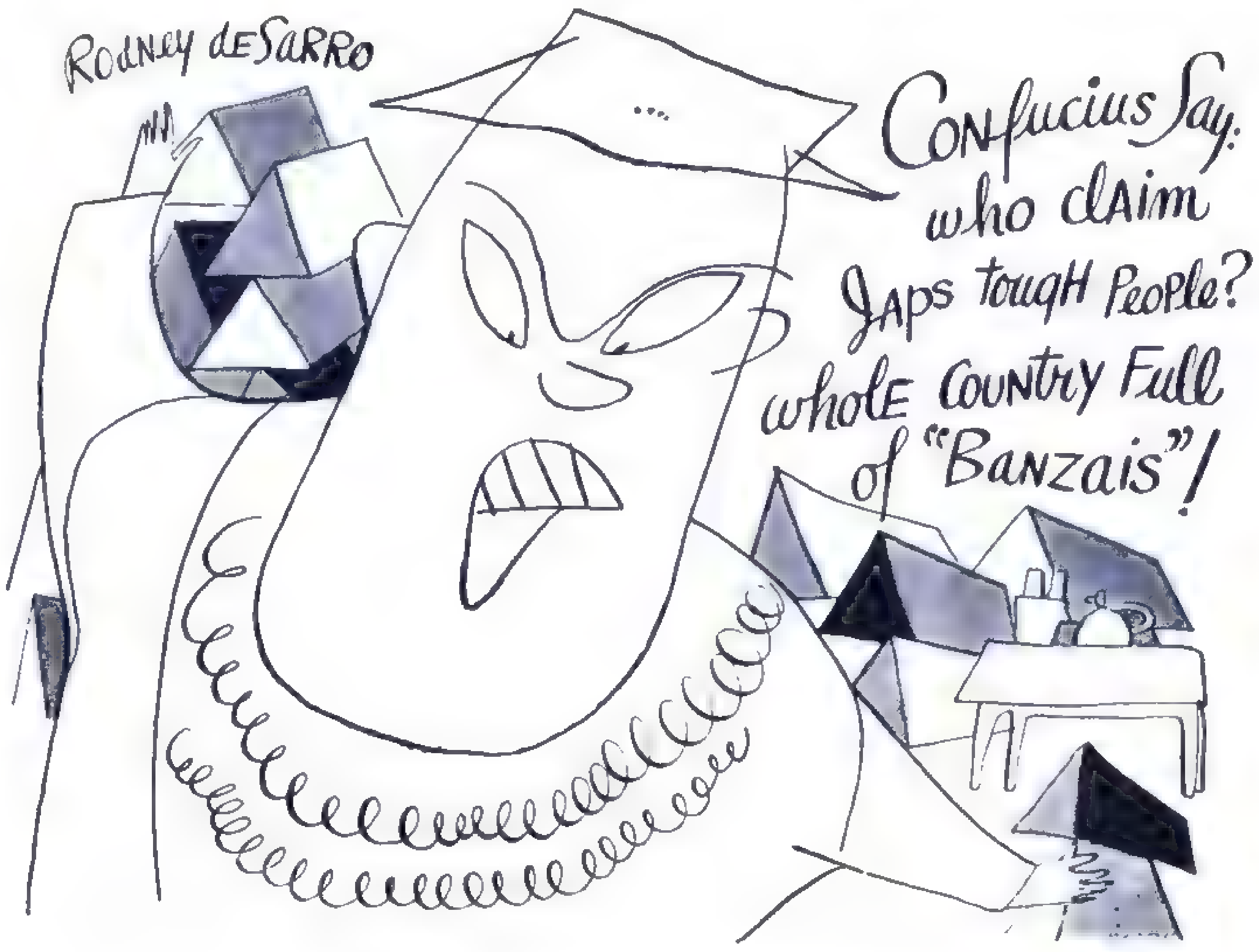

it gives Me great pleasure To HATe you Too!

Since there is no New Deal in Japan the Big Business men are obliged to hate one another!


Rodney deSarro
Confucius Say: who claim Japs tough People? whole Country Full of "Banzais"!

"Banzai" is the Japanese equivalent of "God Save the King."

Three Fat Wives

The barkeep said it was one thing to blow off steam but another to break up a family

by RALPH MARLOWE

• SATIRE •

"WHEN I married mine," said McClurg with a faraway look, "she was a wild Irish rose, strong and slender, could turn cartwheels or jump through a hoop. I'd race the old truck like crazy just to be back in her arms. But today she is swimming in fat. I am thankful for flat tires when they come. There's an extra six inches to her all around . . ."

"That is too much of a very good thing," said the barkeeper amiably.

McClurg downed his whisky.

"Me, it's the same way," said Gamborelli. "My Rosita. I ask myself is it the same woman. Her legs are so increased they can hardly get past each other. Her eyes are like fish swimming in seaweed. She doesn't look the same, she doesn't act the same. Sometimes I think it's bigamy. Everything about her is different. Only her name is the same."

"That is a very serious situation," said the barkeep getting himself into the spirit.

"Another rye," said Gamborelli.

"What counts is the soul," said McClurg. "If the soul is the same, the woman's the same. From childhood up I have had the same soul, though I was much smaller then. Could she, I ask you, have one thin soul and one fat soul?"

"The soul is medium," said the barkeep.

"No, it's immortal," said McClurg.

The barkeep's aim was to keep the peace. "Medium immortal," he suggested.

"You can't make love to a soul," said Gamborelli sadly, "or go walking on Sunday with a soul. Mine, I think sometimes, is due to fall apart. She can't put on her shoes by herself. What good is her soul?"

"You misunderstood me. I didn't say it was any good. I just said it was immortal."

The barkeep saw trouble in the air when his guests began to discuss theology. "Hadn't you gentlemen better go home to supper?"

"My wife is too fat," said McClurg.

The barkeep was a man of moral balance. "It is one thing to blow off steam in a barroom," he declared. "Quite another to break up the family."

"What's that?" said Gamborelli. "Why Mac, will you listen to him preach? Let's go someplace else."

"Now, gentlemen, don't get me wrong. I only meant . . ."

"Look here," said McClurg belligerently. "What about your wife? I suppose she's as thin as paper."

In the barkeep's private opinion his wife was sacred and not to be discussed among drunks.

But the barkeep was a public figure, obliged to look after his business. "Gentlemen," he admitted. "My wife is a fat woman, very fat . . ."

"Does she waddle?"

"Yes, she waddles."

A shy little tear rolled down his cheek.

"He's been holding out on us," said Gamborelli. "Well, what kind of a soul has she got?"

"Medium immortal," the barkeep sighed.

Shouts were heard in the street and a small boy entered bearing a bundle of newspapers. Perceiving the hushed atmosphere of the place he stopped shouting. Then he resumed timidly: "Hey, wuxtra!"

"Shut up!" said the barkeep. "Can't you see we are having a serious discussion?"

"No, but this is special wuxtra. We're in it."

"In what?"

"The war!"

"Hooray!" shouted McClurg and the other two shouted after him.

"No more medium immortal for me," said Gamborelli. "I'm going to enlist."

"Put it there," said McClurg. "Let's go."

They paid their bill and moved toward the door. "Say, what about him?" said Gamborelli suddenly. "His missus is a fat one too."

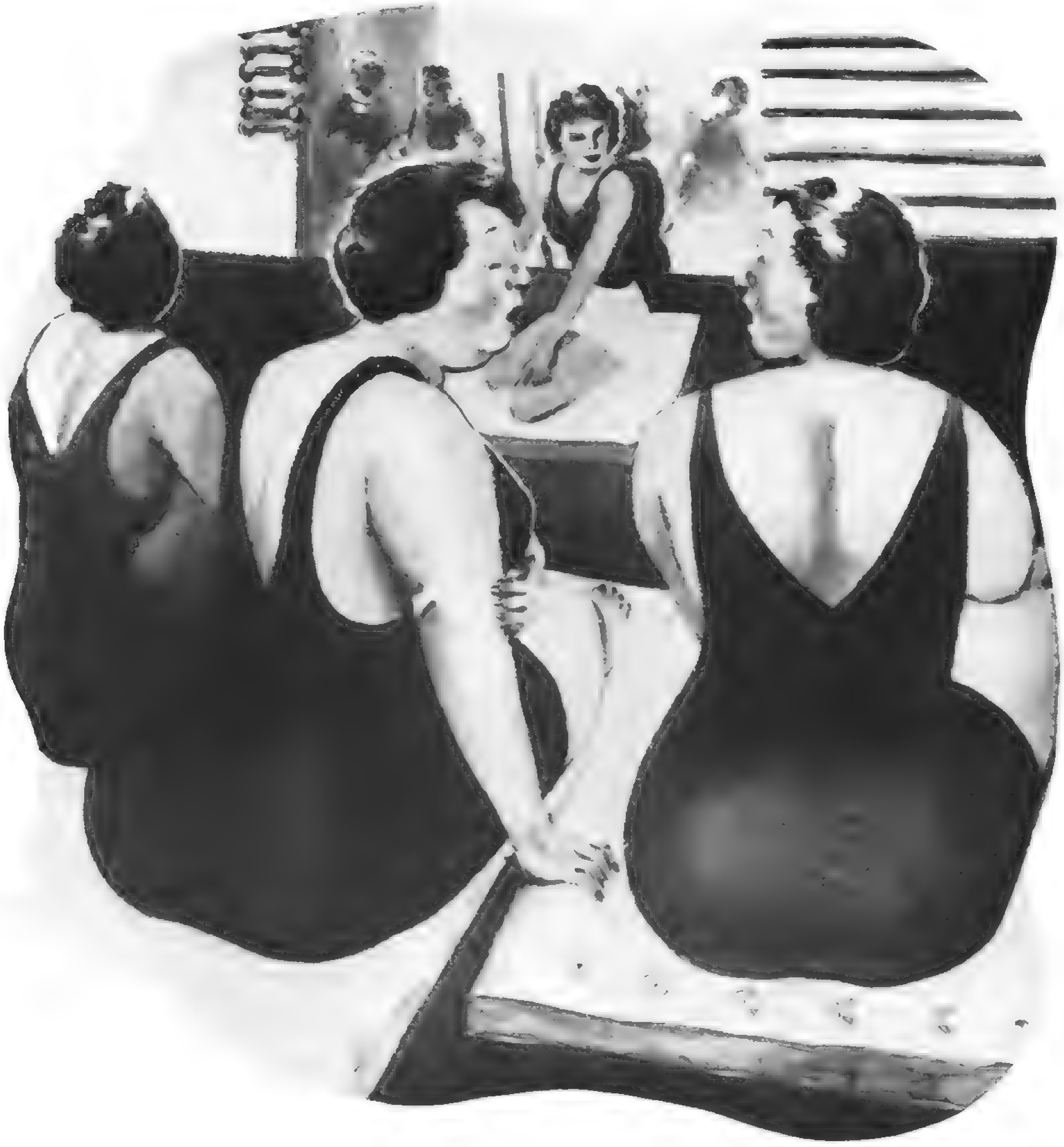
"Yeah, what about you?" said McClurg to the barkeep.

"To tell you the truth," said the barkeep, "I like fat women."

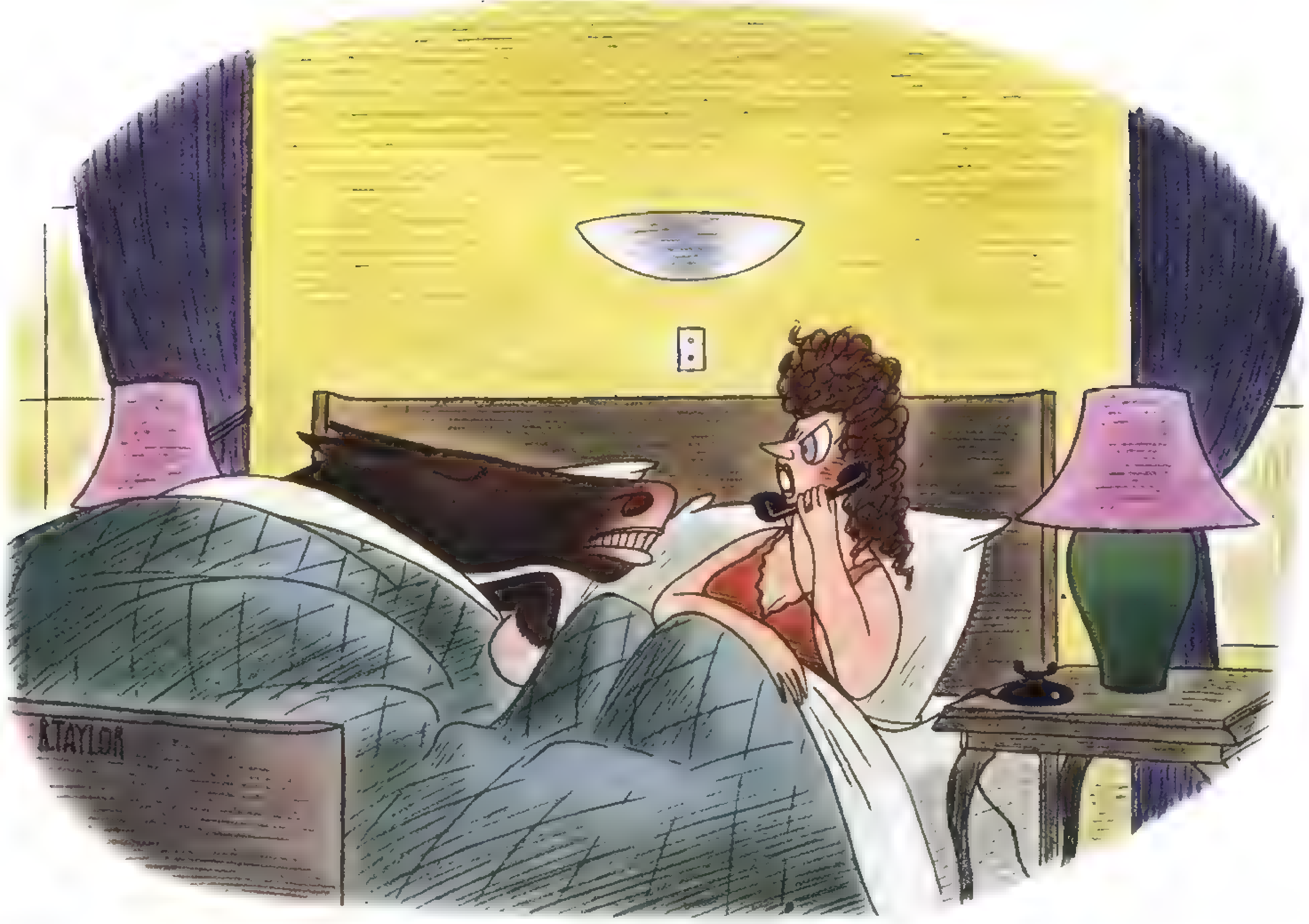
"A slacker!" cried McClurg. "Let's wreck the joint!"

After wrecking the joint, the two men enlisted. McClurg was killed in action. Gamborelli was gassed and practically useless when he got back.

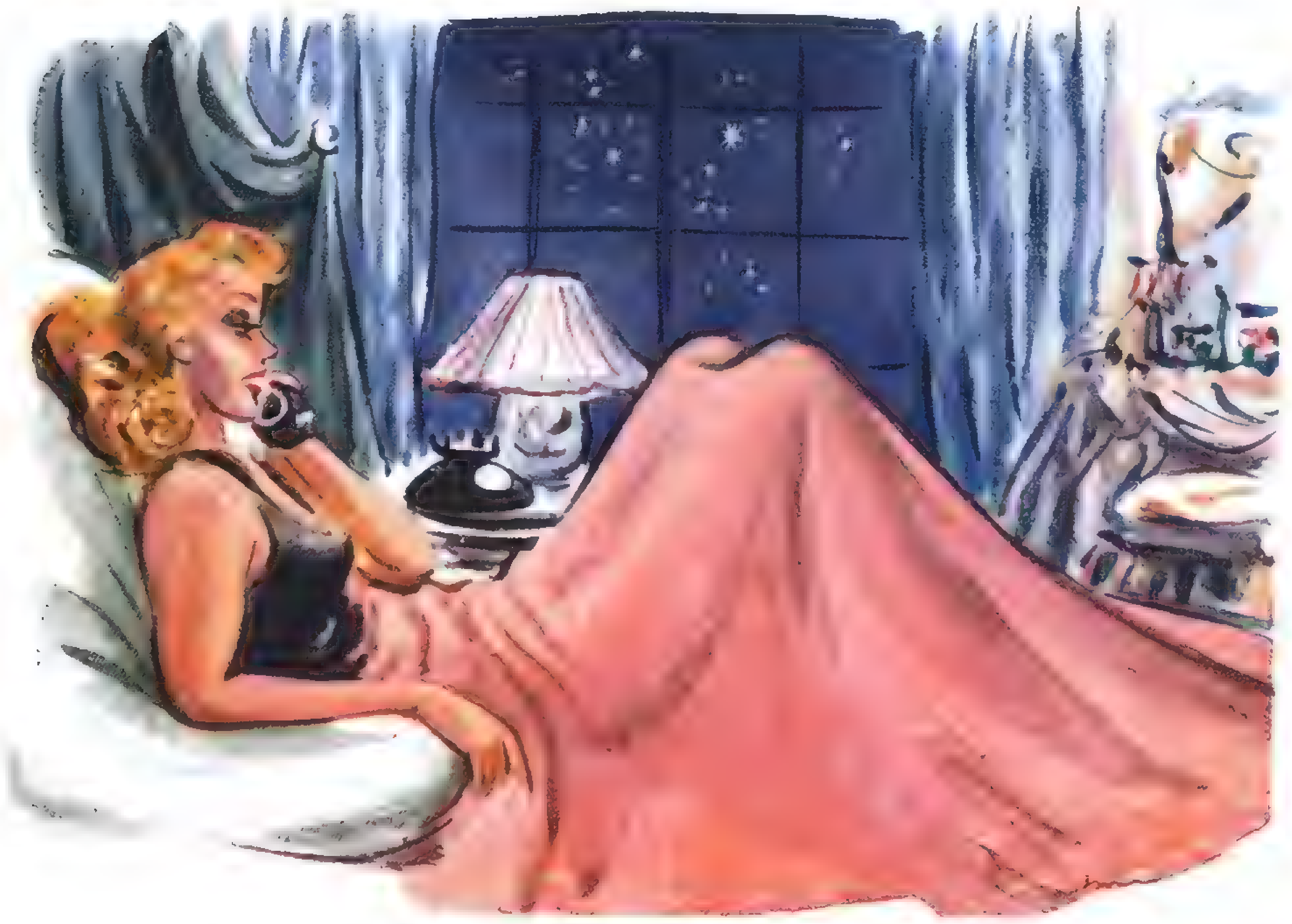
The barkeep, for his part, improved his business by admitting ladies. Among his most regular customers were Mesdames McClurg and Gamborelli who drank buckets to console themselves for the departure of their beloved husbands. ⧺



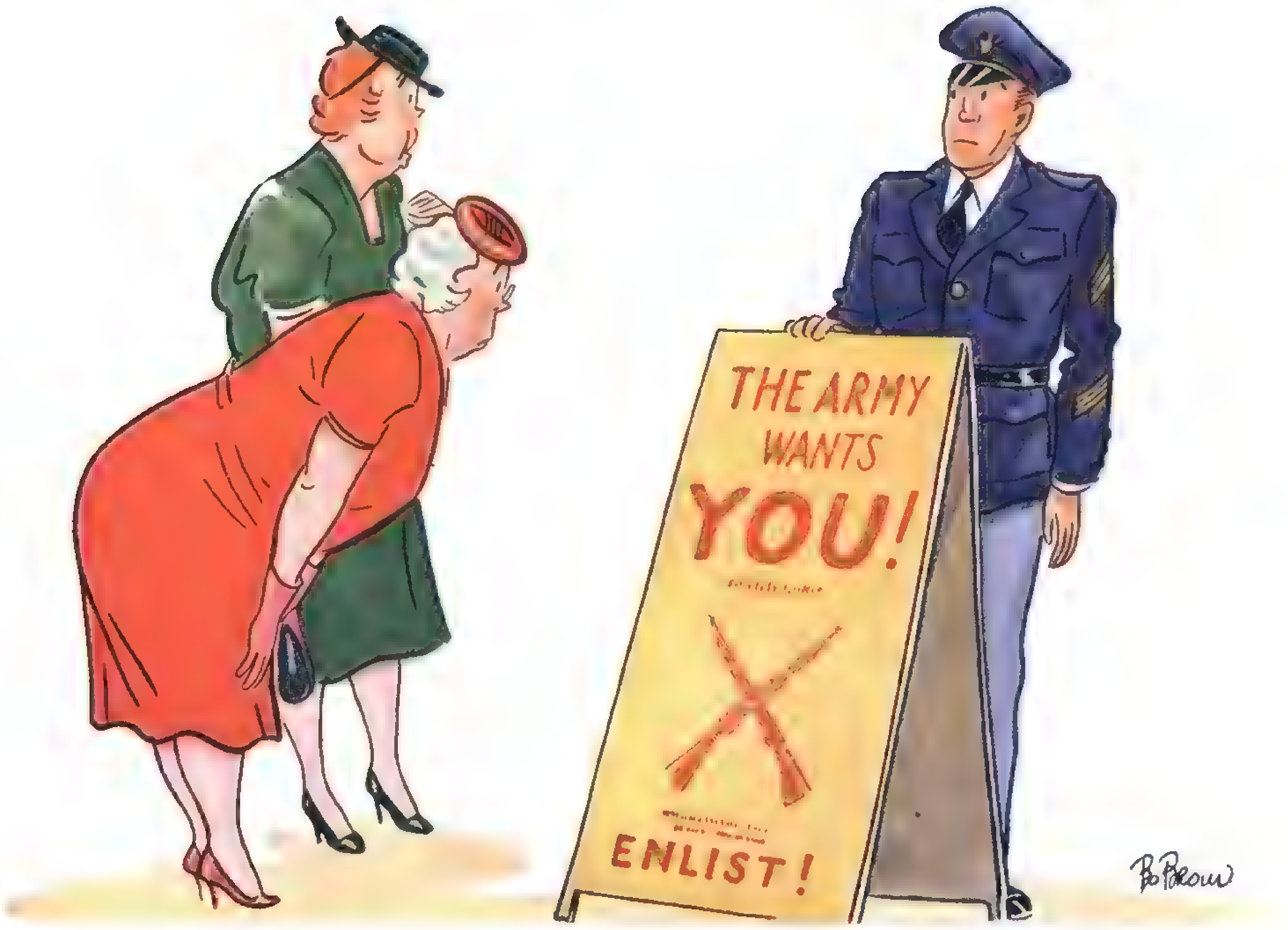
"You know, I don't think that these exercises are doing us a bit of good"



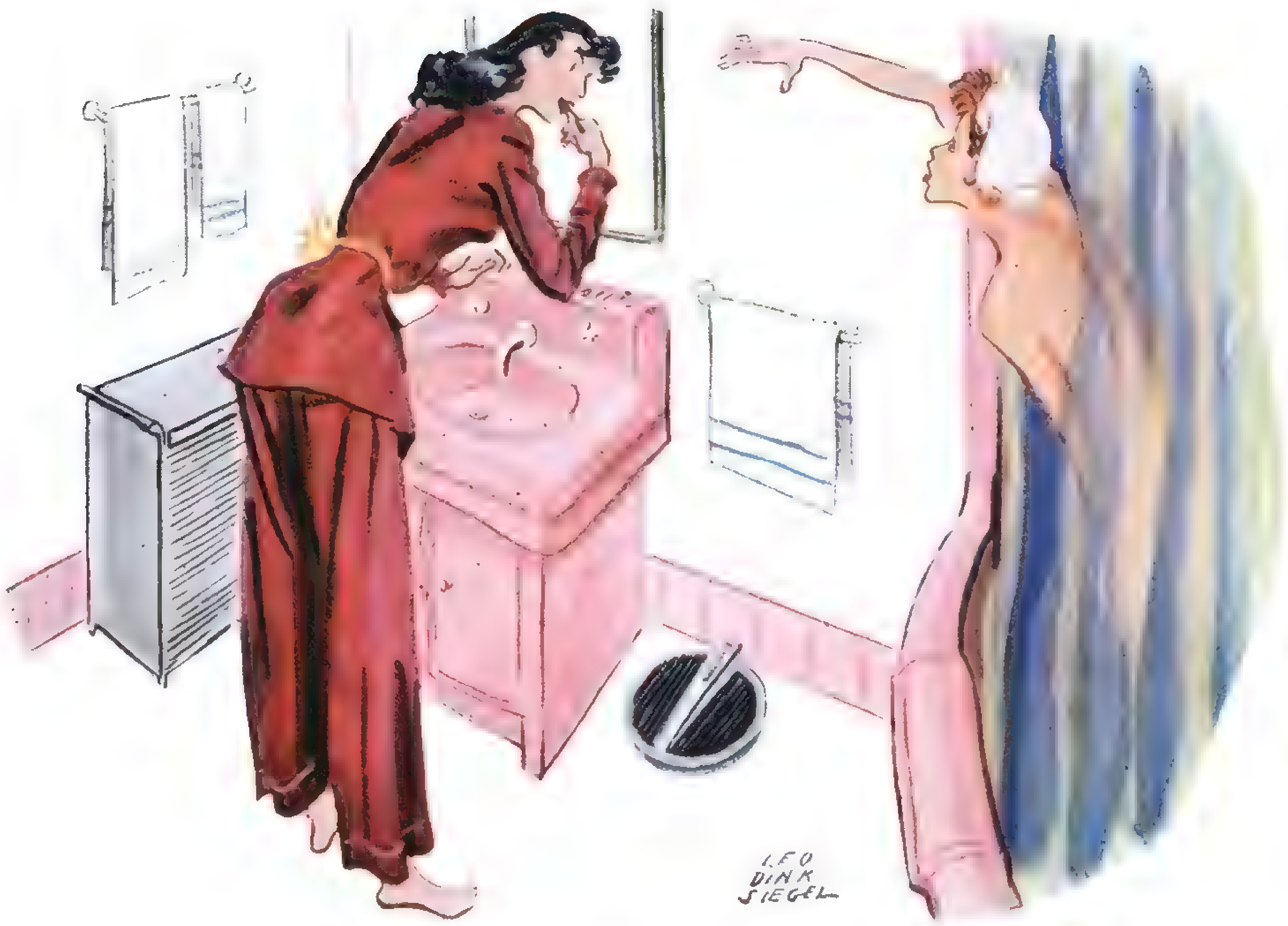
"Hello—Eastbrook Stables? This is Mrs. Albertson. Did my husband stay there last night?"



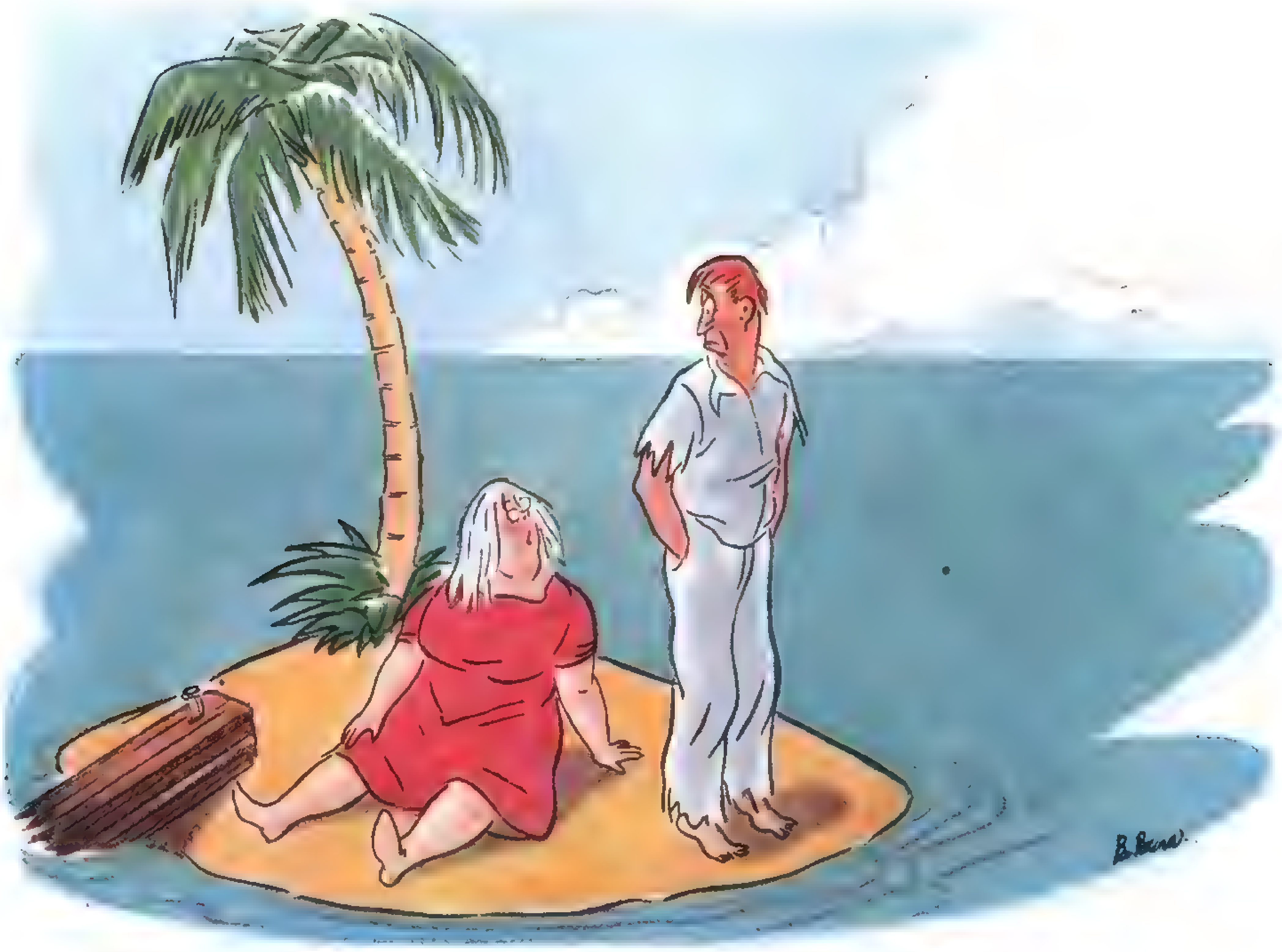
"I'm meeting Mr. Rockerson this afternoon in the park. Before he marries me he insists on seeing me in the daylight"


THE ARMY WANTS YOU!
ENLIST!
Bo Brown

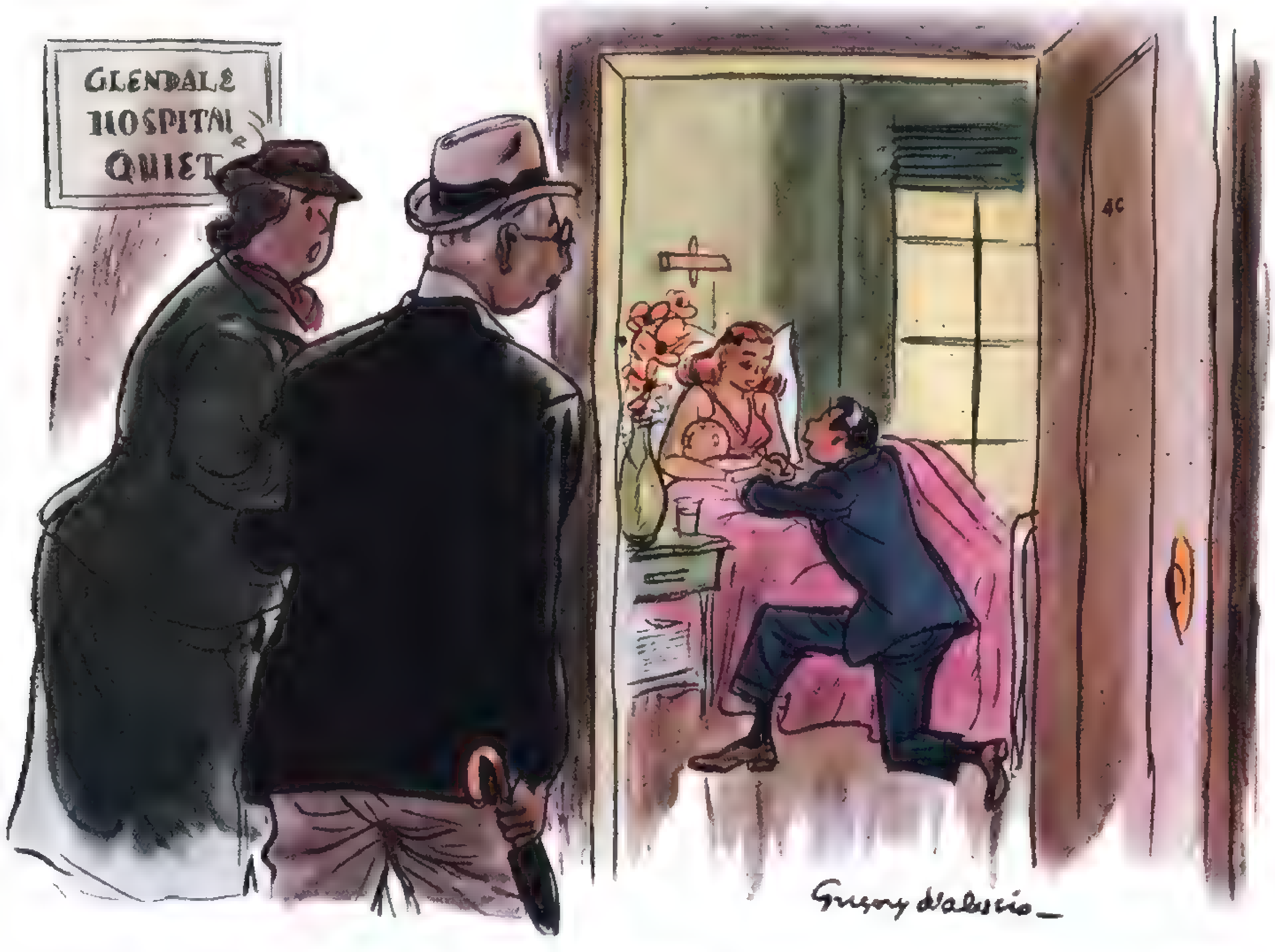
"Just what do you want us for?"


LEO DINK SIEGEL

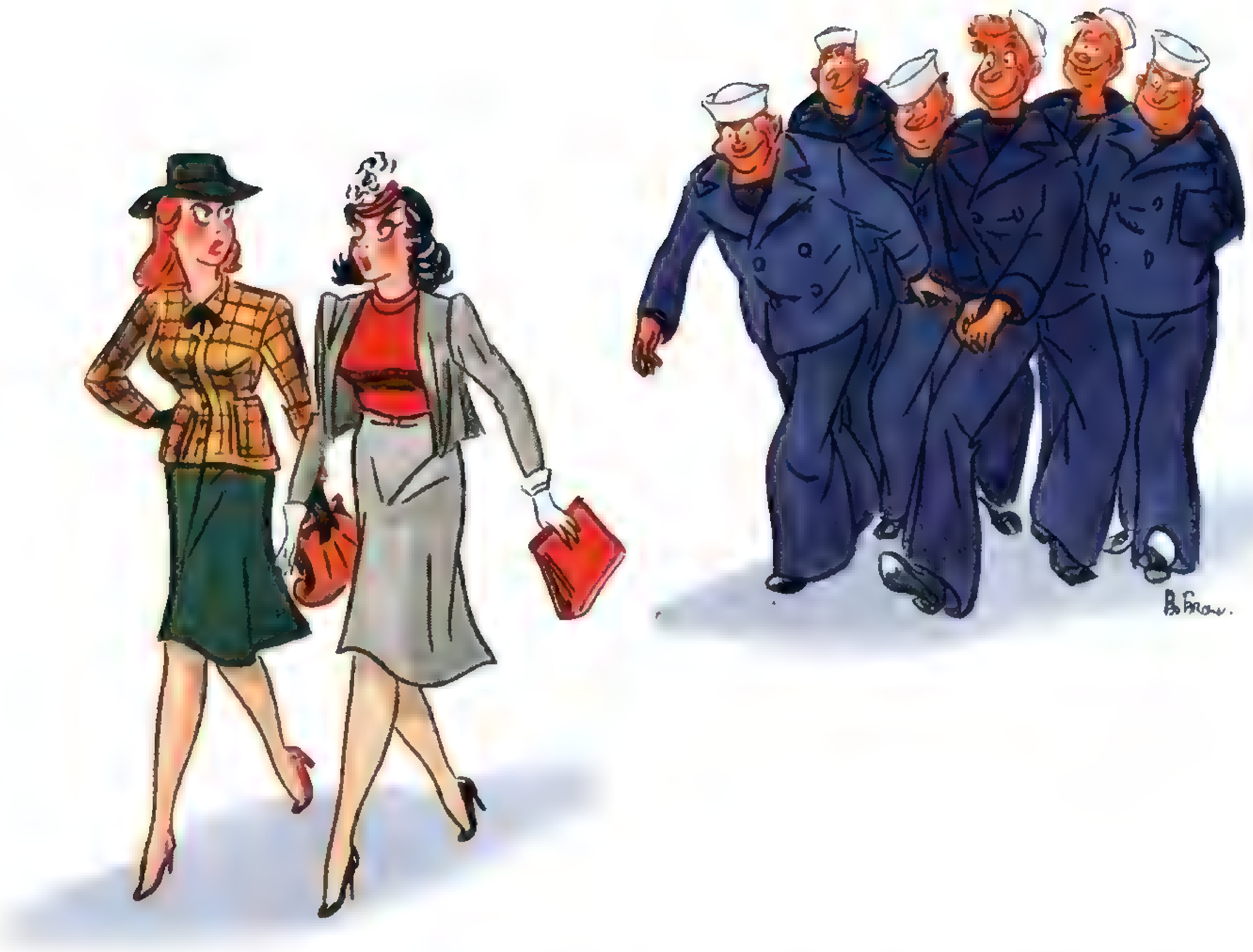
"There goes the doorbell. Hand me my lipstick"



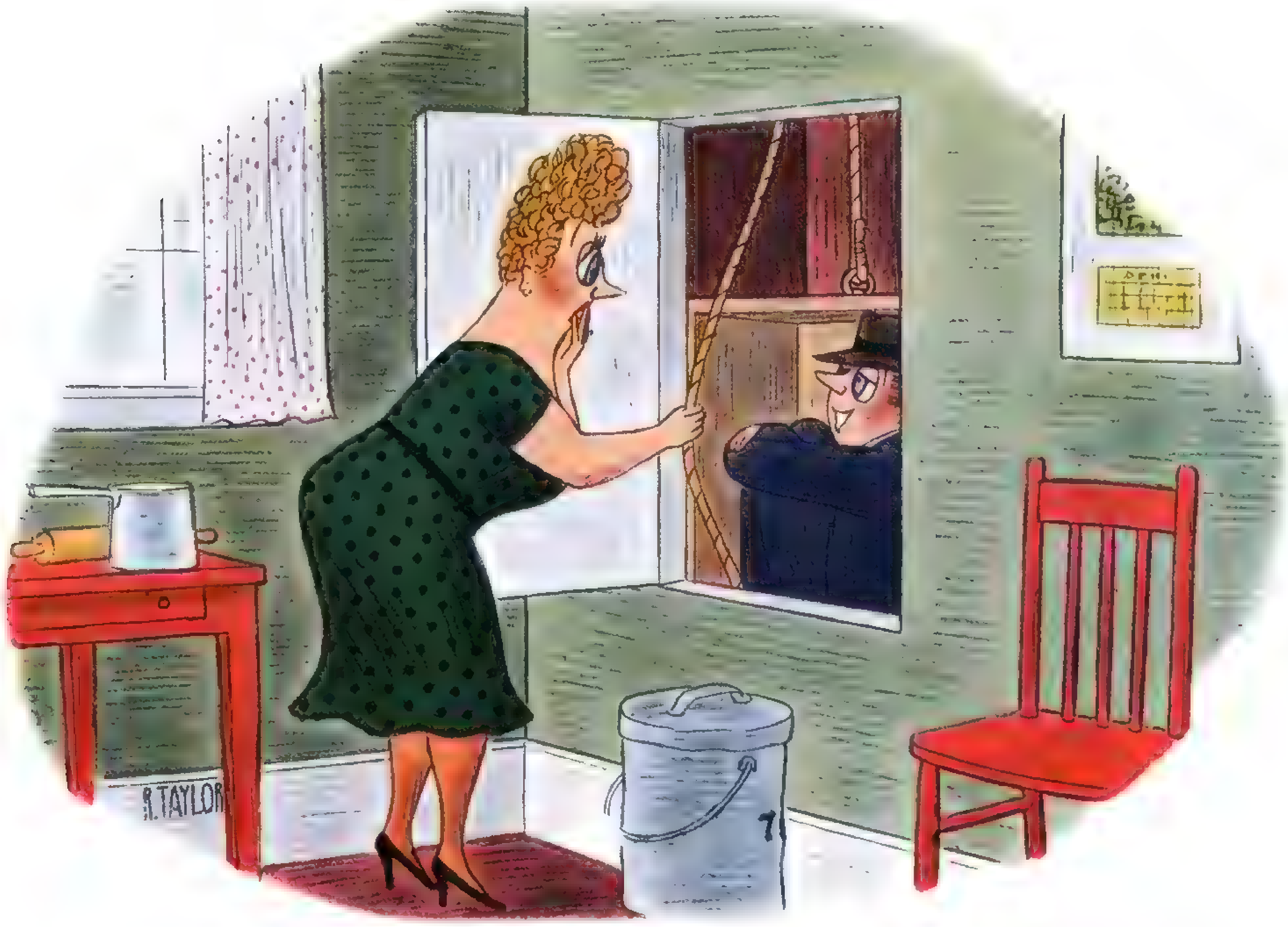
"You don't suppose we'll go native?"


GLENDALE
HOSPITAL
QUIET
4C
Gregory d'Alessio

"It looks like the real thing between Charley and her this time"



"This is something the Secretary of the Navy should know about!"



"I'm for 8C—Miss Heswick's apartment"

My Forehand for 1940

Though not recommended for you and you, here's the stroke that may win this player the next U. S. Singles

by FRANK PARKER

▪ SPORTS ▪

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Frankie Parker is a tennis player, not a tennis writer. Accordingly, the material he has here presented could easily have been put into professional shape, as an article, by enlisting the rewrite services of a Graffis or a Tunis. But to us there is greater interest in a document of this kind when it is served "straight"—undiluted by the addition of skilled rhetoric and syntax. So that's the way we're passing it on to you—as a straight answer, absolutely unretouched, to a straight question of more than average interest to followers of tournament tennis.*

MERCER BEASLEY coached me for eleven years prior to my twenty-first birthday—from then on I have not received any coaching from him as we both felt that it was high time I began to use my own initiative. And the monicker given me, "the mechanical man of tennis," still sticks. He found me in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, a ball boy at the Town Club and to him I owe in greater part my tennis game as it stands today, with the exception of a dependable, much less offensive forehand, without which no player can become champion. As a junior player, I did have a forehand drive but when I entered the men's division it apparently did not satisfy "Beas." And in striving for perfection he changed the stroke each year. The constant change of theory and execution left me with an inferiority complex and it was necessary each season to fall back upon my chop stroke. It was effective for getting out of tight places, but at no time could I force the issue of my forehand. The newspaper critics and the general public were kept amused during the beginning of each season by my latest forehand style, called by the writers "a shovel shot," "a baseball pitcher's throw," and a "push shot." All this is a prologue, as it were, to the subject of my present forehand.

In the late Fall of 1937, when she was visiting my mother, my future wife, Audrey and I, talked over the previous summer's tennis and came to the stark realization that now was the time to begin, if ever, a forehand drive that would assist me to the top of the tennis ladder, or failing this, to drop out of amateur tennis rather than to become a "hanger-on"—so what to do about it? Having no facilities for indoor play nor finances to make such possible, we sat blankly staring at each other, stumped before we could even start. Then Audrey seemed to be struck with an idea. She rose suddenly and beckoned me to follow. We descended to the cellar and after looking wildly about for something of which I had not the slightest idea, she demanded a piece of cloth and some heavy string. As she picked up some newspapers from near by, I grasped the idea and in a few minutes we had our first step on the long road—a ball of paper covered with a white cloth suspended from the ceiling by a heavy string. With misgivings and rather a bored feeling, I decided to humor her, and playing pupil to her coaching, I swung back and forth with my racket, striking a silly ball which would bound to the ceiling with a remarkably loud thud, giving us the feeling of culprits as we both felt too foolish to wish even mother to witness this crazy scheme. Finally one day mother did unexpectedly come to the cellar with my little nephew, Ronnie, and the expression on both of their faces was identical—registering amusement at such antics. The stroke Audrey began was based on the idea of increasing my confidence and making it so simple that a child of seven might swing the racket thus in a natural and easy manner. Otherwise, I used the grip to my liking, the one I had used for years, and a downward and backward swing, coming forward waist-high—nothing new, nothing different but if done often enough, something to forget while doing. We were to learn later that even this idea was not quite so simple for me as I possessed apparently a mental quirk which has taken me three years to conquer.

In the Winter of '37-'38 in Los Angeles, three months later, I walked on the court at the Los Angeles Tennis Club and began the grind of actually hitting a moving ball and practicing my new stroke. Hampered by a bit of top-flight conceit, lack of confidence and inability to co-ordinate my mind with my body, and receiving the sympathy and interest of Mr. Perry Jones, secretary of the Tennis Patrons' Association in Southern California, I began a new era, taking instruction from John Risso of the Bel Air Country Club, introduced to me by Mr. Jones. Each afternoon for hours on end, after my morning's job of soliciting ads for Mr. Perry Jones' *Western Tennis Magazine*, John Risso's brother Willy would send balls to my forehand, with the watchful eye of John Risso on me, seeing I stuck to his manner of hitting. We worked on my forehand to produce the same theory as my backhand—only reversed.

On St. Patrick's Day, Audrey and I were married and I enthusiastically explained my new stroke since seeing her in Milwaukee. She did not approve explaining that she did not believe any person could produce the same stroking of the ball on both the forehand and backhand swing, but told me I must work out my own problem if I possibly could. Johnny donated his help gratis saying he expected no financial return as it gave him pleasure and thus possibly in the future I in turn would help some other deserving and promising player.

Summer season for 1938 began and I had one discouraging fault—a hesitation and twist of my racket as the ball came forward upon contact. I hoped to iron this out during the season but as tournament followed tournament it became more pronounced and I returned to my chop stroke—1938 was a fiasco for me and I became the forgotten man of

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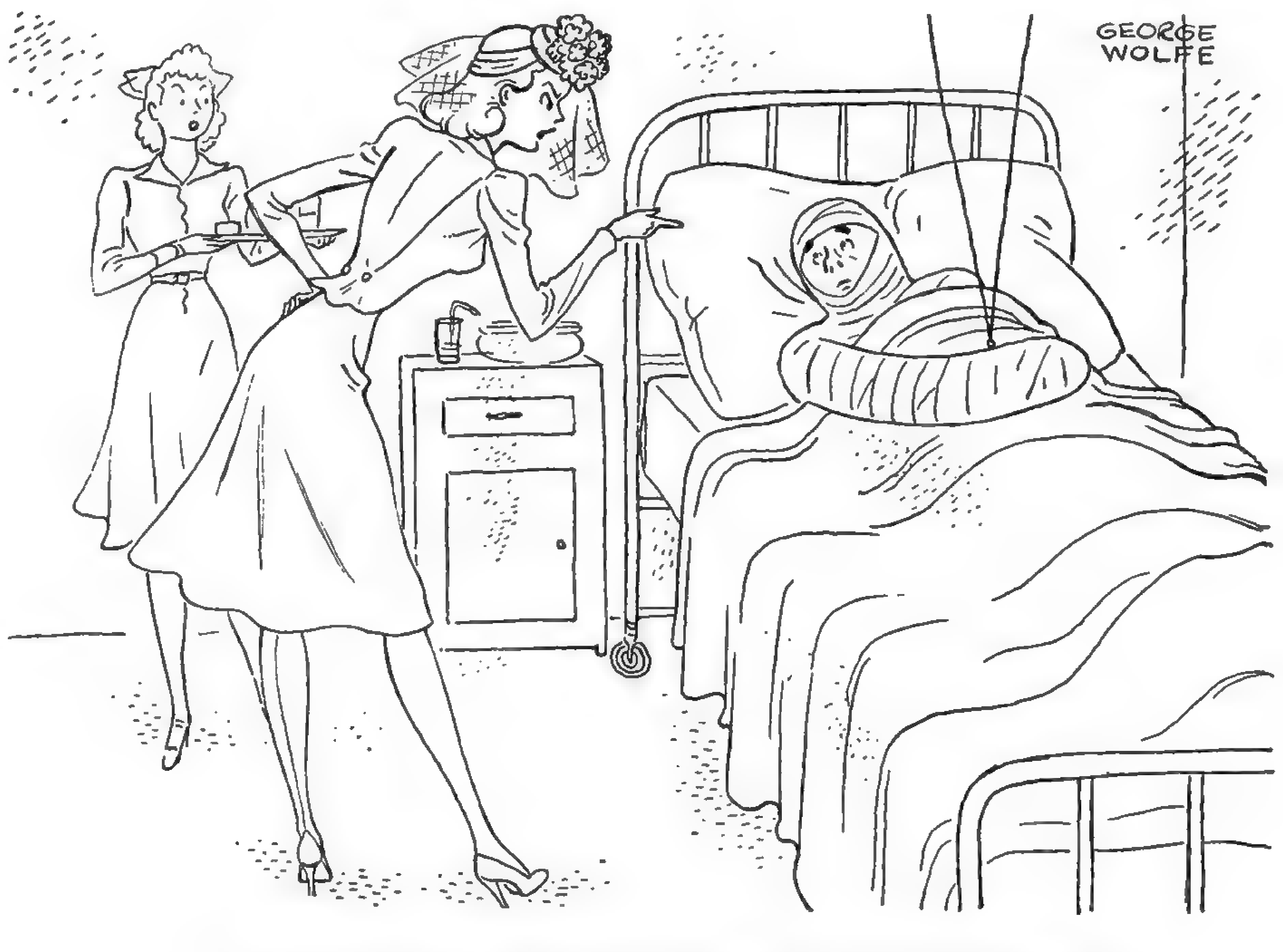


"So here you are—after promising to come right home!"

All Over Hell's Acre

After the Hillmans fit the Sturgins in court for ten years, Pa decided powder and lead was a sight cheaper

by JESSE STUART

• FICTION •

"WHAT are you sittin here for, Adger?" Ma asks. "Can't you hear the guns a-boomin at the fur end of the pasture field? Why ain't you a-helpin out?"

Ma stopped sweeping the floor and looked at me. She looked at me with her gray hawk eyes. The weight of the pipe on the long stem sorta jimmied the pipe in Ma's mouth since she's lost some of her front teeth. Ma stood in front of me solid as an oak tree. She looked mean out'n her eyes when she spoke to me.

"You know why I ain't out there," I says. "You know I was jest a boy when I first picked up a musket and went out there to fight the Sturgins. I didn't know how to fight. That was in 1929. I've had enough of that damn war over a line fence. We've been fightin' all this time and we ain't got a thing settled."

I laid my pipe down on the bottom of a hickory split-bottomed chair. I pulled up my overall leg above my knee.

"Here is part of what I got," I says. "This ain't nigh all. I was shot through the hip. I was shot in the shoulder blade and the bone was nicked. You can see the fat part on my right ear is shot off. Ma I've had enough of this war. I've been thinkin about some sort of peace."

Ma took her pipe out'n her mouth. It was too hard to hold in her mouth while she talked. She looked down on my leg at the tiny scars that glistened like white soup-beans from my ankle up above my knee. It looked like there's two hundred tiny scars on my leg.

I says, "I've been sprinkled with shot so many times I don't mind it any more than I do a light shower of April rain."

Ma put her pipe back in her mouth. She reached in her apron pocket and got a match. She struck it on the jamm-rock above the fireplace and lit her pipe.

"Don't sweep around me, Ma," I says. "Leave the dirt on the floor around my chear."

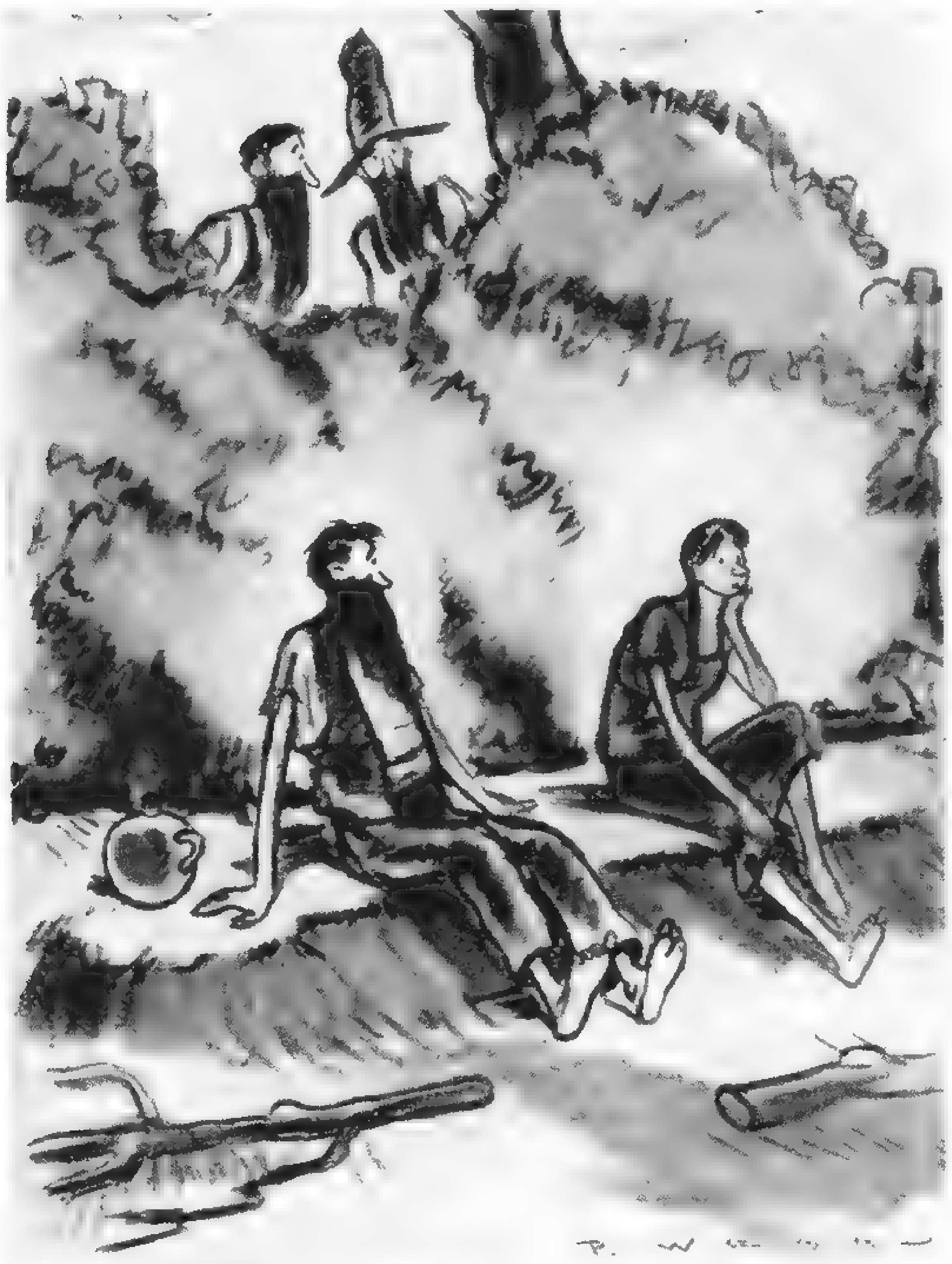
"You talk crazy, Adger," says Ma.

"That ain't crazy," I says. "If you don't sweep around me it is a sign I'll get married."

Ma laughed and laughed. She thought I was crazy. I was glad to see Ma laugh. She laughed more than she had laughed the past nine years. I'll tell you since we've been at war over the line fence there ain't been much laughin' at our house.

"You air old enough to get married," says Ma. "If you live until next August you'll be twenty-two."

Ma swept around me. She left a circle of dirt around my chear. I sat before the fire and baked my scarred leg. Heat felt so good to it. Seemed like it lost a lot of feelin in it since Doc Holbrooks spent two days pickin the buckshot out. Some are left in my leg. I can feel them under the skin. They feel like hard dry grapes. I put my overall leg down atter my leg was baked until it was red by the wood fire.



"I reckon Willy's aimin' fer t'kiss 'er—I seen him chuck away his quid"

"Listen to the guns this mornin," says Ma.

"I've been settin here listenin," I says. "That ain't nothin. We hear 'em all the time. Pears like the fightin is the hardest in February and March when the ground is froze and we can't plow. I'd better get my gun and get out there."

"Be careful, Adger," says Ma. "Your body is a wreck now. You'll not be able to stand many more bullets in your body."

"My body's good fer a lot of bullets yet," I says. I picked up hulda.

Hulda is my long range single barrel. She's thirty-six inches in the barrel, a ten-gage, and full choked. Use super shells loaded with two extra grams of powder and chilled buckshots. Sometimes I ring the shell so it'll shoot like a rifle when I'm shootin at a Sturgin at long range. I put hulda across my shoulder, I sorty dragged my stiff leg and walked out'n the house. Ma came to the door with her broom in hand to watch me go.

"Do be careful, son," says Ma.

"I've been there too many times," I says. "I'll watch what I'm doin."

I walked out past the barn. Then I went around the path through the woods pasture to the fur field. The wind blowed lonesomelike in the bare oak tops above my head. The winds made a lonesomer sound in the pine tops. The closter I got to the fur field the louder the guns got. I clim to the top of the yaller clay bank. I looked over at the cedar tree. That was where Pa give his men orders. I whistled our signal—two longs and a short whistle. Pa answered me with two short whistles. That was the signal that all was well. I crawled on my belly over the frozen ground down to the hole where Pa was under the cedar tree.

"They air takin pot shots at us from that beech grove down yander," Pa whispered. "The damn dirty cowards air in the timber on us. We're jest shootin enough this mornin to keep 'em back. We can't hit 'em in all that timber. We've skint a lot of trees around 'em though."

Pa was layin down in the hole chewin his home-twisted burley terbaker. He had two big sand rocks above him and his musket was pinted between the two sand rocks. Pa had a pot of coffee on a little fire down in the hole. Smoke went out'n the hole and up among the limbs on the cedar tree.

"The Sturgins can see your smoke here," I says. "They'll get you Pa."

"They know who's in this hole," says Pa. "This is the place they can't get. I'm upon this little rise here. I can look every way and give my men orders. I think I put another bullet in old Kam Sturgin this mornin. If I did, this makes eight times I've shot 'im. He's a hard booger to kill."

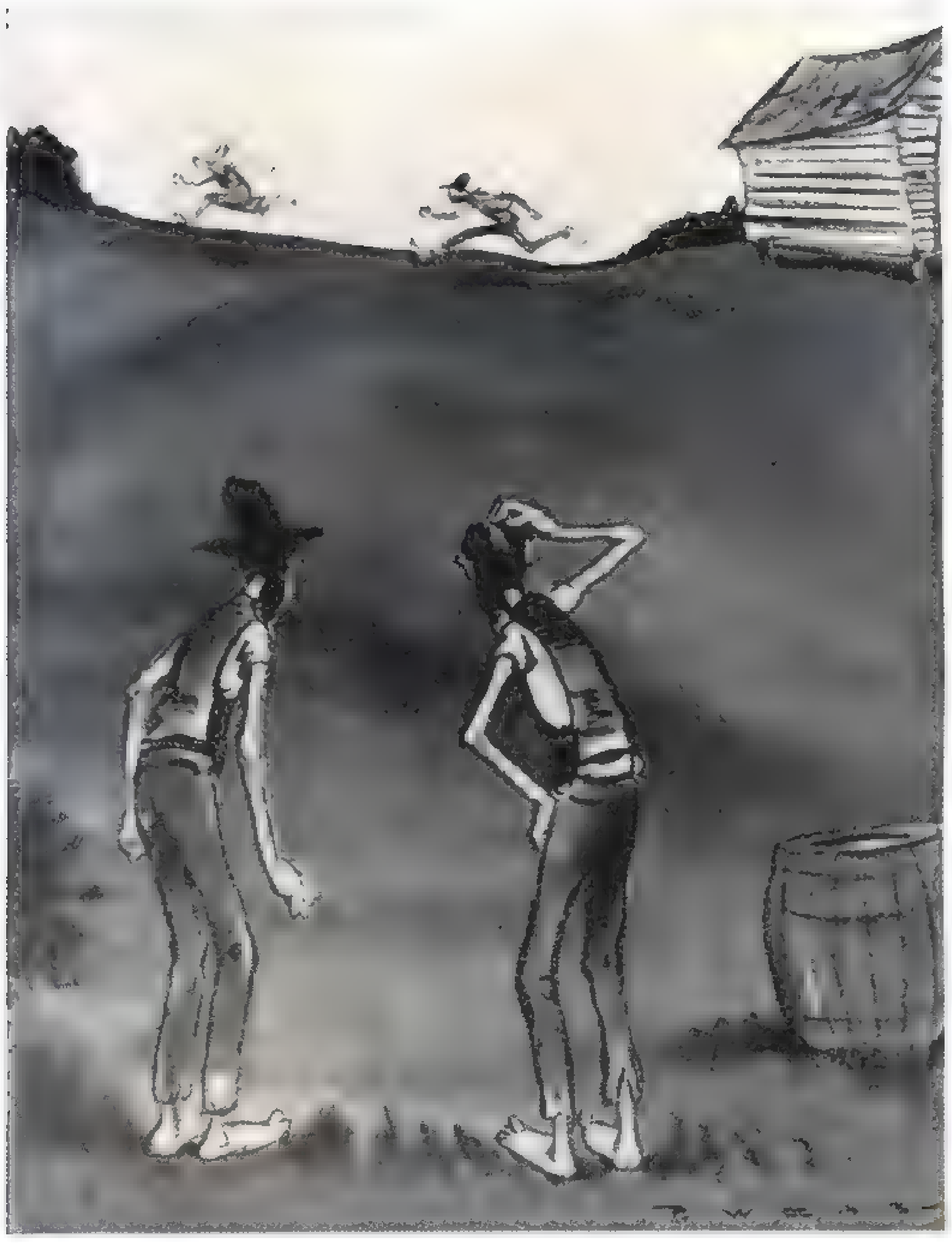
"Spat—"

The cedar bark flew over us. Pa opened fire with his musket toward the beech timber. Pa shot until his musket was hot. Our men opened fire plum across the end of our pasture field. They knowed the Sturgins were tryin to get Pa.

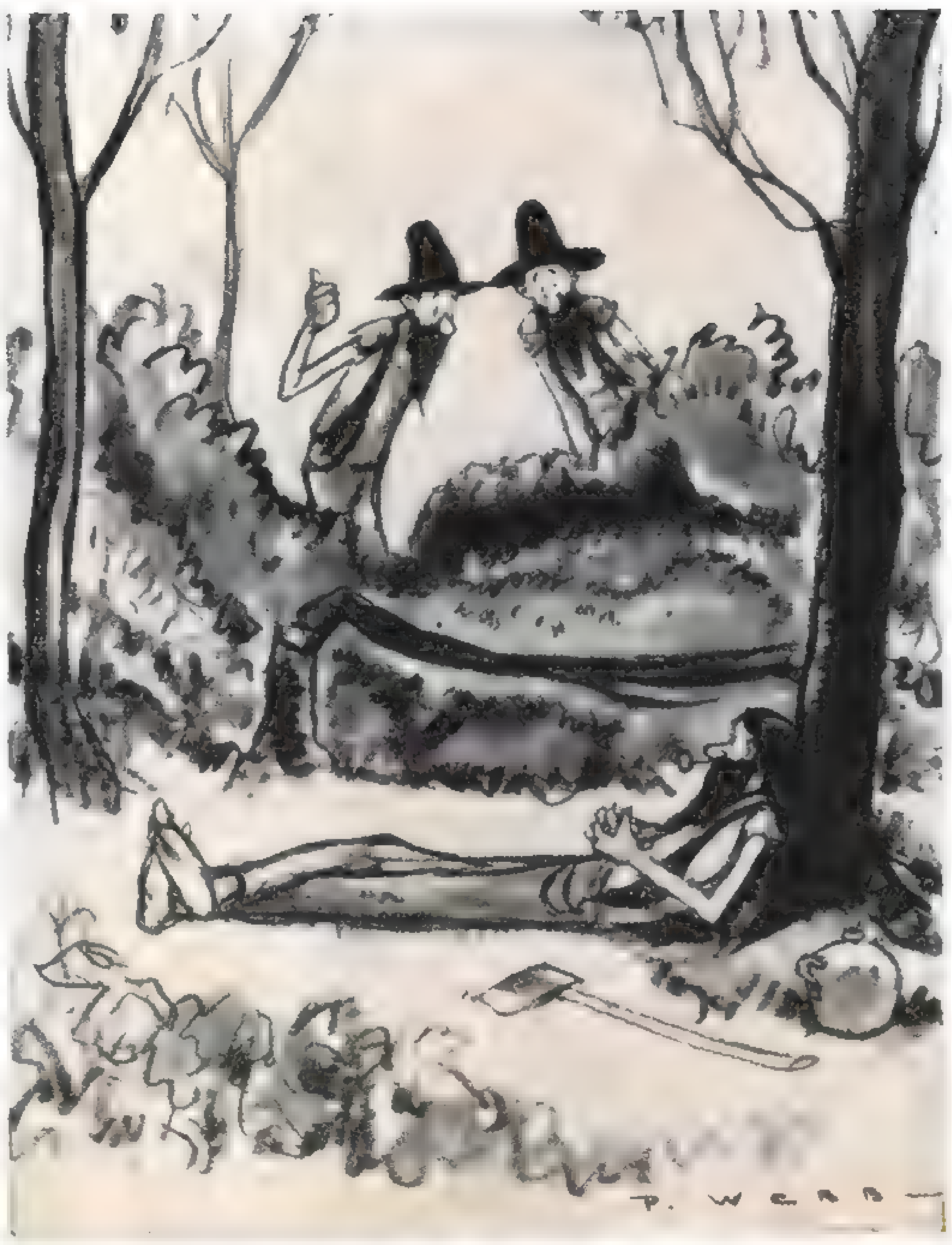
"The Sturgins can't take my land," says Pa. "Our war started in 1918. We fit 'em with the courts until 1928. I've sunk fifteen hundred dollars with lawyers' fees and court costs. Then the Supreme Court give the Sturgins that acre of ground. They've lost nearly all their land payin lawyers' fees to get it and they ain't got it yet. I jest decided powder and lead was cheaper than lawyers' fees and court costs. That's the reason we've been fightin another ten years fer that acre of land."

Pa put hulda between the sand rocks. Pa started feedin 'em the ringed shells from hulda's muzzle, and we heard 'em screamin and hollerin. They thought we'd turned a

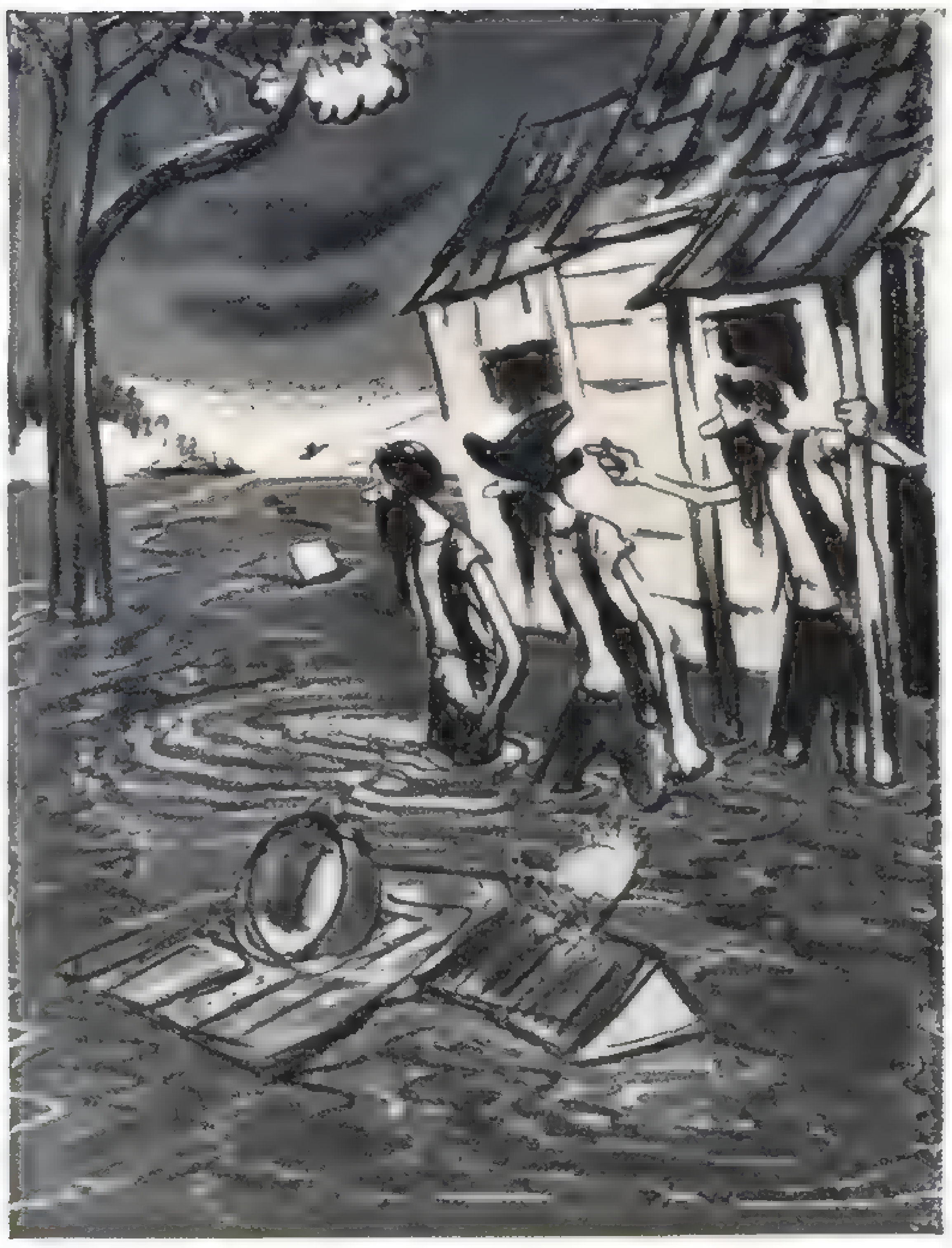
Continued in center of page 137



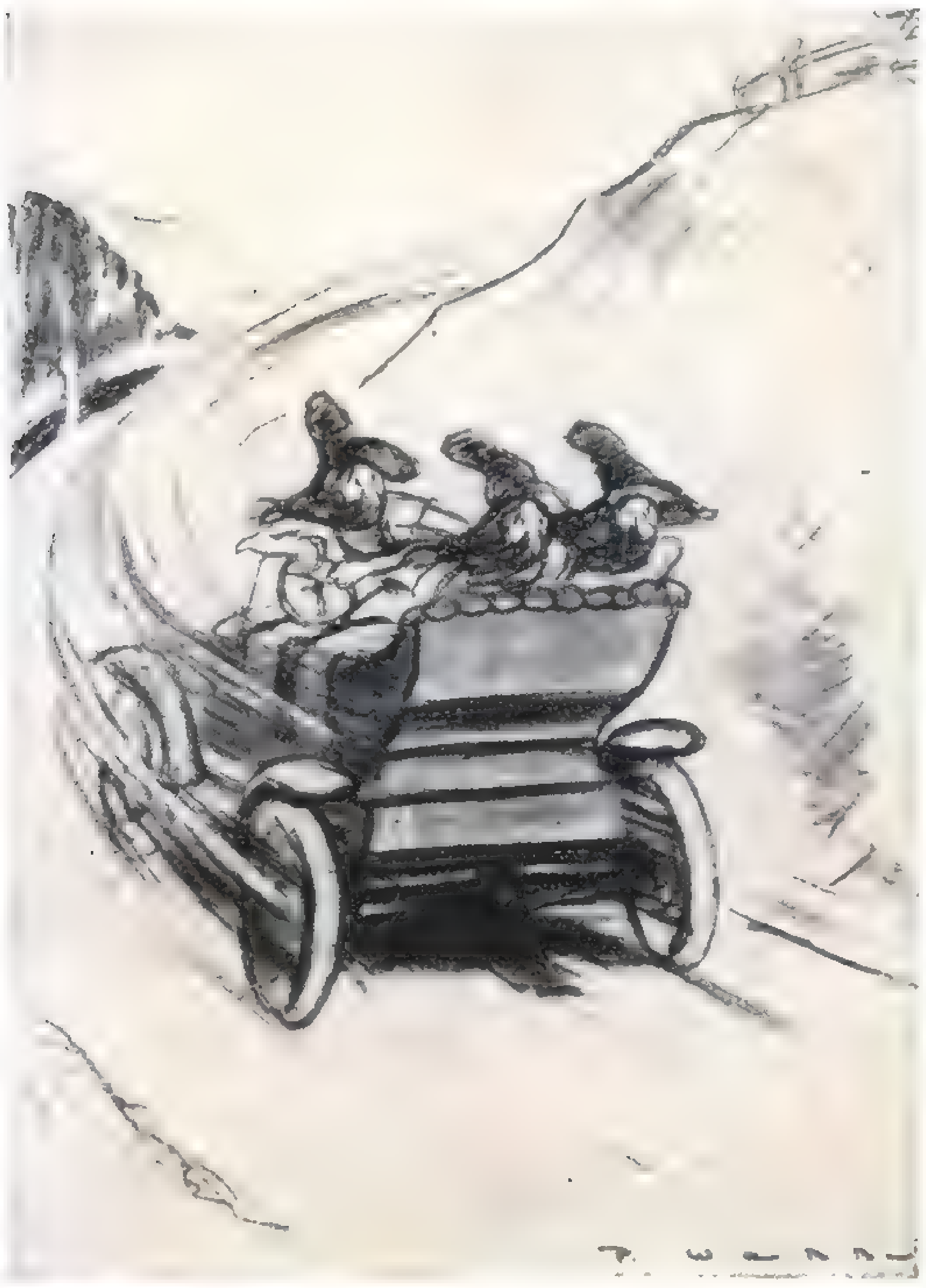
"Gawdamighty! Willy musta been lookin' at them corset pages in the mail order catalog ag'in"



"Hey Willy! Gran'pappy's over here ketched in a b'ar trap . . . go ask gran'maw ef she wants to git that winter underwear off'n him now afore he gits loose"



"Ah reckon we'd better wake Paw up afore it starts rainin' ag'in—he's over thar onder that tree"



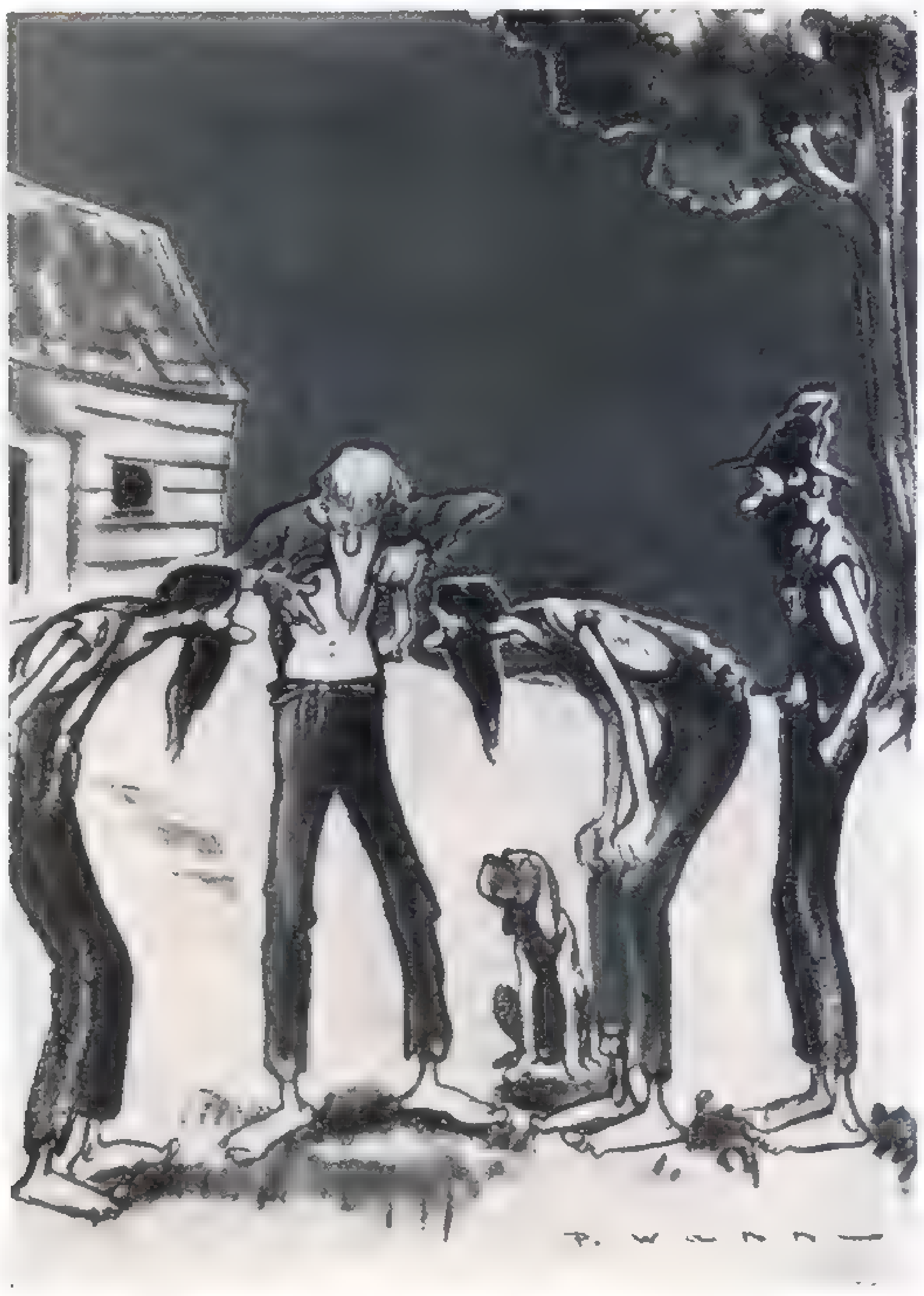
"Pa musta got the damn gears in backwards—she goes mighty good though, don't she?"

Through Hell and High Water with the Mountain Boys

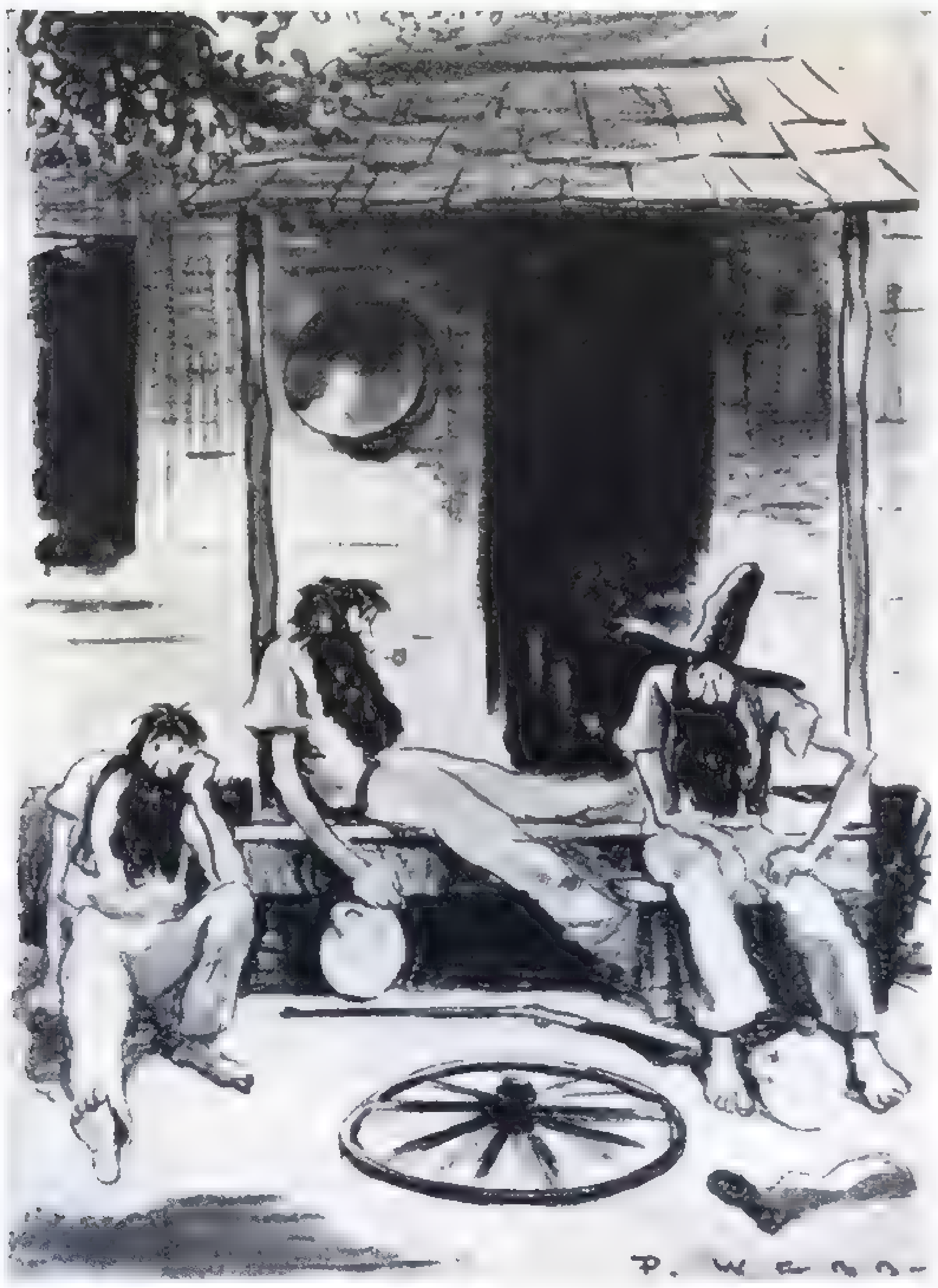
A Portfolio of Memorable Cartoons

by

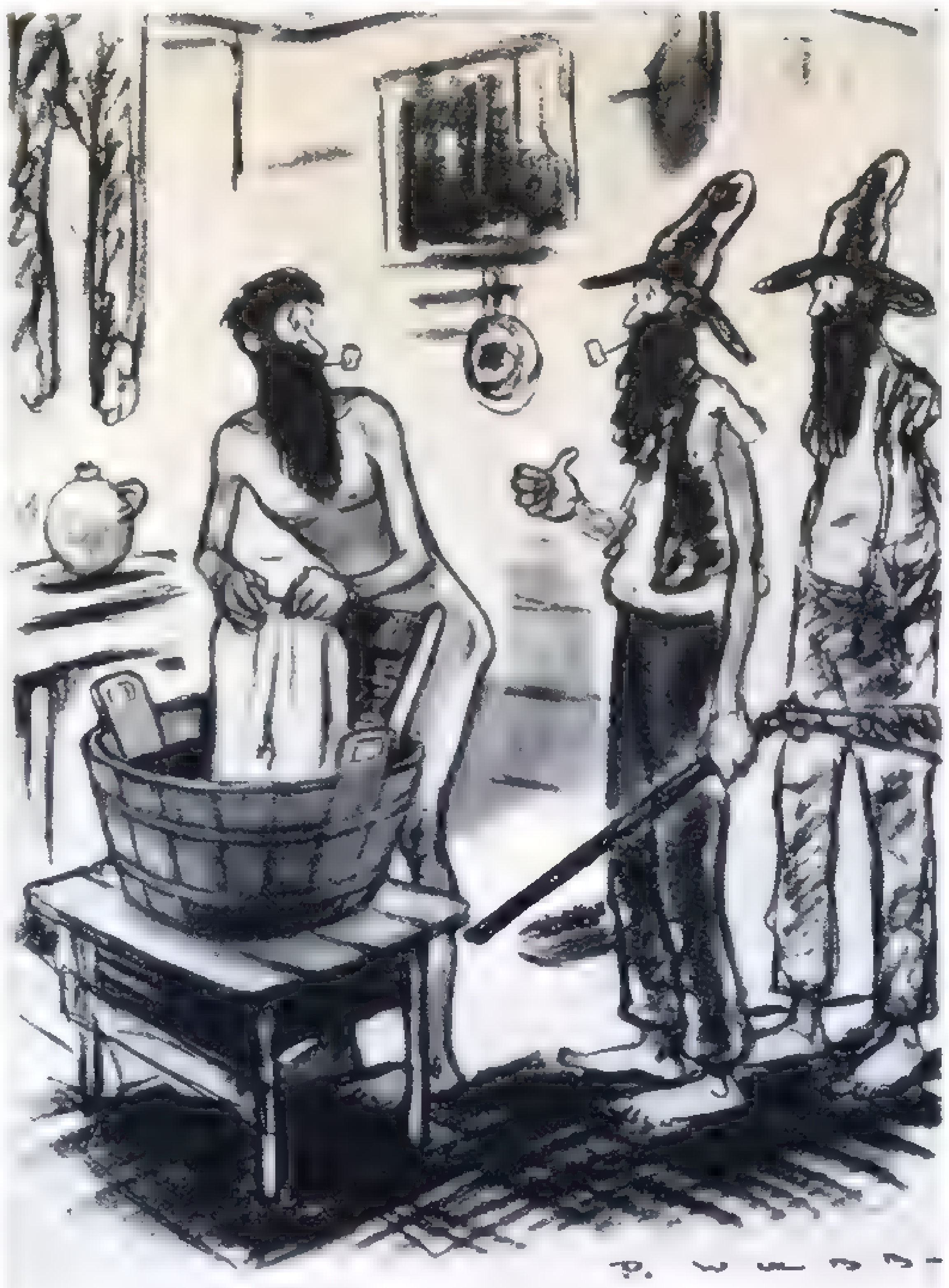
PAUL WEBB



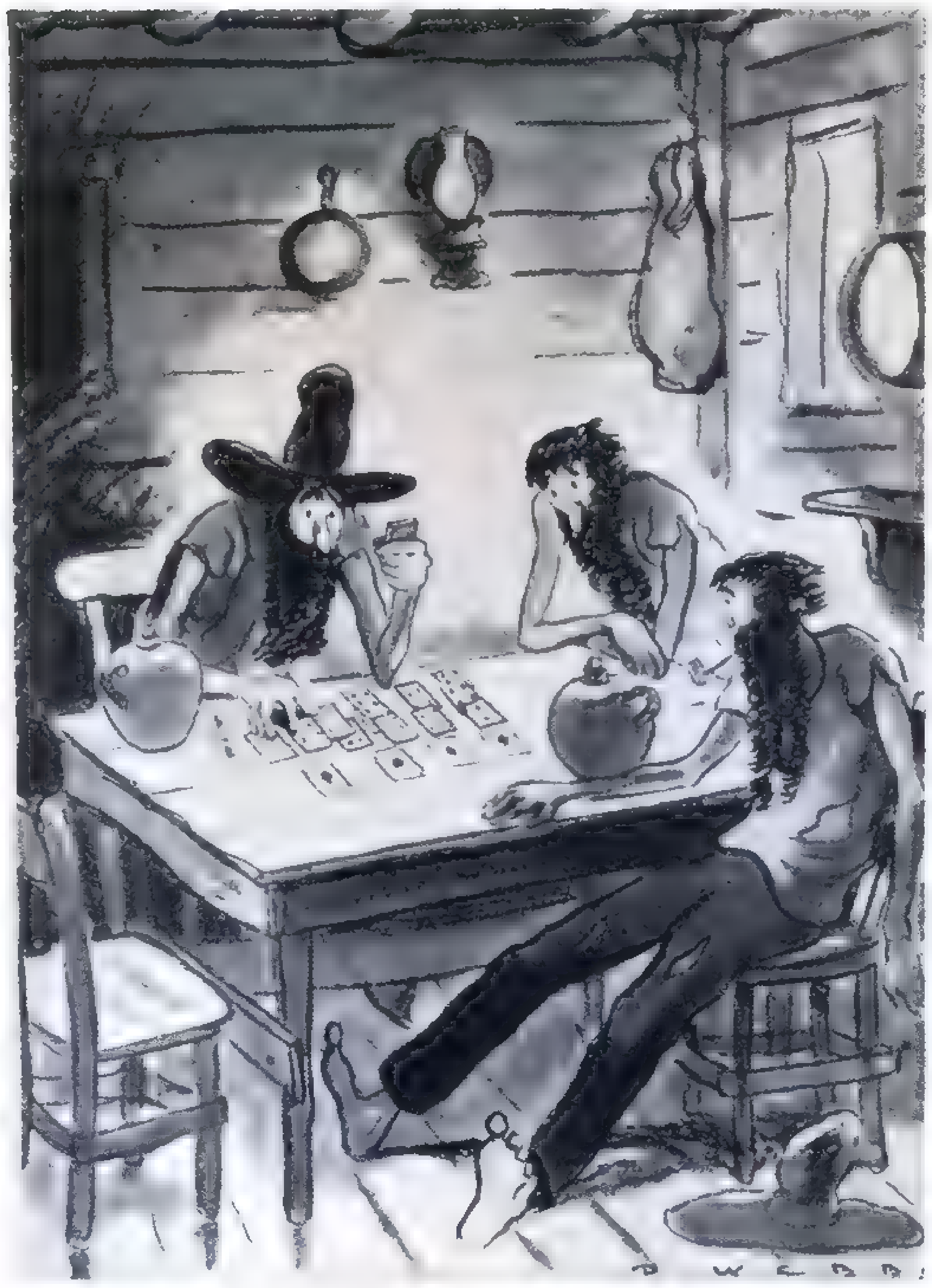
"Dang it—Ah can't remember—Ah think the little one is my ole bullet wound"



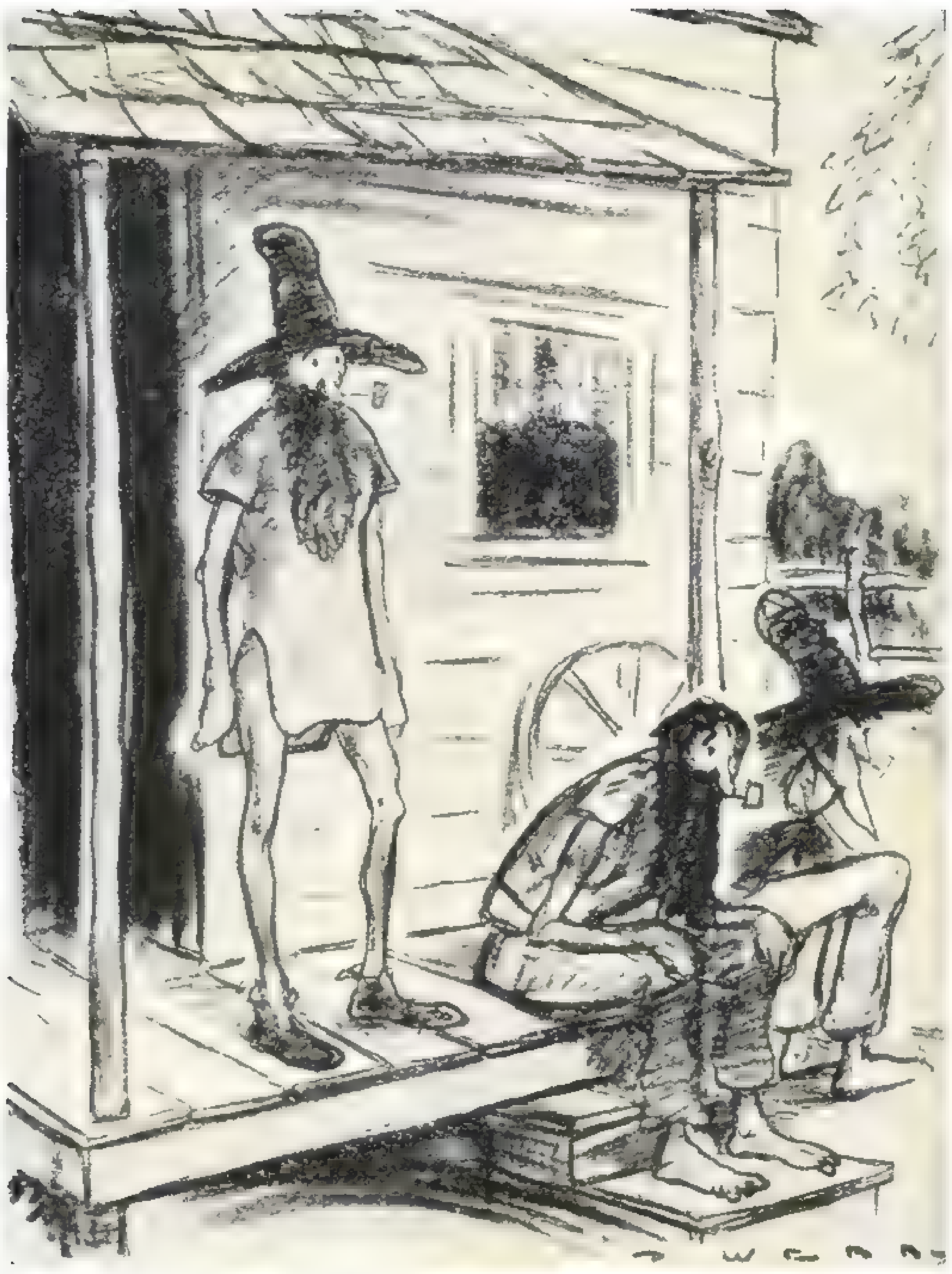
"Wonder if Maw's had her baby yet—I'm gettin' mighty hongry"



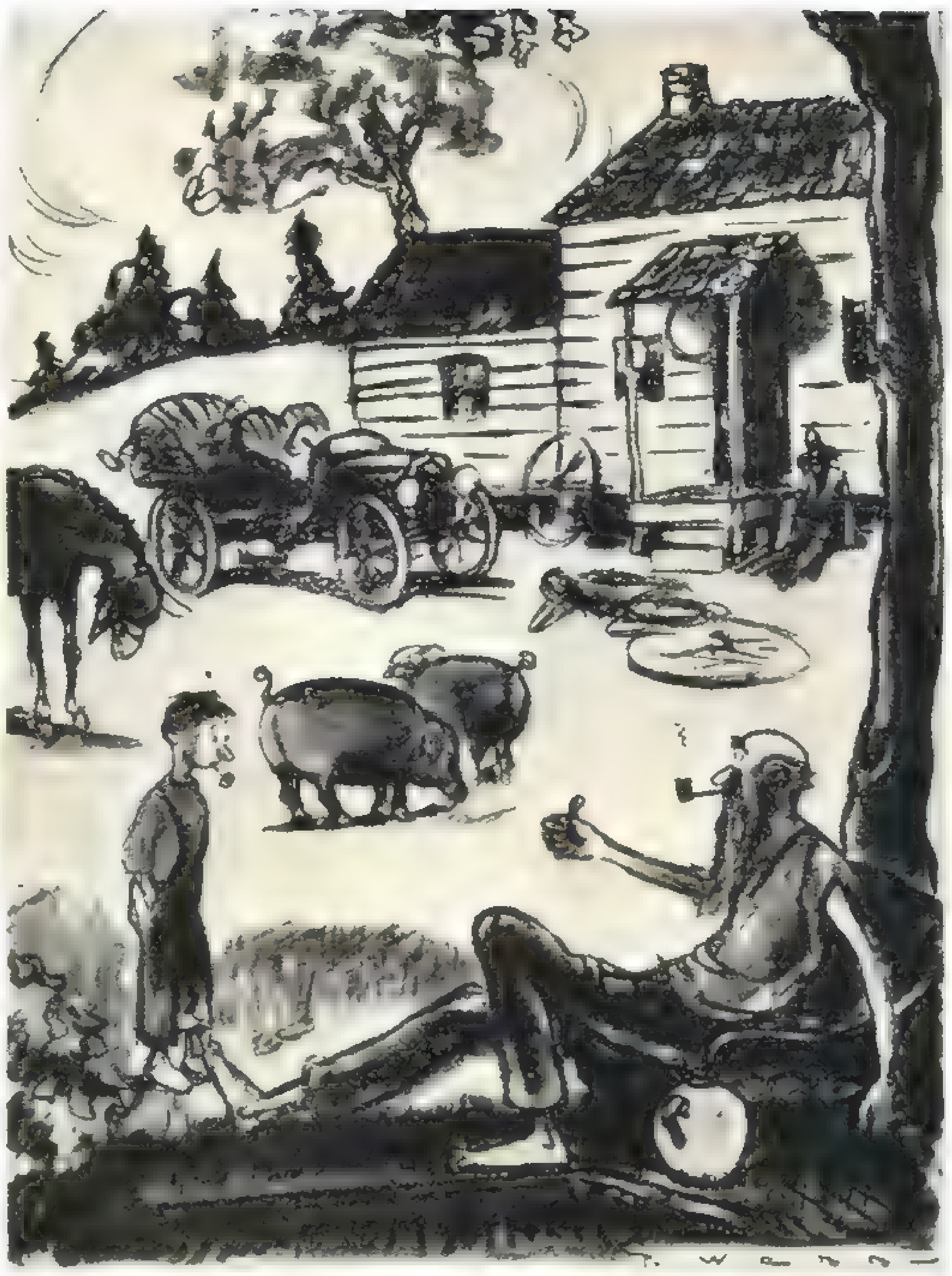
"We revenged ya, Willy—I just shot the skunk"



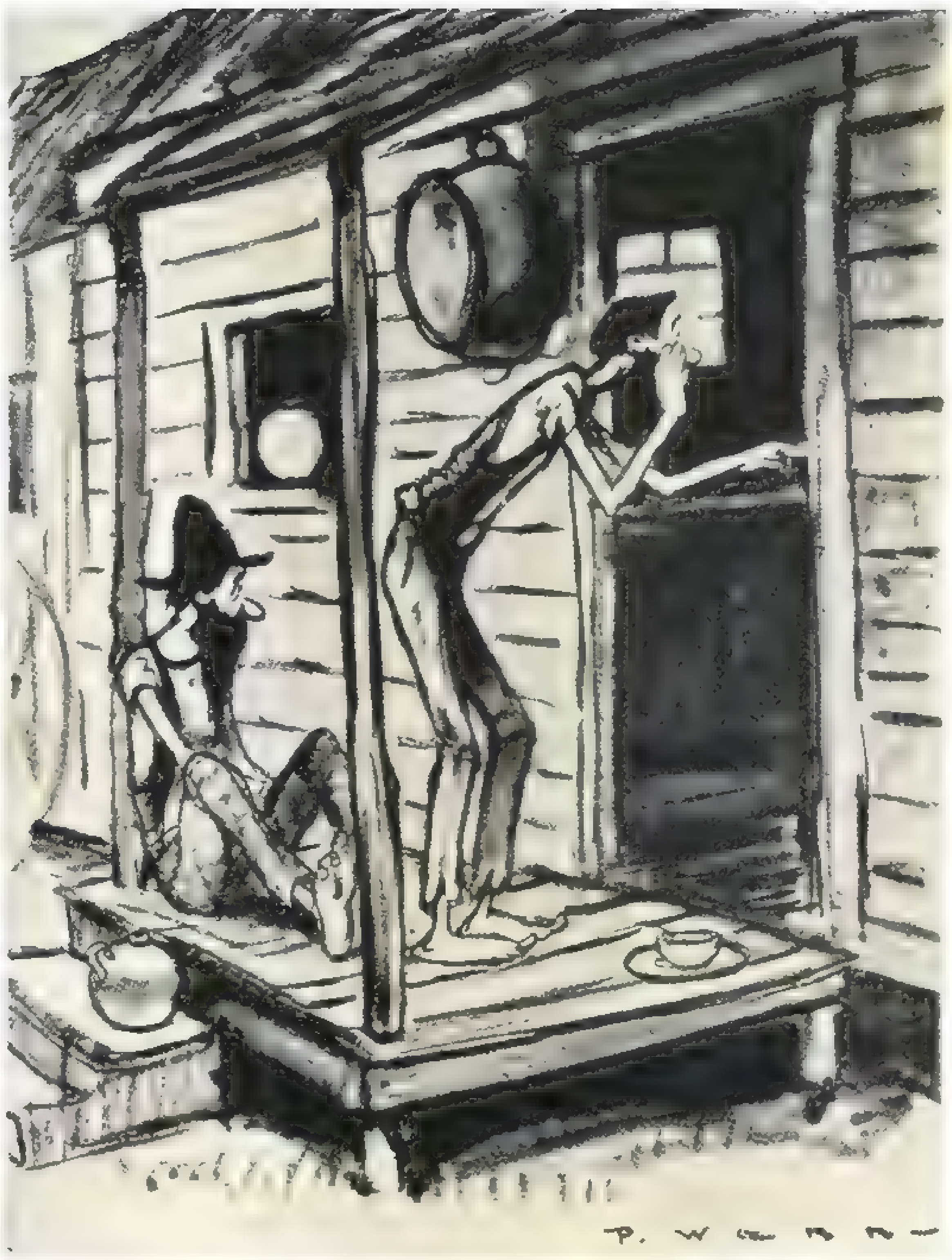
"Shucks! Let's all git some sleep an' tackle it ag'in when we're fresh"



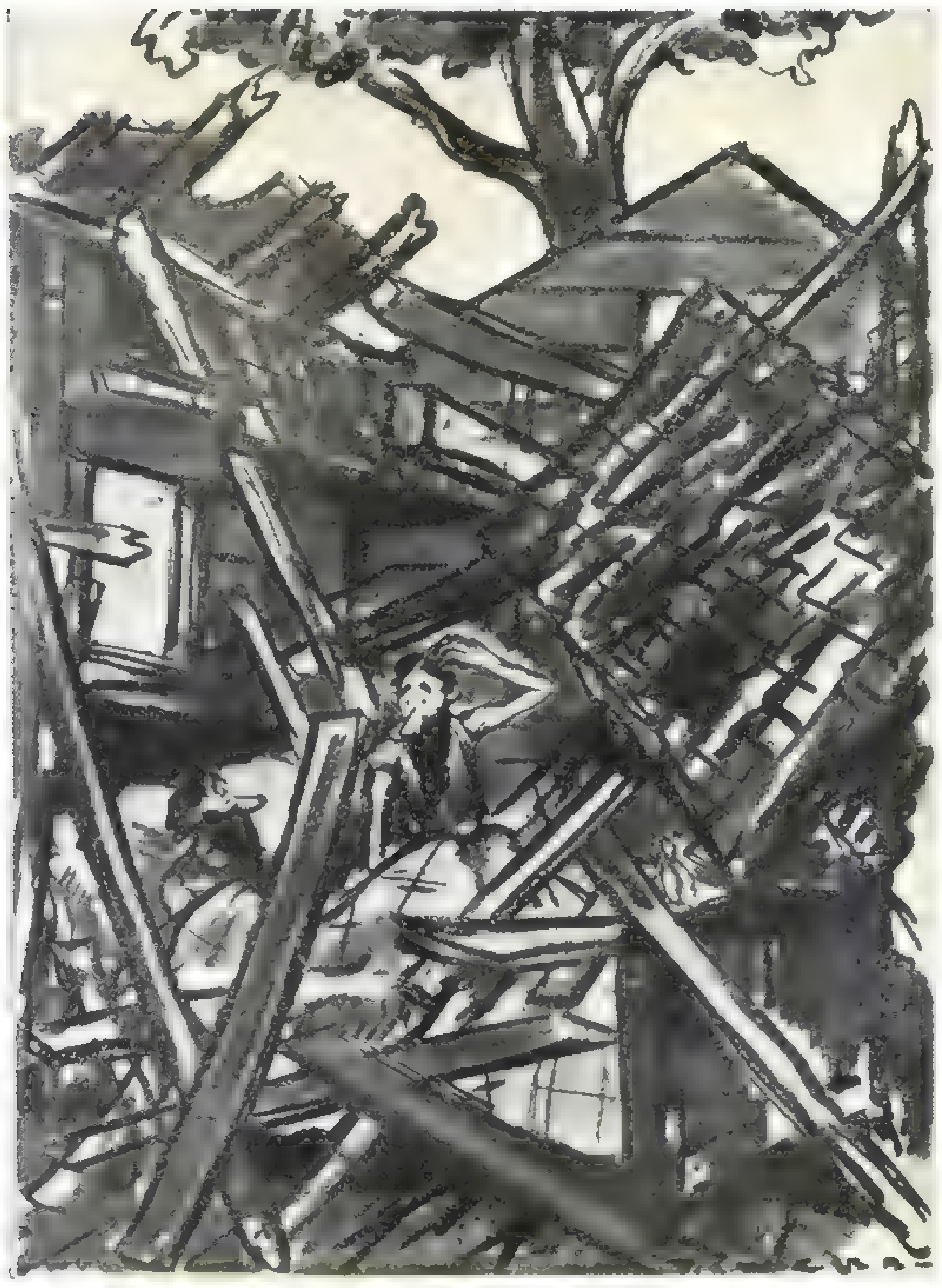
"Damn Paw—stealin' my pants—I was figurin' on goin' to school today, too"



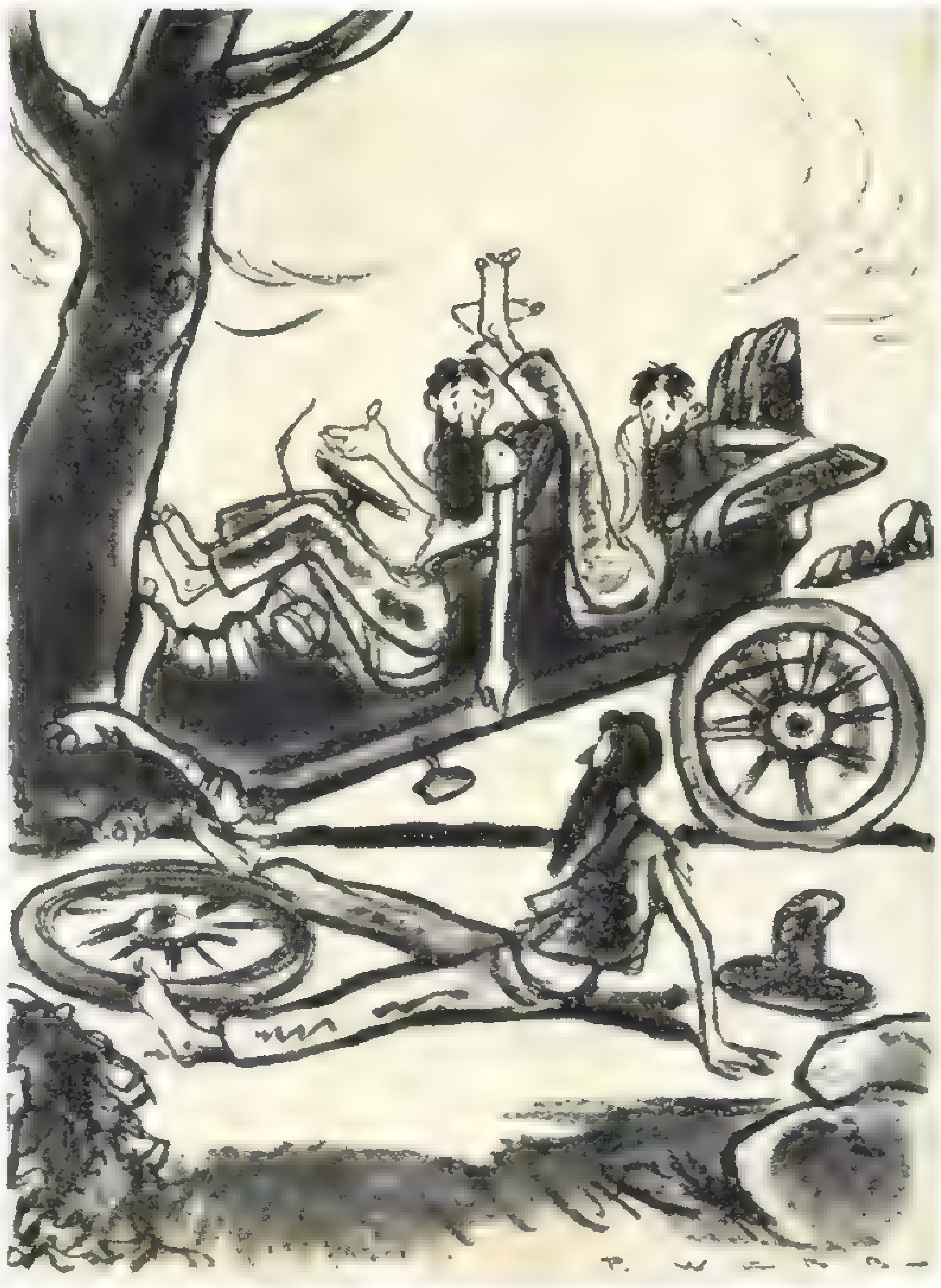
'Ef yew be one o' Lem Hopkins' kids, git on home—ef yor one o' mine git on into th' house"



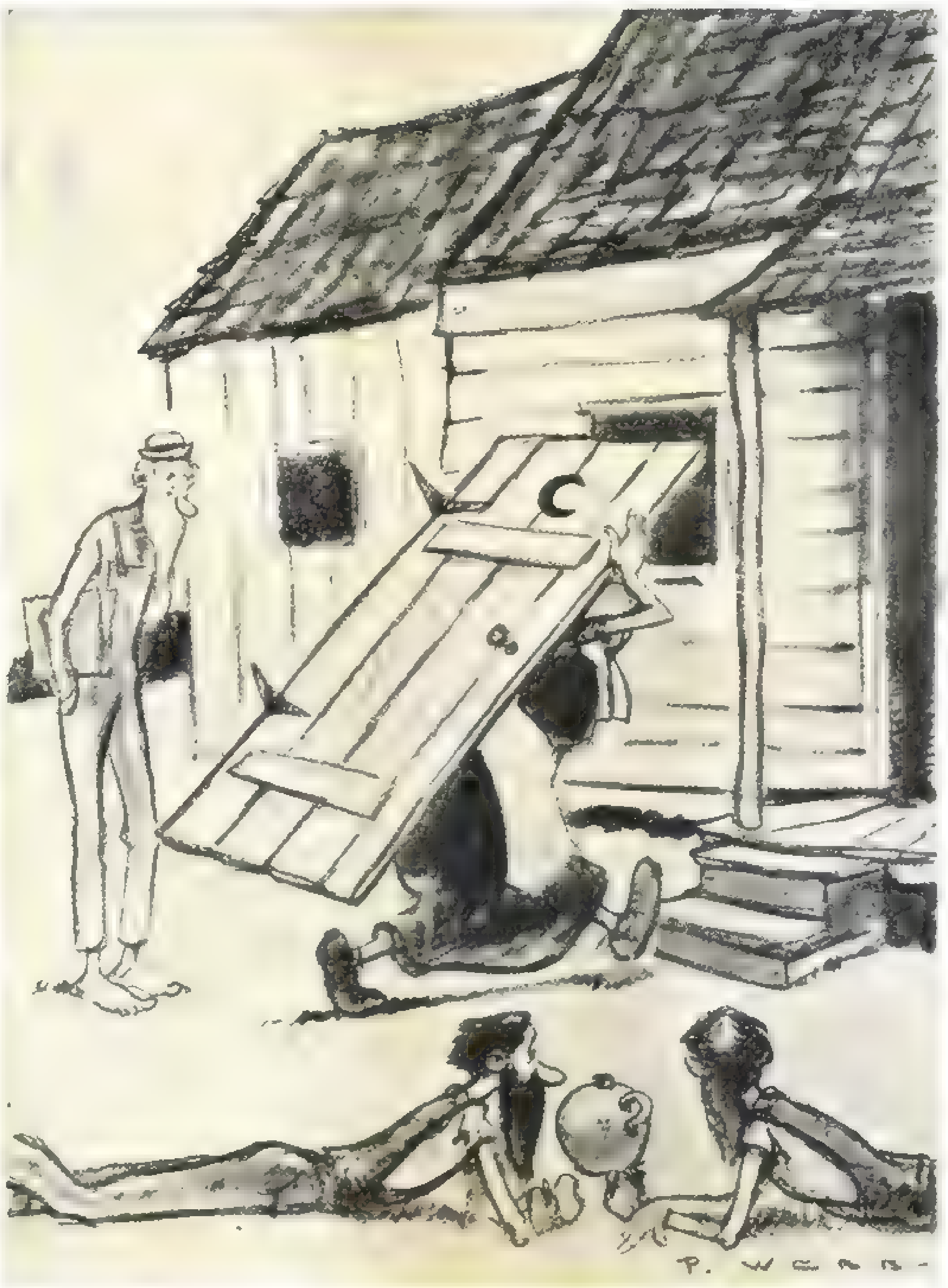
"Hey, Willy—take your feet down off'n the table—Paw's pourin' ketchup on 'em"



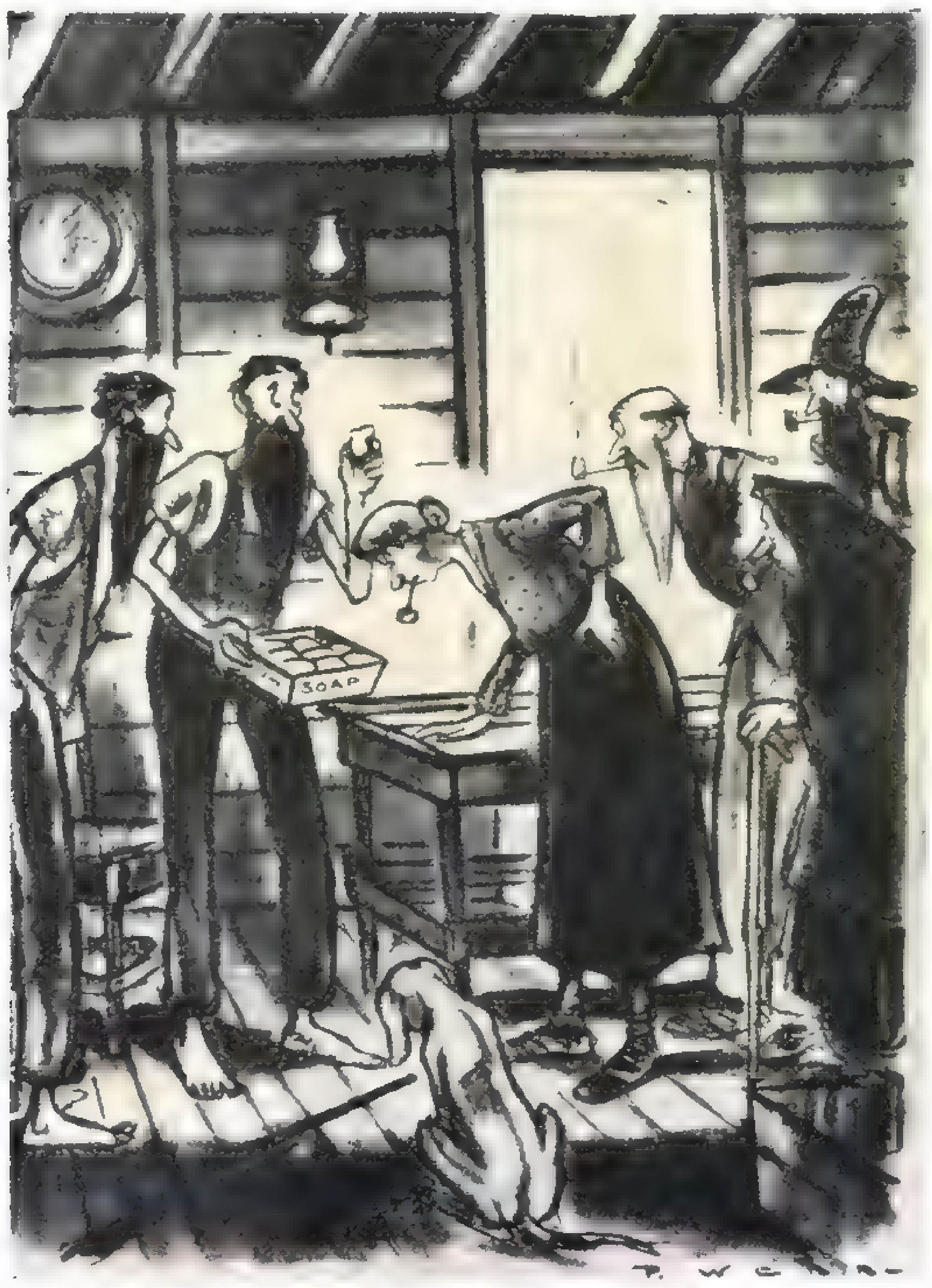
"Shucks—Ah slept fine up 'til the time the damn roof fell in—After that ah jest kinda dozed—D'ya 'spose it's time to git up?"



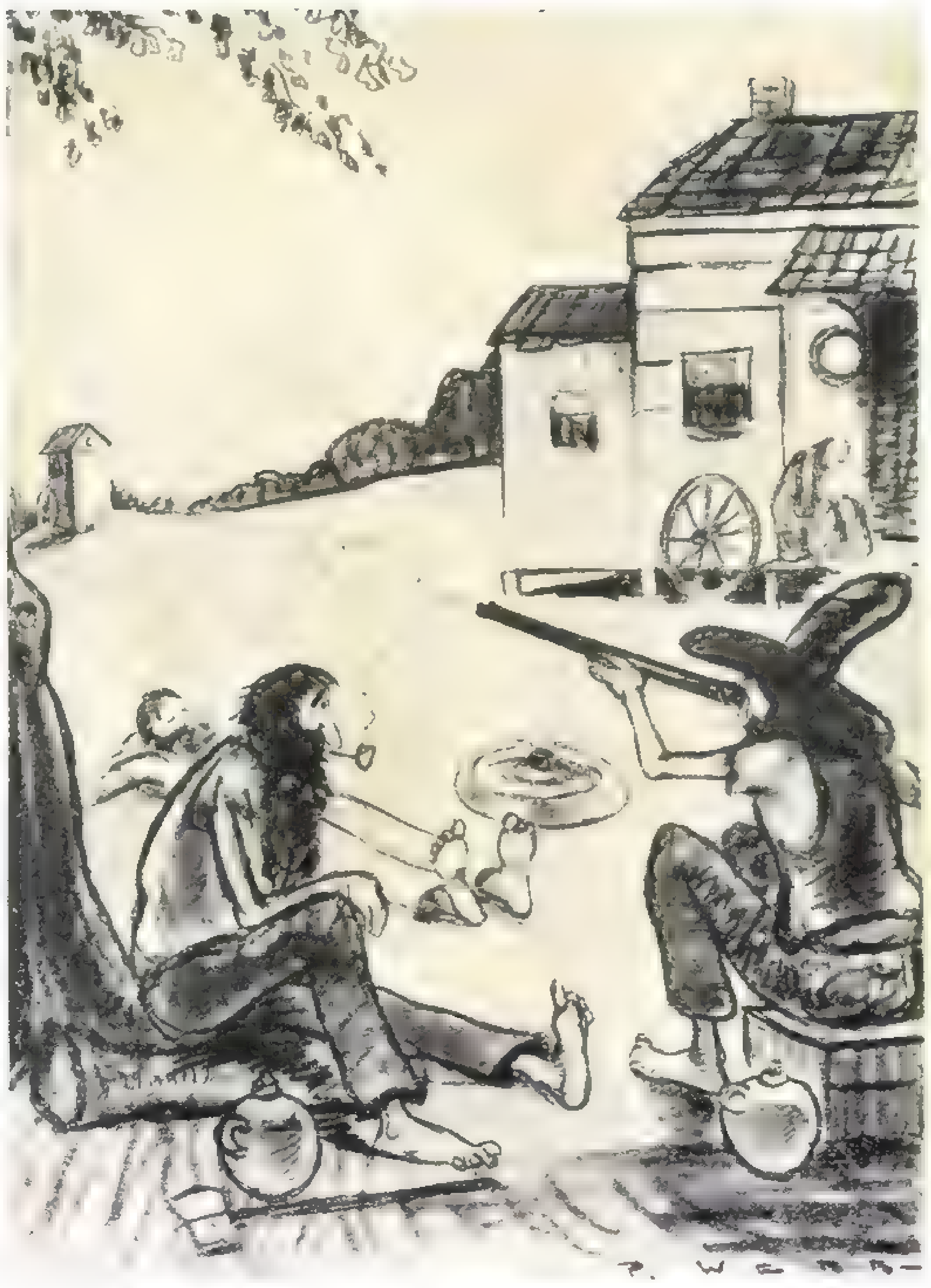
"I didn't know Paw fixed the brakes, Willy—shucks—I could stopped 'er hed I known thet"



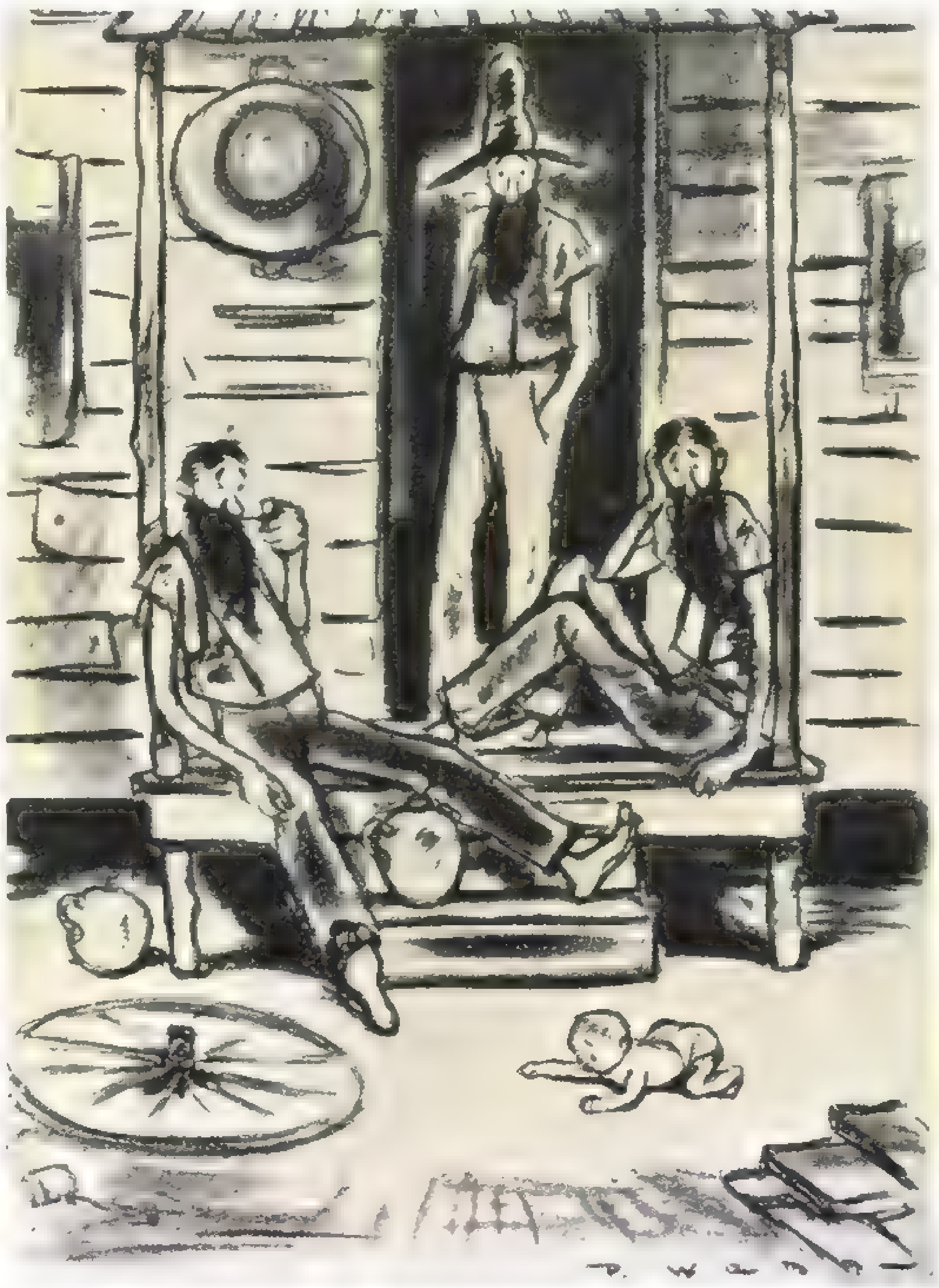
"Gran'maw's switchin' doors—she wants Gran'pappy to spend more time in the cabin but she wants him to feel at home"



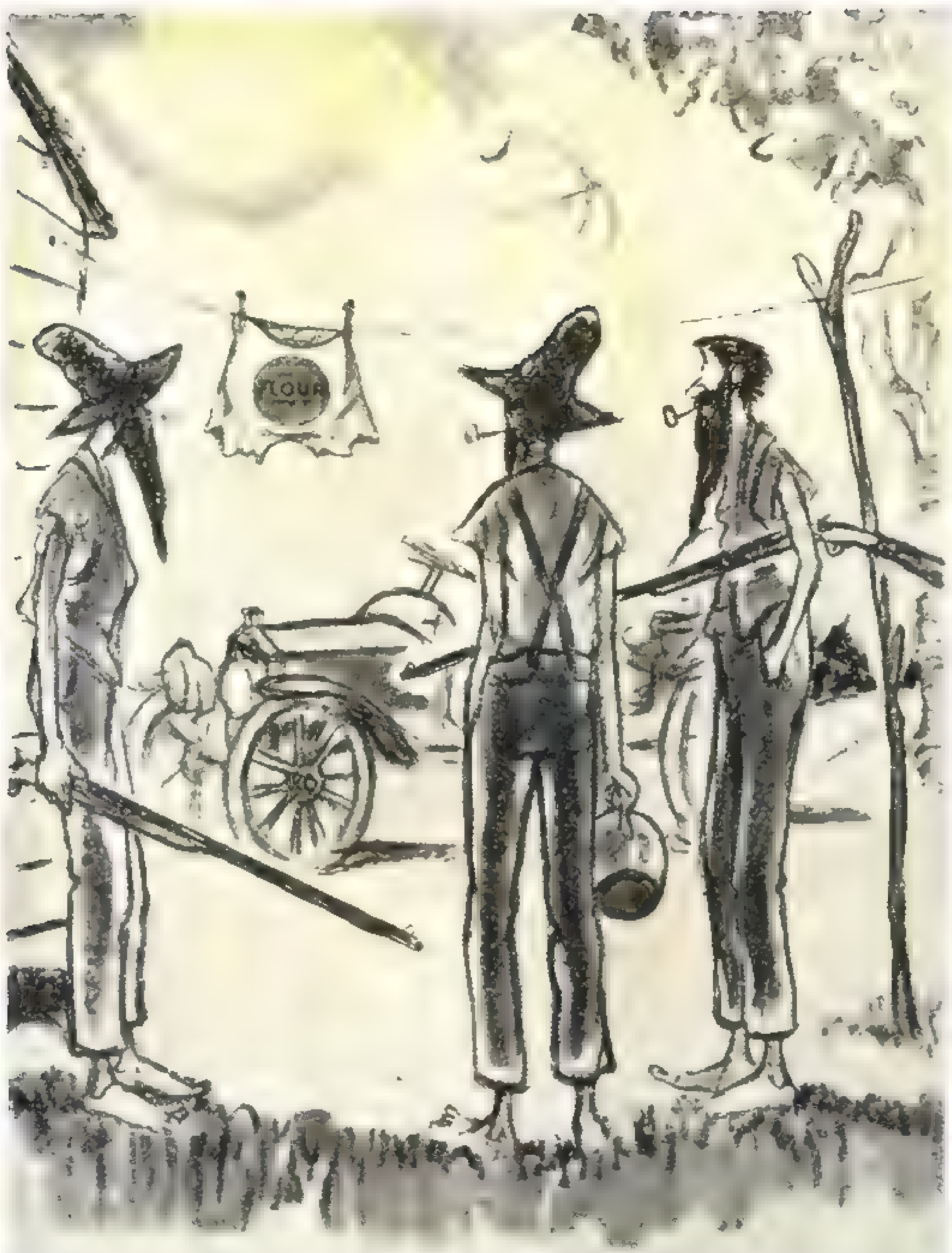
"What d'ya reckon it is, Maw—Shucks—it tastes turrible"



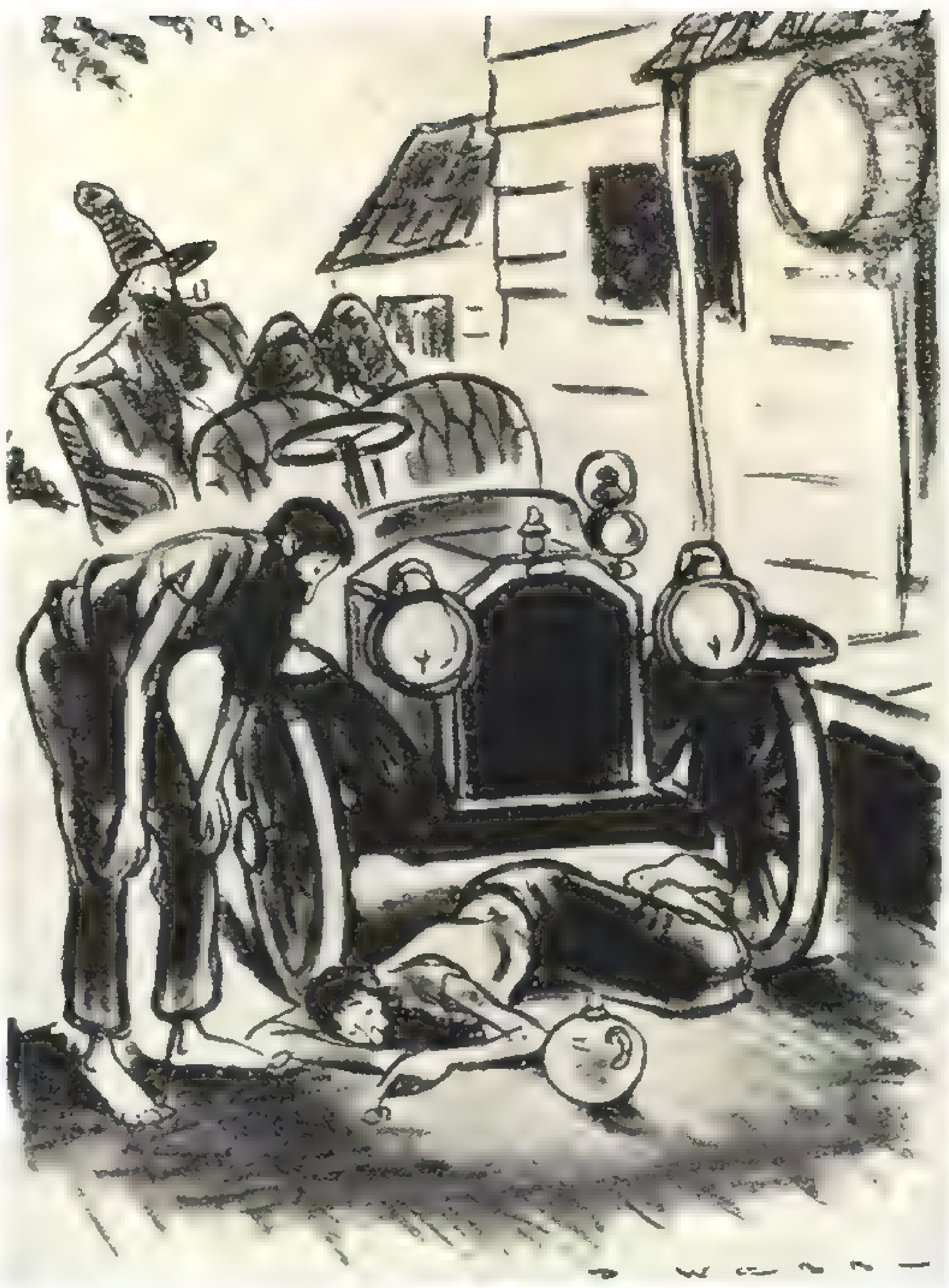
"I wouldn't do that, Willie—grandpap gits mad mighty easy"



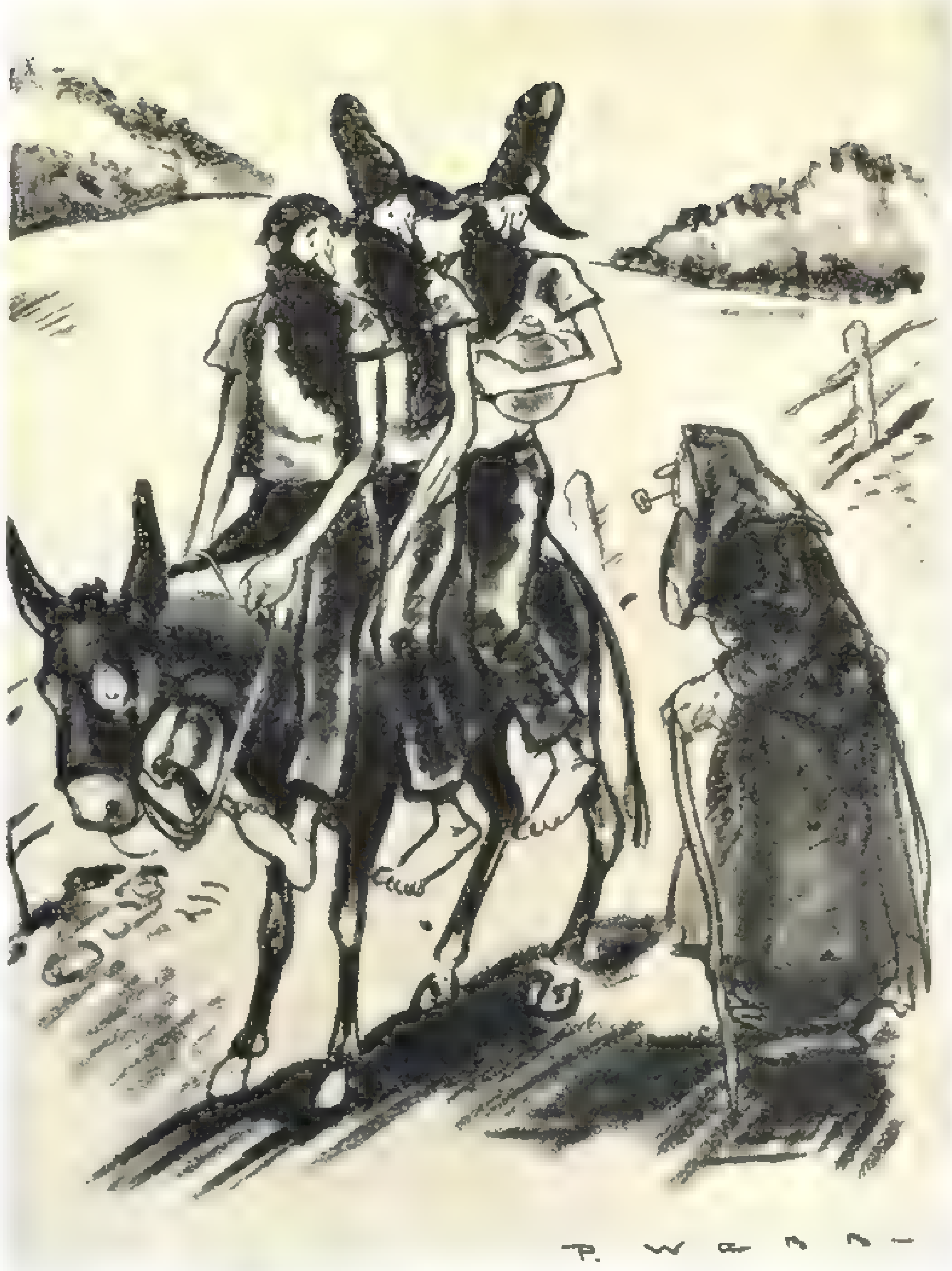
"That's yer Oncle Rafe—Gran'maw jest had 'im the other day"



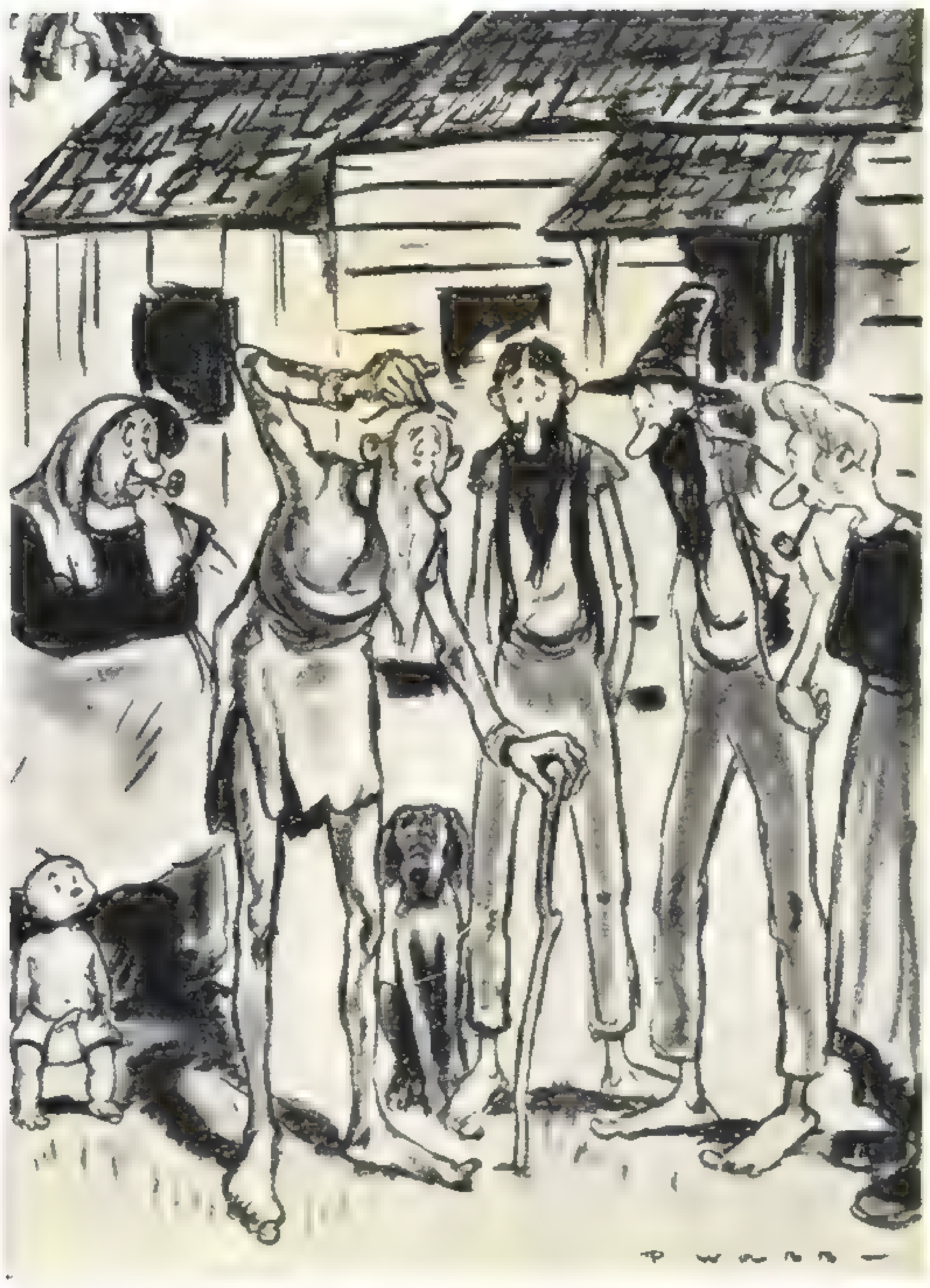
"Cousin Emmy Lou mus' be visitin' us ag'in—nobody else would be so damn fussy"



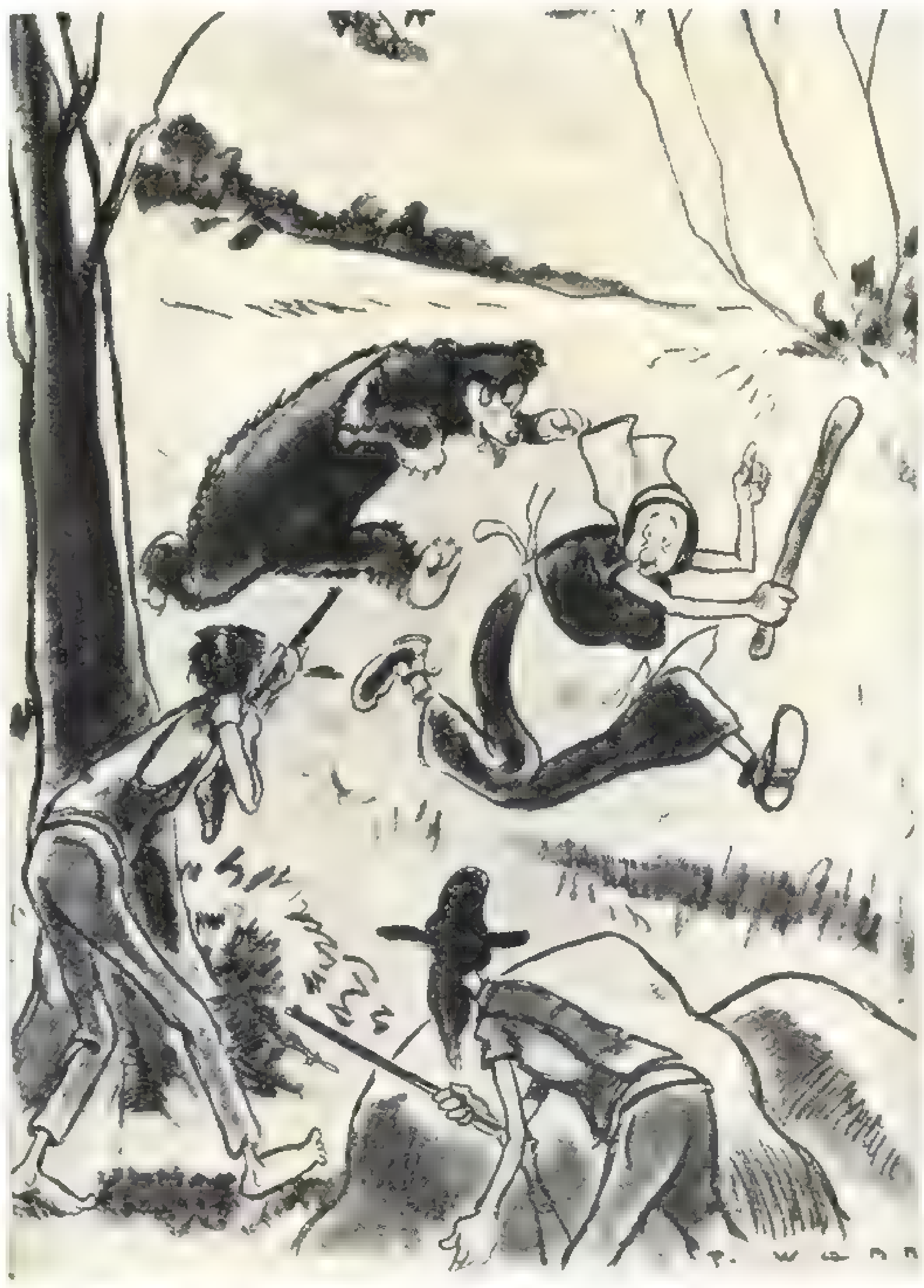
"Move yer head over a little, Willy—me'n Jake's goin' fer a spin"



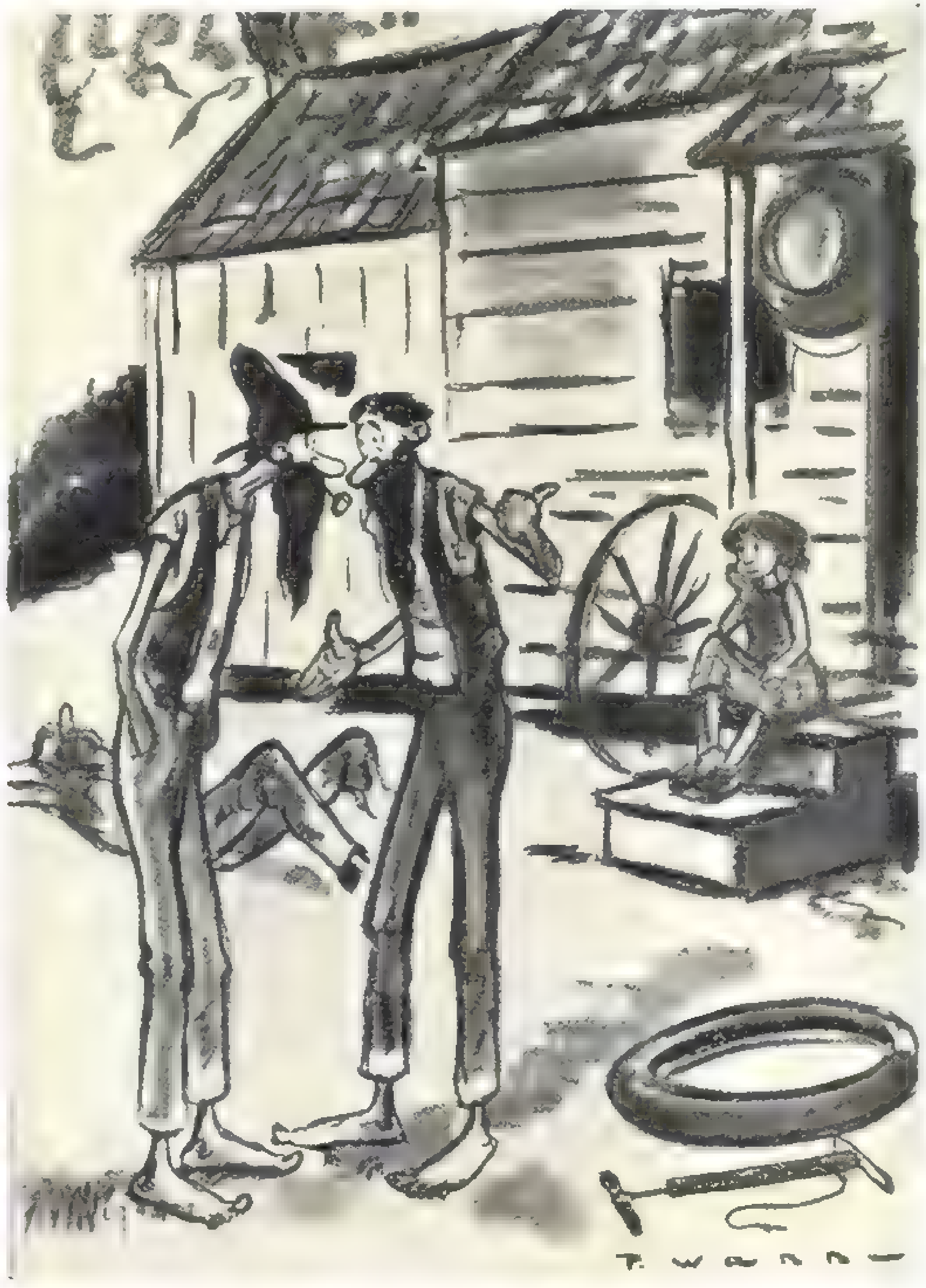
"Gawdamighty, Gran'ma—we kaint take yew along—we're afetchin' a stove back fer Maw"



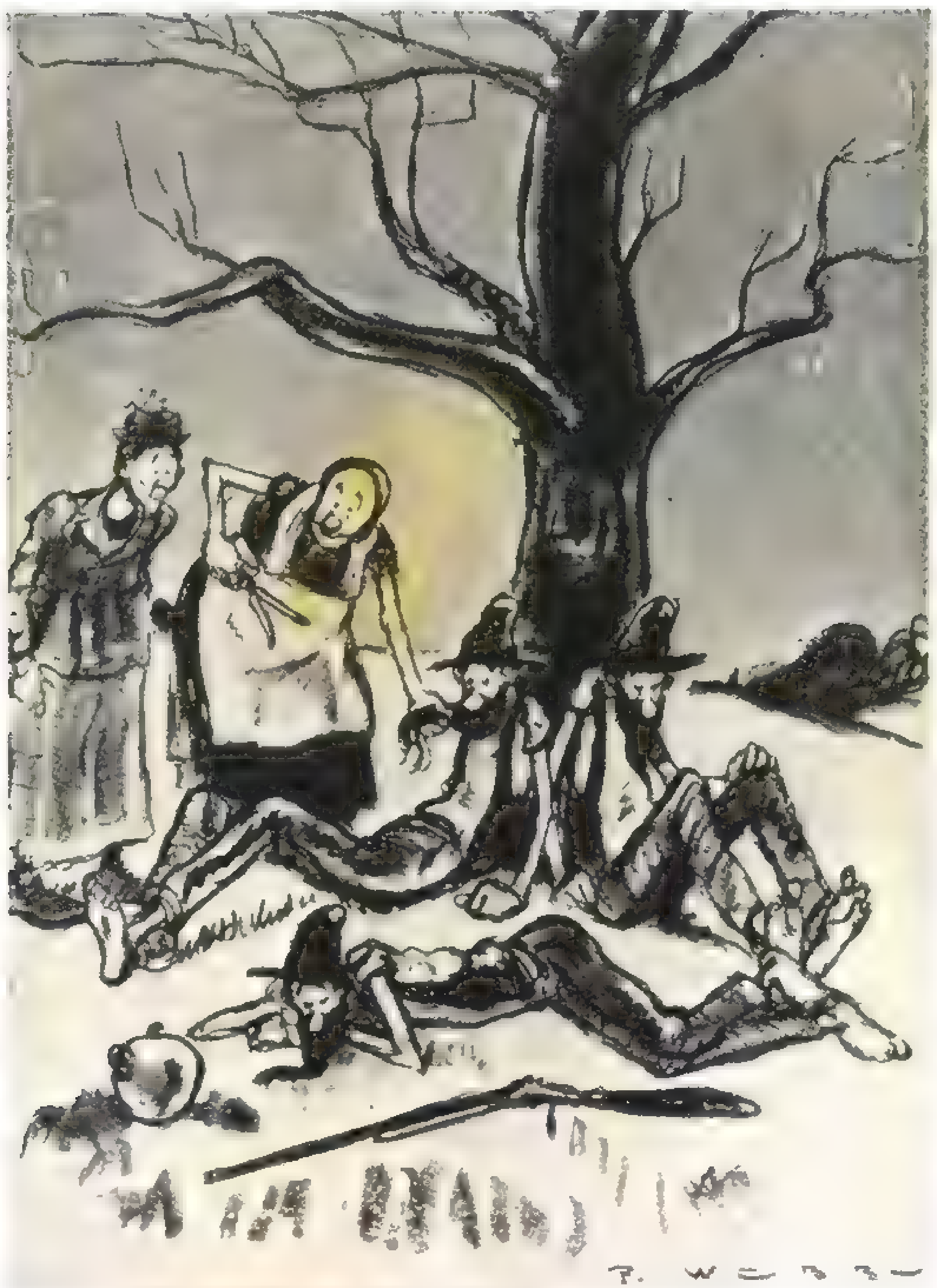
"Dang hit—ah took 'em off t' other day fer sumpthin' er other but ah caint remember what fer or where"



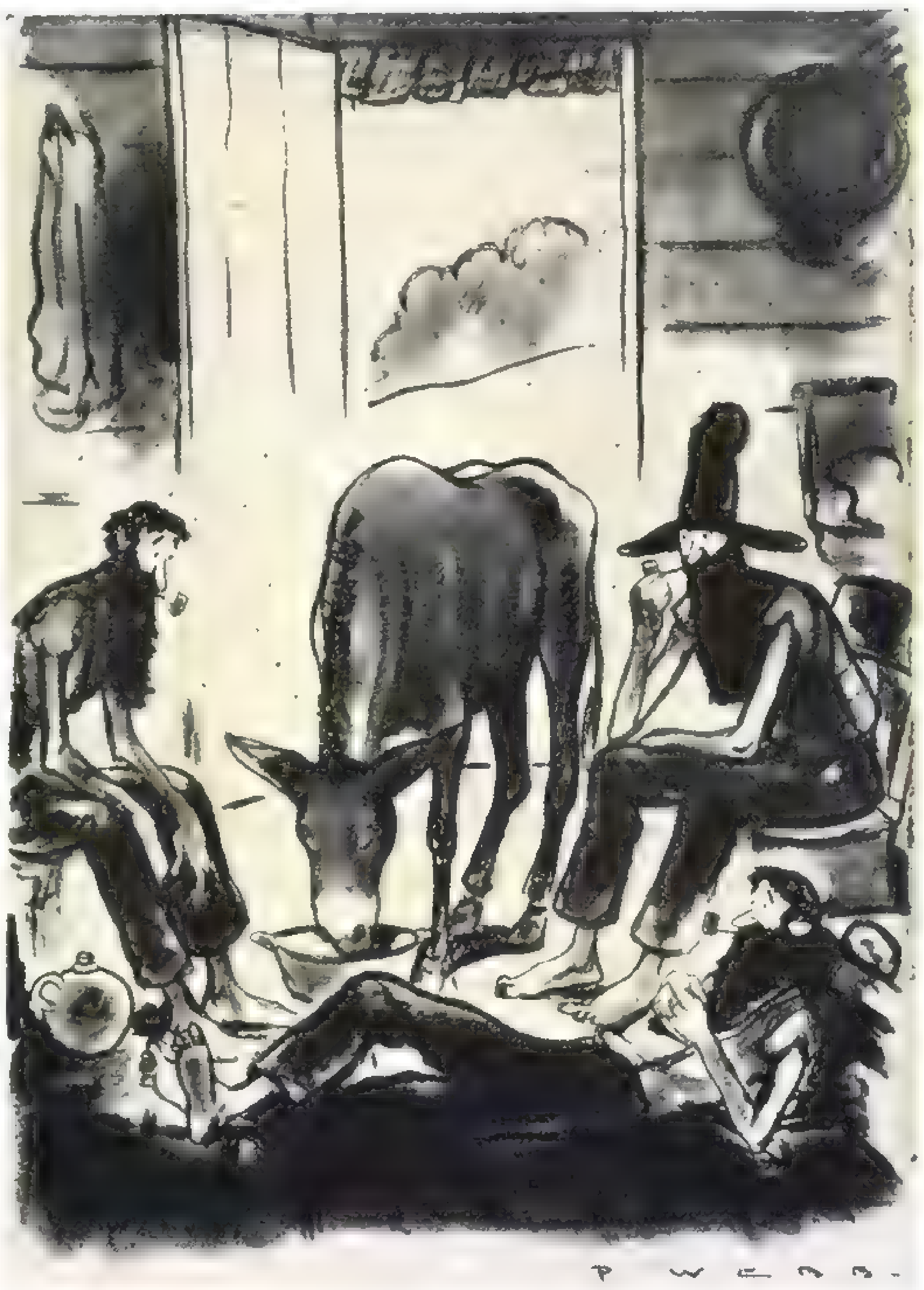
"Whoa, Willy! Save yore lead! Ah'm just coaxin' him down handy to the cabin —then Ah'll beat the stuffin' out o' him"



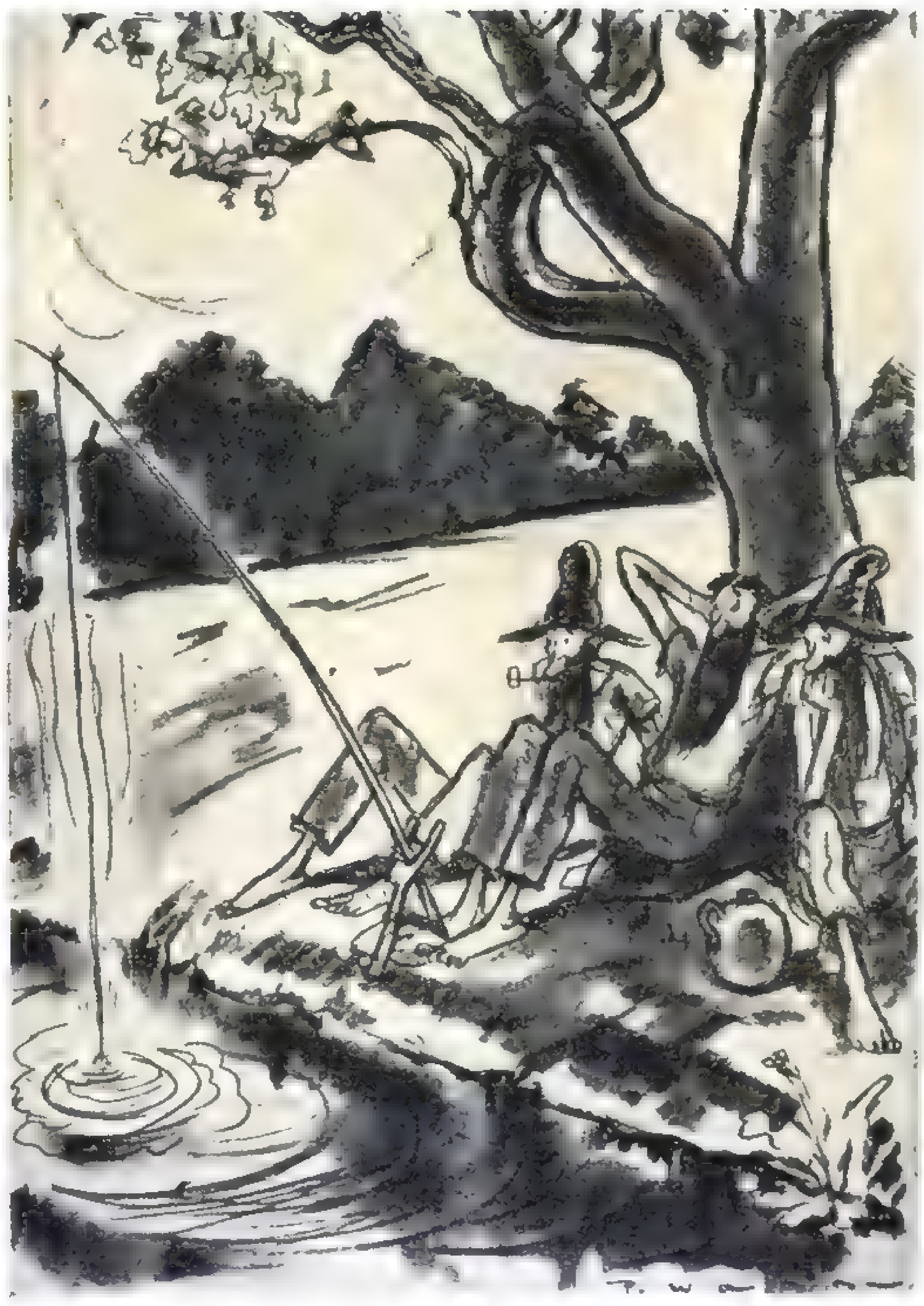
"Cousin Ruby May's turned twelve year old yesterday—Oncle Cad's worried fer fear she's goin' to be an old maid"



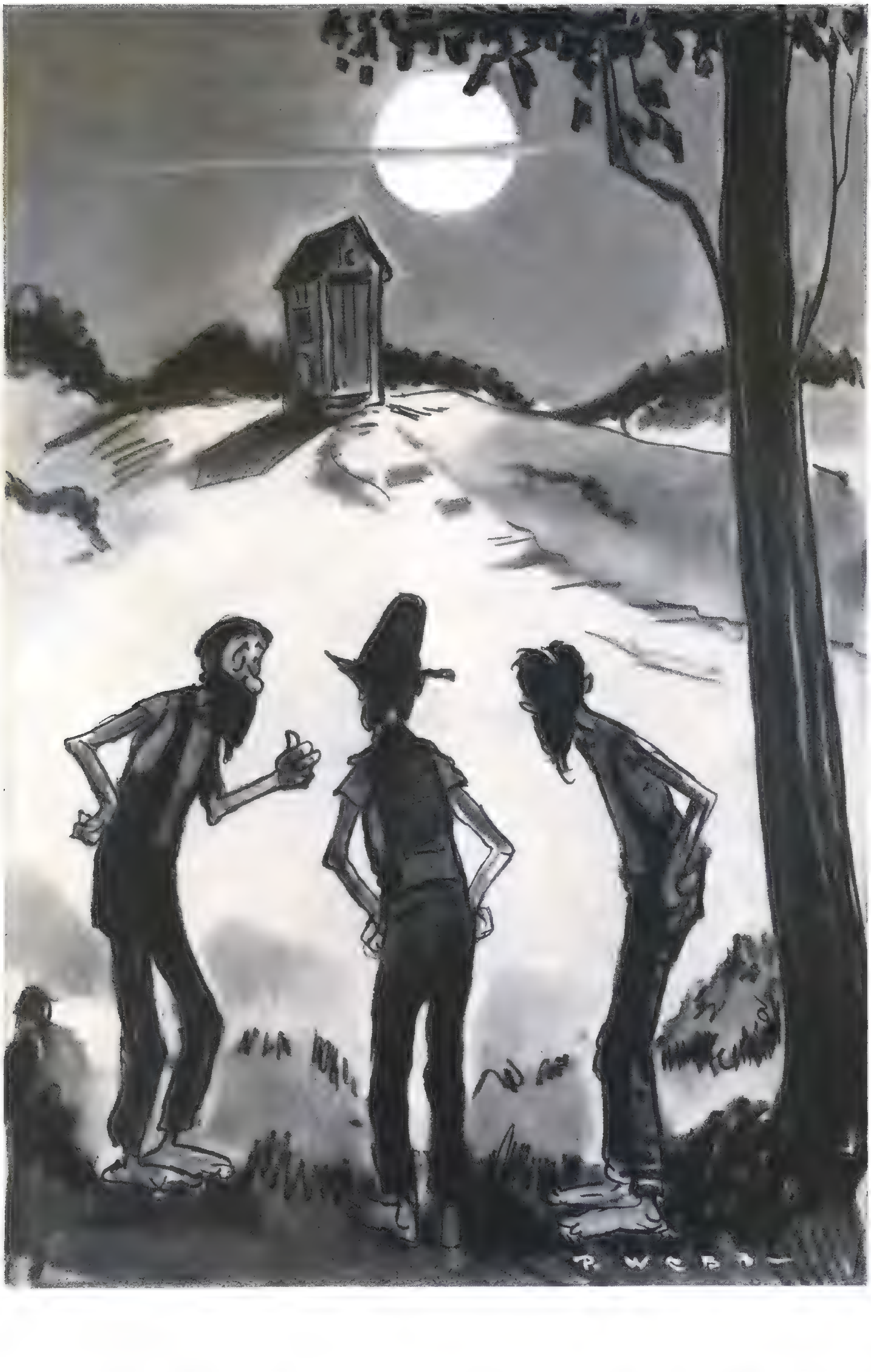
"How big a bustle was you figgerin' on stuffin', Emmy?"



"Chase him out yerself, Jake—yer doin' all the fussin' 'bout the flies"



"Shucks—yew haul 'im in, Luke—I pulled th' last one in"



"Shecks—now he wants t' git one o' them tellyphones put in so's he kin sit thar an' wait fer the pot o' gold—whatever th' hell thet is"

Pine Box People

All Beeswax did was rig up that fool box, and them without beans in the house or side meat to cook with 'em

by EDWARD PARRISH WARE

• FICTION •

BEESWAX Brown had put the finishing touches on his coffin. The final screw had been set, the nickeled corner pieces carefully placed, the six ornate handles affixed. Resting on two trestles in front of his cabin on Racket Run, the varnished and highly polished walnut of its composition reflected the sun's rays like a mirror.

It had been the labor of heart and hands covering a period of nearly five years. Finished, it was a thing of beauty as well as one of awe. Nothing like it had ever been seen in the Ozark Mountain country, plain pine boxes sufficing there. Beeswax Brown, however, had certain ideas concerning the state in which he should be laid to rest. In life, Beeswax had never amounted to much in the eyes of his neighbors. In death, by reason of the gorgeousness of his funeral state, he would shine before them.

In so laudable an enterprise, should Beeswax begrudge the time its partial accomplishment had taken? Should anybody begrudge it?

Beeswax, viewing the coffin from a distance, screwdriver in hand, sighed—partly in ecstasy, partly in regret. He'd surely be lonesome, his job done—

"Beeswax! You, Beeswax Brown!"

Beeswax's feathers fell abruptly. His shoulders slumped as though a great weight had suddenly been dropped upon them. He turned his head slowly and gave a glance toward the cabin.

The doorway of the cabin, badly out of plumb, was nearly filled by the ample figure of Marilda Brown, she whom the bee hunter had married a quarter of a century ago. A blackened cobpipe was held by the bowl in her militant right hand, the smoking stem aimed threateningly at her husband.

"Beeswax Brown," Marilda called in a voice which had a businesslike ring, "if you want riz cawnbred for yore supper, you better quit standing there admiring that fool contraption, and git me up some dry wood for my stove! There ain't nothing in the box but a few of them spindly little green sticks—and well you know green wood won't make red fire!"

Beeswax sighed again. The sigh was one of vexation.

"Now, Rildy," he said protestingly, "you know right well that I ain't had no time lately to drag me up no dry wood. So why do you come demanding me to git some for the stove?"

Rildy's shrill laughter was anything but mirthful. Ears more sensitive than those of the bee hunter would have recognized in it the file-like quality of scorn.

"Shorely you ain't had no time, for many's the year gone by, to drag up no dry wood—and you likewise ain't sprained yore back toting in side meat and cawnmeal!" Rildy hurled from the doorway. "You ain't had no time for nothing, a full five year, but rigging up that fool box, and us, many's the time, without even beans in the house—and no side meat to cook with 'em!"

Beeswax's thin frame straightened a bit, making a sorry effort to attain dignity.

"Now, looky here, Rildy," he argued, pointing a forefinger toward the glistening casket. "That there ain't no box. It's a reg'lar coffin, plumb complete. Look at them shiny handles and corner-plates—"

"Look at 'em!" Rildy shrilled. "Well, sakes alive, Beeswax Brown—I orter look at 'em! Them's the identical things that cost me the shoes and that new alpaca dress I was laying off to buy! I orter look at 'em—and with tears in my eyes! But, box or coffin, be it as may—you better git me that dry wood for my stove, else you'll take a lean belly to bed with you this night!"

Her ultimatum delivered, Rildy Brown retired stiffly from the doorway—and banged the door behind her.

Beeswax drooped dejectedly beside the work of art on the trestles, product of his head and hands, and his pride in it all but oozed away. Rildy was so deliberately unreasonable, so confoundedly hard to convince!

Groaning in spirit, he carefully covered the coffin with a tattered tarpaulin, and slouched off toward the rear of the cabin. He knew right well that Rildy wasn't bluffing. There would presently be dry wood in the box back of the stove, put there by his own industry, or he'd go hungry to bed. Rildy usually could be counted on to keep her word.

The bee hunter shuffled along to where the woodpile would have been had there been anything there to identify it as such, and very reluctantly lifted a double-bitted axe from the ground. He stood leaning on the handle of the axe for a while, trying to think of a likely spot close by wherein good dry wood might be most easily obtained. He could not call to mind any such place, so there was nothing for it but to prowl the timber until he came upon what he sought.

"That dang stove of Rildy's," he complained to himself as he wearily crossed a shoulder with the axe, "seems just to naturally eat wood! 'Specially dry wood! Dang such a stove, anyhow—"

In a clump of hazel brush about fifty feet away, there sounded what might have passed to unknowing ears as the love call of a thrush. Beeswax heard the low-pitched call, and he stopped in his tracks. His ears had not only heard the sound, but had promptly ticketed its source.

"Catfish" Collins was hiding in the brush.

Beeswax stood still, leaning again on his axe, his eyes scanning the brush expectantly. Presently the top of a flop-brimmed hat appeared above the foliage, and a face appeared next. A face in which was set a widely grinning mouth. Then another part of Catfish's anatomy materialized. A hand appeared above the tops of the brush, and the hand exhibited most enticingly an earthenware jug, capacity one gallon.

Then, as abruptly as he had appeared, Catfish Collins vanished.

Beeswax very casually turned his head and glanced toward the kitchen doorway. He breathed easy. Rildy was nowhere in sight. Cheered by the bit of pantomime in the hazel clump which he alone had witnessed, Beeswax went off whistling into the timber.

He did not go far in that particular direction. Well out of sight from the house, he hid his axe in a hollow log, then went jog-trotting off in the direction of an often visited and well remembered place of rendezvous.

* * *

Beeswax Brown was lying in his coffin. His thin body was dressed out in the suit of

Continued on page 136

"Paw sez thars a rumor goin' 'round Hoover ain't president no more"

Men Around London

Strawn-Hamilton, tramp-philosopher, and Sterling, poet, were closest to Jack London in that Bohemian group

by ERIC HOWARD

• ARTICLE •

Of all those who knew Jack London best and influenced him most, George Sterling and Frank Strawn-Hamilton were the two men closest to him in spirit. Sterling, as every literary man knows who visited San Francisco during his long reign as king of Bohemia, was a kindly and admirable person, a classicist and a master of diction. He was well-liked, even by those who did not admire his poetry. If his fame never became as great as it might have been, that was perhaps because he chose to live always in San Francisco, to write of unpopular and even incomprehensible themes, and to be chronically misunderstood. Thus it happened, ironically, that even those who had no morals criticized his. But many a young poet can testify to Sterling's kindly and effective criticism, generous help and abiding interest.

Sterling's habit of reading his own poems, acquired probably in the Carmel days, in a voice decidedly unpoetic, also made his work seem less good when heard than it really was. A good reader, giving voice to his sonorous and dignified rhythms, could make them Miltonic—"big stuff," in comparison with the "easy verse" of most of the poets of our day.

Sterling, the man, if not the poet, was well-loved by those who really knew him. If we of that older San Francisco called him "a big dame hunter" and laughed at his alcoholic and amorous adventures, it was kindly laughter that accompanied our fun-making.

He said, once, when I was writing a brief biographical sketch of him for the *San Francisco Call*, "Like those of the poor, mine are short and simple annals. Happy is the poet without a history."

He was the protégé of Ambrose Bierce and Bierce's belligerent acclaim of *The Testimony of the Suns* was not the most auspicious introduction that a young poet could be given. Bierce's extravagant praise did much to arouse critical prejudice towards Sterling; if the critics had been permitted to discover him for themselves, instead of having Bierce shout that he was a West Coast Milton, his literary history might have been quite different. Many lesser poets have won esteem and high regard with less notable work.

Loyal as Sterling was to Bierce, friendly as he was to London, he could never manage to bring them to friendship. One of Sterling's most amusing tales was of driving a buggy through the marshes and vegetable gardens of Alameda, with Bierce and London as passengers, all drunk and all argumentative. Bierce, in those days, was what is known as a "wino"—that is, one who drinks so much wine that he exudes an unpleasant vinous odor. London and Sterling drank whiskey. Sterling was driving. The buggy was crowded, the road rough. Now Bierce, now London, would fall out in the mud. Finally, they took to riding on the back of the buggy. Sterling began to commune with the stars, inventing noble lines—or so he thought. Bierce and London, behind, cursed and argued with great violence, Bierce damning all socialists, London damning all who were not. Finally Sterling became aware of a great silence. He pulled the plodding horse to a stop and called out. London sleepily answered him.

"Where's Bierce?" Sterling asked.

"I dropped him in the mud when he said proletarians could never rise out of the mire," London laughed. "Now let him try, the damned militaristic aristocrat."

Bierce never forgave him for that.

London was a man of such physical and mental energy that he was subject to depression. All men of his type are. His drinking produced different effects, according to his mood and condition at the time. If he was well, strong and alive, drinking merely intensified his good spirits; on those occasions, it seemed impossible for him to get drunk. When he was weary and depressed, on the other hand, for any reason, the first drink would deepen his depression; usually, on such occasions, he avoided others and drank in solitude. There are many tales of his drinking. Some hard drinkers claim that he was king of them all; other men boast that they drank him under the table. They both speak the truth. It all depended on his state of mind, the condition of his nerves. Nearly all sensitive drinkers are like that.

The impulse towards suicide, the death impulse, was always strong in him. His was a constant fight against it. He desired to die so much that he had to make of life a glorious struggle, a mighty conflict, a thing big and grand and impressive. If it were anything less, it would not be worth living—for Death was always beckoning to him. He drank to make life better or to make it seem better. He worked and built and dreamed for the same reason. Death called him; he had to surrender, at once, or laugh at death by making life more alluring. It was a game he played, all his life; but finally, he grew tired of it.

Where did he acquire this death impulse? It was inherited, perhaps; or it may have been the result of what he saw as a child and a young man. Life as he saw it was not attractive; death certainly would be better. But life could be made fine and generous and noble. He would make it so!

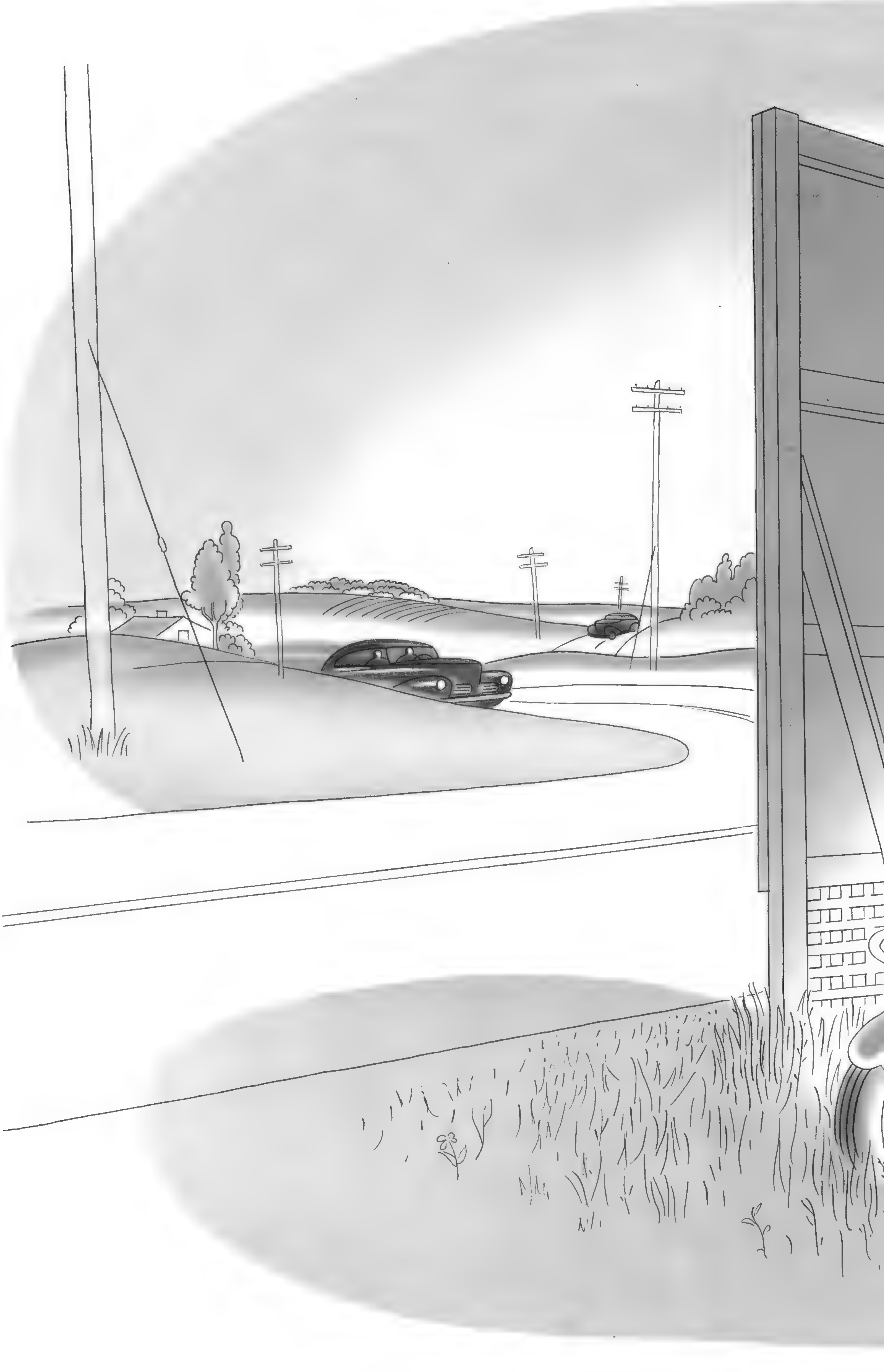
That, more than any intellectual conviction, turned him to socialism. Society as he saw it was enough to drive a man to death. Socialism made it possible to dream of life made beautiful and ennobled; therefore, he was a socialist. Poverty, with all its ills, would be abolished; child labor would be no more; men would no longer be work beasts,

Continued in center of page 183

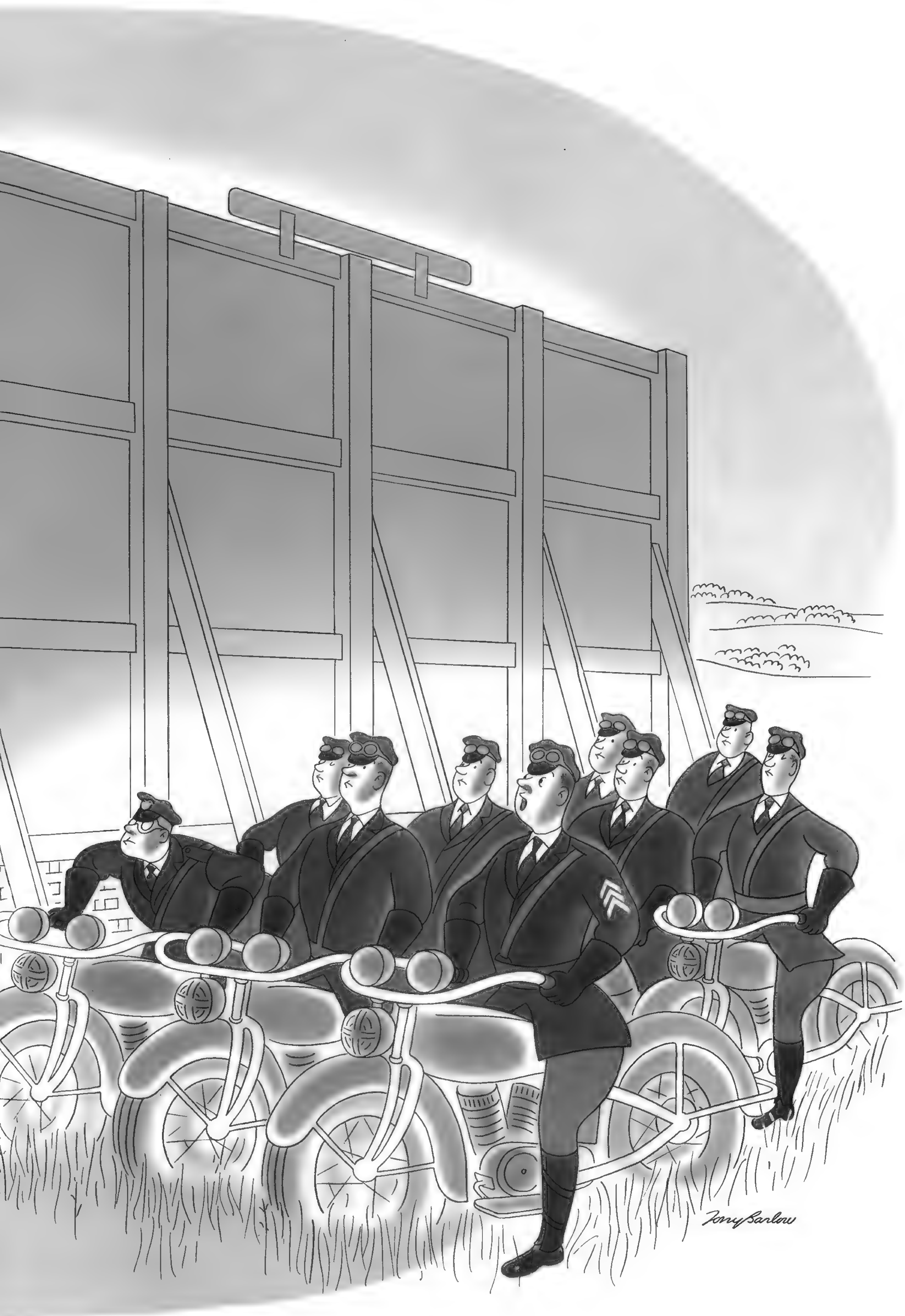
"Secret map, bah! That's a drawing by Thurber!"

"Personally I find this more fascinating than stamps or first editions"

Pasturcy



“Remember now, alphabe


Tony Barlow

tical order . . . Avery, this one is yours”

On the Day of Days

Everyone shouted congratulations and his parents wept with pride because he was a finished product, a doctor

by ELI CANTOR

▪ FICTION ▪

His office was on the ground floor so he could sit at the window and look at the life of the street passing by. It was something to do. It was better than sitting back at the desk in the small room, holding a medical book in front of his dull eyes.

There was a neat enamel panel at the bottom of the window. It read: Sidney Berenstern, M.D.

"Should maybe be bigger, Sidney," his mother had said. "People should be able to see it easier, no?"

"You!" his father had shouted, red-faced. "With you everything has to be Empire State buildings! What is he? A millinery store it should have a sign like Roxy Theatre? He is Macy's department store he should have a sign airoplanes could see? With a doctor it has got to be dignified! Is he a night club he needs Times Square lights? Is he . . .!"

"Who said?" his mother wept. "Who said such a thing?" She pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Please, mom," Sidney begged. "He didn't mean . . ."

"Noo, all right," sobbed his mother. "Sure he didn't mean. When does he ever mean? Only to twist everything to make me the bad one. Noo, I'm the stupid one. All right. Let be. Do I ever say one thing he should say it's right? Do I ever do one thing he should say it's not wrong? He lives only to twist a knife in me. So let be. Don't I know? Don't I know it?"

"Pah!" said Sidney's father, getting up. "I am going for a walk where it is some fresh air maybe!"

"Don't I know it?" wailed Sidney's mother as the door slammed. "What I have to live with! What I have to stand!"

Sidney was silent.

His mother sobbed, "What did I say, Sidney? Tell me, what did I say? Something terrible? I said something bad it should bring out the devil in him, he should yell at me, he should twist a knife in me?"

"Please, mom," said Sidney, "you know he didn't mean . . ."

"Noo, sure. Of course he didn't mean. How could he mean? What am I? Am I a human being? No. All right. So why should he treat me different? I am the stupid one. I am the wrong one. Noo, I know. All right. It's all right. A sign from Times Square I said? A little bigger, maybe I said. Maybe in my empty head it came the idea if it was a little bigger people could see it better, maybe somebody would see it and come in. I said about Roxy theatre? I said about Times Square?"

"O, for Jesus' sake, mom! Nobody said you said it!"

She rose heavily, weeping bitterly. "No. I know. I'm making it up in my head. Sure nobody said it. Sure everybody respects me. My own husband, he respects me like I was Mrs. Roosevelt. My own son, he respects me like I was Mrs. Roosevelt. All right. Noo. Don't I know?—Don't I know?"

She walked slowly to the door and went out.

Sidney sat at the window. Above the sign the curtains were parted, and he sat there, his face framed between the curtains, his hands against his cheeks. He sat without moving. His eyes were dull. They moved slowly as he watched the people walk by, the kids playing hopscotch, stick ball, and Red Rover.

The sign had been in the window for four months. What a day that had been when it was put in for the first time! What a day of happiness, tears of joy, back slapping, congratulations, and cries of "Doctor!" "Professor!" "Noo, now let the Mayo brothers watch out!"

His father, eyes glistening with pride, walked around the office, looking taller than ever. His face was red with happiness. His voice was loud with satisfaction. His gestures were effusive. On this day everything belonged to him. On this day everything was brightness and sunshine. On this day his heart expanded with its joy to enfold all of his dear friends.

Sidney's father stood with his arm around his wife. "Noo, Bella," he crowed. "It's here! At last it's here, this day of days!" His arms tightened around her, and on a sudden impulse he drew her to him and kissed her loudly on the lips. "Ah, my heart will burst with happiness!"

Bella Berenstern wiped the tears from her husband's eyes, nodding. "It is a wonderful day."

Her husband took the hand of his friend, Avram. "Noo, Avram. We waited and waited, but it came. With the help of God it came, and now I feel like a boy again. Now I can breathe deep, and I can even jump over a high fence if I would want to, or I could climb a tree and steal apples if I would want to."

And Avram said in his grave manner, "Yes, my dear friend, it is a day of days. I give thanks to the Lord that I am here to share it with you."

"I feel thirty years younger. I feel as if I could right now go out and run around the block—fast, like a boy. And I would tell everybody I passed what a day this is, today. A day of pure gold!"

Friends and relatives crowded the small room. Admiring groups paused in front of the cluster of diplomas that hung on the wall behind the second-hand desk. Everybody was smiling. Everybody was laughing. Everybody was shouting congratulations, shaking hands with each other. There was a little table in a corner where, on a snow white tablecloth, bottles of *schnapps*, plates of sponge cake,

Continued on page 148

NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS
2 For 10¢
5¢ EACH
3 For 10
SUCCESS
GOOD LUCK
Tony Barlow

Sourpuss for President

Glance through the Sunday paper, politics to sports, and you'll find an unbroken line of grins

by WAYNE KILBOURNE

• SATIRE •

℞

Maybe it was a good idea once, but it's been carried too far.

Our national smile complex probably started with those little motto cards sales managers used to tack up on their walls: "Smile, d—n you, smile!"

It was 'way back when "damn" was a man's word, you know, and they didn't spell out such profanity, for fear a woman might see it.

Other motto cards followed fast: "Keep Smiling!" "Give me the man with a smile"; "The man worth while is the man who can smile . . ." etc. All of which, short-circuiting in some physiological genius' brain, caused him to erupt, "It takes 89 muscles to make a frown, and only 19 to make a smile." My exact statistics are hazy, but the general ratio was fully as staggering.

And that really loosed the floodgates on the smile propaganda. We were taught that we must start each day with a great big smile; smile across the breakfast table; smile on the stranger and smile on the boss; a smile would get us past tough office boys and owly stenographers, into the Presence of the Prospect; another smile would thaw the ink in the fountain pen hung over his icy heart and start it flowing onto our order blank.

A Smile, in short, was the badge of Virtue and a ticket to Success. "And soon there were miles and miles of smiles."

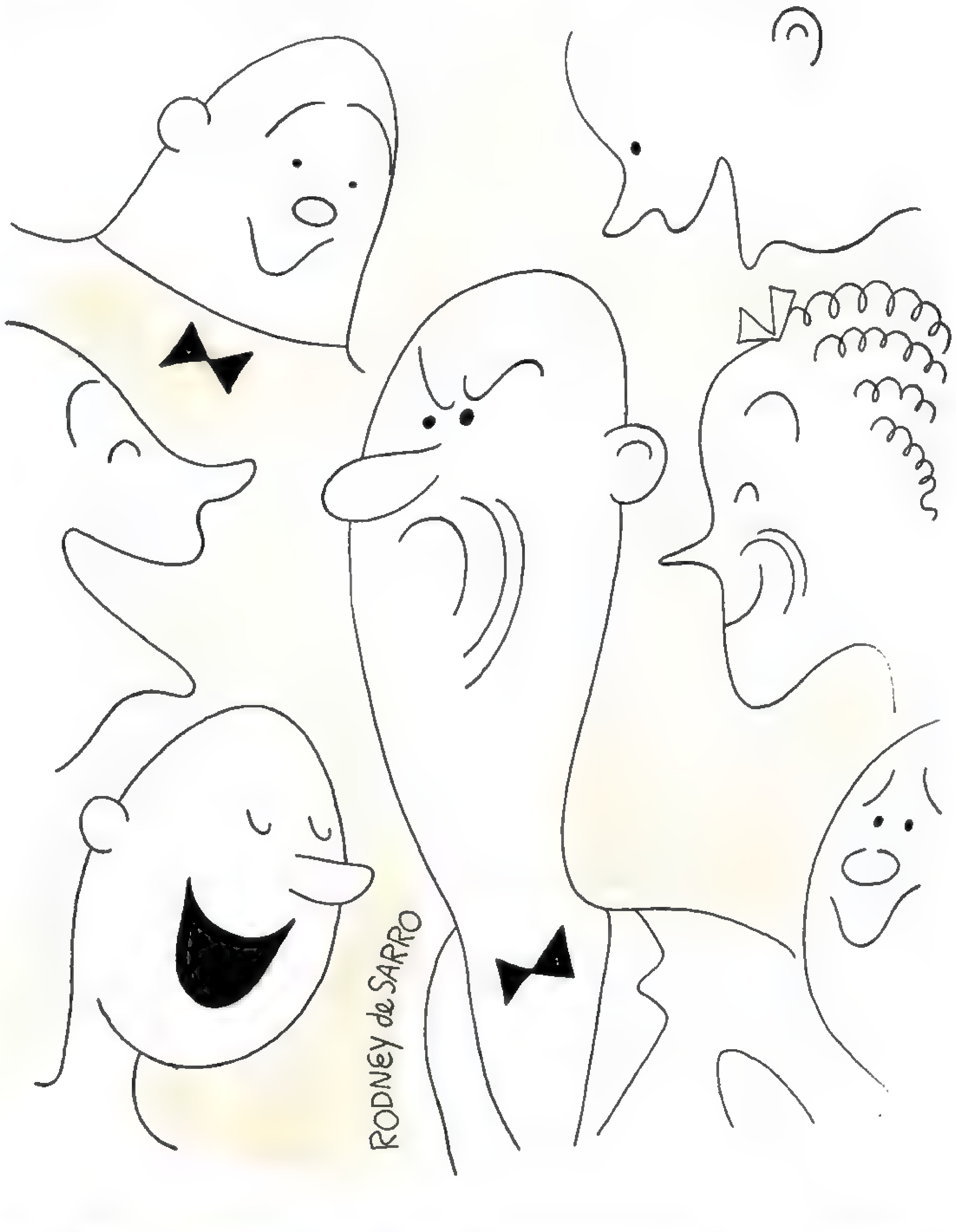
To appreciate the state which the nation has reached by this year 1940, it is only necessary to run through the Sunday newspaper—mirror of our American life.

Here on the first page is a two-column shot of McNutt and Dewey grinning at each other just as if they wouldn't like to cut each other's throat. Here's an eloping couple in Tia Juana; he's her third and she's his fifth; still they smile, madly. And our mayor being kissed by a home town girl who's made good in B pictures—back home for a civic celebration. They both had to smile, of course.

Inside—Landon and Vandenberg, laughing fit to kill. Garner grins over the carcass of a deer. All these political fellas seem to think their first hurdle is to out-beam the White House. On the opposite page is a German consul in San Francisco, smiling his damnedest for international relations' sake. A cheesecake picture of the returning dancer perched on the ship's rail, flashing her teeth and her knees. Below, a group of local business men grin foolishly around a hotel table as they plan new luncheon club activities.

Already my jaws ache in sympathy; my mouth feels stretched and cracked at the corners.

No relief in the society section. It is packed with the By-God-I've-got-'im smiles of brides and brides-to-be, the toothsome grins of sorority gals—you can hear 'em thinking "Cecil de Mille might see this picture!" And here's a bridal party group with everybody a-grin till it suggests a needled gin wedding. Remember the old-time bride-and-groom pictures, with her standing behind him, hand on his shoulder? Life was real and earnest then.



Even the club section, formerly peopled by iron-faced ladies with clamped jaws and taut hair, now shows 'em all a-cackle. Momentary relief—a couple of shots taken at the horse show, with a few expensive dogs, too, in the background. At least the animals seem to have serious thoughts in their heads. Just the riders and the exhibitors are foolish looking.

Ho-hum, the film and radio section. Anyway, these smiles will be professionally done. And a blood-curdler of Boris Karloff would be just the dash of bitters that would save the day. What's this? Wallace Beery—grinning—laughing all over his face—above a baby!

Wallie has a legal right to laugh, of course, same as the rest of them, but he ought to do it in private. After all, the public grows to expect a dependable roughness and toughness and a good permanent snarl from a few folks. Nuts. They'll have Bela Lugosi simpering over a gardenia any day now. Thank heaven William S. Hart retired before he had to crack his magnificent granite pan with a sickly-sweet smile for the modern news-cameraman.

And the roto section—about what you'd expect. Miss Brooklyn Center and a national prune-week queen, both smiling for an imaginary Mr. de Mille. A pair of Indian gals in drum major outfits, capering high. Once you could count on an Indian, brave or squaw, for a good malevolent scowl. But these kids are pretty, with typical screen-test smiles.

And a whole page of fashion models, with the most God-awful smiles of all. Really to get the full horror of a fashion model's smile, you need to see it evolve from the amoeba, in a movie short. On the theatre screen, there's a range of fourteen feet from her eye-brows to her chin—the whole thing is on a Gutzon Borglum scale. I mean it is terrific. She is modeling a hat. Her face, shyly profiled, now turns slowly toward you. Her eyes are downcast, shielded by lashes like the incisors of a sabre-toothed tiger. Her arch glance starts at your belt buckle, travels upward vest button by vest button, leaps to your fluttering Adams-apple and pauses there on butterfly wings. You fear the worst; it's like waiting for the full glare of approaching headlights to hit you and maybe send you careening off the road.

It has to happen, and it does. Her glance crashes full against your quivering retinas, with 10,000 candlepower, and then she tips up the smile pitcher and begins to pour it on. Her lips separate; it starts like a snarl or a sneeze; you can see the 19 muscles go to work, each at a separate command. Till the whole job is completely assembled and you are properly ga-ga.

I'm getting diabetes from the eternal diet

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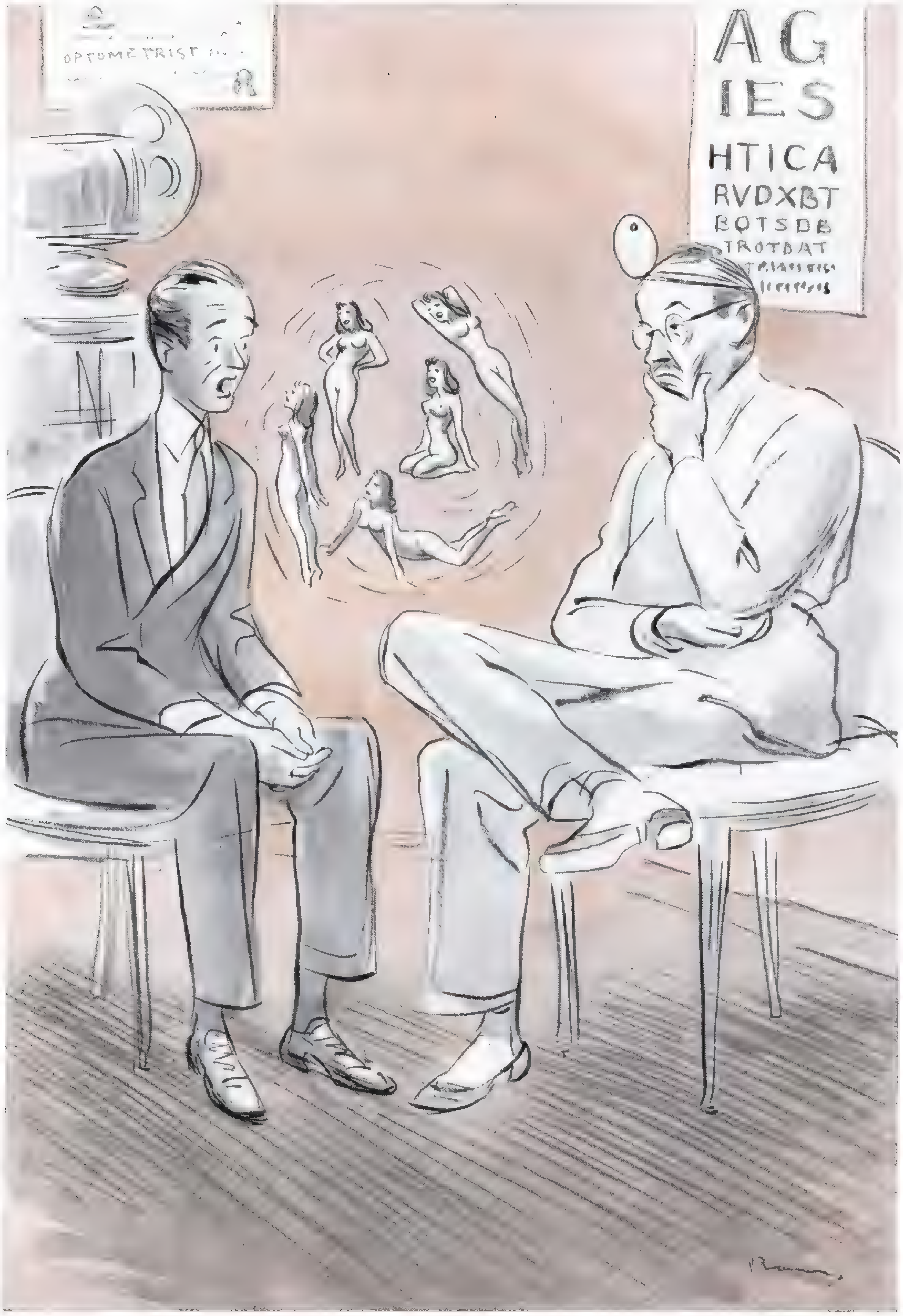
OPTOMETRIST
AG
IES
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RVDXBT
BOTSDB
TROTDAT

"No, not spots exactly"

Belles of the Ball

Women's softball has come a long way since the Bloomer Girls of Chicago spit their first tobacco

by HERB GRAFFIS

• SPORTS •

R

There is a person named Charley Dunkley. He is a sports writer for the Associated Press. Although he is a young-looking and vigorous man, Mr. Dunkley is reputed to have made his debut in sports journalism covering the regatta of the *Pinta*, *Niña* and *Santa Maria* in 1492.

If you don't know Charley you can't amount to much in sports. The gentleman who had just recovered from delirium tremens and boasted that he had been everywhere and seen everything, traveled in phantasy as Charley has in the meat.

One evening when Charley was in a charming, stinking little saloon convalescing from fresh air poisoning contracted during his literary labors at an outdoor sports event, a bunch of the boys got telling about the greatest things they ever had seen in sports. It came Mr. Dunkley's turn.

"I have seen 'em in thrilling performances of strength, skill and courage; Dempsey, Ruth, Tilden, Jones, Lenglen, Gotch, and numerous others. You think they had color?" Mr. Dunkley parked his beaker and paused for reply. None was forthcoming. Continued Mr. Dunkley. "They all are blacked out by lady softball players. There is more color to those softball ladies than there is to a sky full of rainbows.

"And let me tell you a young lady known jestingly to her intimates as Mangy Maggie was the most vivid of them all. I don't wish to reflect upon Mag socially because, maybe, I am not qualified to do so, and besides, her husband is a young gentleman who drives one of those trucks that looks like a fortress of the Maginot Line. He can hold the truck up with one hand and change one of its tires with his other paw. So what I say about Mag is said in reverence.

"I was watching a game in which Mag was catching for a team that had not been favored in the morning line. The pitching of Maggie's team was supposed to be weak. This was Mag's first game with this team.

"I never saw players, male or female, hardball or softball, swing at so many wild ones. The reason was that Mag infuriated them. I saw that Mangy Maggie was no sissy and was very fond of stoking her maw full of Mail Pouch for a refreshing tidbit, but I never gave that matter much thought as not a few very able lady soft-ballers I have seen use the weed in liquid form.

"But as I say, Maggie really was one apart from the whole race of athletes. She would squirt her chaw through the bars of her catcher's mask and write, in the dirt ahead of the plate, 'you stink,' just like a baker uses icing to write Happy Birthday on a cake.

"It is not possible for a highly strung lady softball player to keep her eye on the ball while tart criticism about her is being spelled out in mud at her feet. So Maggie's pitcher began throwing one and two hit games and would probably have gone through that opposition like a blitzkrieg, only Mag had words with her husband who was a man of few words. He slapped her in the puss and knocked out her bead teeth, after which she was unable to spell with jets and lost her witchery. Alas, and more alases."

Mr. Dunkley put down his glass and excused himself to go out to report an evening of fisticuffs for the Associated Press clientele.

When he was safely out of the hearing zone, one of the survivors ventured the suspicion that Mr. Dunkley had been indulging in a flight of fancy, such as the A.P. sports chroniclers treat themselves to when freed from the restrictions of their solemn professional oath.

However, as the evening wore on and notes were compared, Dunkley's tale became more credible. These girl softball players are a lot that are beginning their stories where the male athletes have left off. You may deplore the receding tide of color, the passing of the golden decade in sports, but if you do, your lament only sounds to prove that you are missing one of the most entertaining show sports ever revealed.

It was fifteen years ago that the Bloomer Girls of Chicago presented the debut of girls' softball outdoors. In that period the game has grown to the extent that now there are more than 600,000 young women playing softball, and the game has its bob-haired Ruths, Deans, Gehrigs and DiMaggios. Girls have graduated from softball teams into quite substantial salaries as minor executives of companies that employed them primarily as athletic advertisements. Girls have paid college tuition with the money they've earned playing softball—not, of course, out-and-out as softball players, for it is an amateur game and under conscientious control as strict as widespread amateur sport can be. The softball girls have gone into wedlock and traded their bats for skillets, their diamonds for didies. One of them, at least, has entered a convent. She is Miss Ann Harnett, a high school teacher who starred with the Rival Dog Food team which is one of the game's major clubs.

So, while the supreme male may regard the lady softballers as freaks of nature who don't throw as though they were trying to escape from a strait-jacket, the ladies themselves have been building a new sports attraction by glorifying feminine inconsistency in a muscular manner. It's guessed by those who ought to be able to call the shots fairly accurately, that about 90,000,000 Americans watched softball in 1939. Girls teams were the major attractions of this pastime that night lighting has helped to boom into popularity as neighborhood entertainment.

The crowd appeal of the softballing males is merely that of baseballers scaled down to neighborhood dimensions, plus playing time that fits conveniently into the evening schedule of the citizen who enjoys having his dinner digest while seeing a living picture that has a plot subject to change without notice. Softball by the ladies has the assets of game time that meets the citizens' requirements of evening relaxation and the sudden shifting of scripts by home runs or fumbles, but with a lot more. The neighborhood young lady softballer may be a national character with a sports reputation established by skill and color so outstanding women's softball restricted publicity is vaulted.

Women's softball has grown tremendously despite the comparatively small amount of newspaper and radio plugging it has received. Its large city newspaper publicity has been received mainly as the result of promotions conducted by certain newspapers. When a paper plugs its own sports promotions the other papers in town ease up, and give affairs promoted by the competition only minimum mention.

A young lady who works for a neighborhood plow plant or dairy outdraws Hedy Lamarr or Ann Sheridan in many a community where these females are competitively billed as entertainment. When the local young lady known as Butch, Spike or Mickey can do that, you may be sure that she appeals to fundamental instincts. Maybe the instincts are upside down and the cave girl is delighting her male by giving birth to a timely triple which the male considers he has sired by his loud cheers and advice. If that's the case, softball's remarkable growth may be regarded by the deep thinkers as evidence supporting the belief of some pathologists and psychologists that the females are getting more and more masculine, and vice versa, each succeeding day.

Cases of cryptorchism pop out every so often in the annals of female athletics. The Olympic games have included contestants whose performances have been notable when classified in the ladies' department, but who later have been subjected to surgical attention with the result of disqualification on the grounds of being biologically suited for shaving brushes instead of powder puffs. It is the jealous nature of some males to suspect that lady softballers who are males' superiors in throwing, catching, running and batting, enjoy such superiority because they possess other fundamental male attributes not as much in evidence as skill on the tabloid diamond.

That cheering delusion of the male is blasted by such female softball stars as Catherine Fellmeth. Catherine is a high-browed, attractive young matron of about 28 years. As Mrs. Rutherford, she has Mr. Rutherford's meals well-cooked on time, gets their 5-year-old youngster fed and put to bed, gets the dishes washed, then goes out to sparkle as a performer on a Chicago team that figures prominently each year in the national softball championships. To keep her biceps in condition for sweeping, dusting, wielding the skillet, washing the dishes and the baby's things, Kitty adds to her softball exercise that of winning the Chicago women's bowling championship, heaving the discus 113 feet 7½ inches, and putting the shot 41 feet 1¾ inches; the latter two feats being performed at the 1939 national A.A.U. track and field championships, at which Kitty shared with Stella Walsh the glory of being the only double victor among the contestants.

These are young ladies who work in machine shops, bakeries and laundries—fields of endeavor not explored by Junior Leaguers—and at least one young lady horse-shoer, on the rosters of leading softball teams. In labor in machine shops and during the employment of applying a bootee to a Percheron, a young lady must be excused if she chooses to tuck a wad of niggerhair into her mouth and munch away vigorously. The chances are the money she's making is pretty badly needed at home. So long as she helps the folks, it is not exactly chivalrous of the male to cast aspersions on her character because she plays softball the hard way. That exercise may work off energy left over after a day's toil at the lathe or with the beer wagon horses.

A very bright young man who has had the assignment of being host to girls' softball teams sponsored by out-of-town customers of his company, ventures the suggestion that a great deal of the apparent toughness of girl softballers is strictly an act to impress the male. He says that he has taken the girls around to see the sights, and in response to their requests, has begun tours of night clubs. He says that the girls always act like ladies on these jaunts. He does not recall having finished any of these tours, although his thirst and resistance have been developed to a high degree by experience with visiting buyers. The young ladies, without straining themselves, get the hardy young man in a stage of inebriation known as flying blind and the last thing he ever remembers is hearing gentle voices saying, "we'll ship the poor thing home by cab and really go out and have some fun." What they consider fun he does not know because he comes out of a turkish bath just in time to see them full of shrieks and animal spirits at the next evening's game. After a light supper of five aspirin tablets on thin toast he again tries to outdrink any one of the girls, only to suffer again the most ignominious fate that can befall a customer's man.

The mystery of the way of the maids with the men is further deepened upon examination of the case of Miss Dorothy Klupping, who emerges from women's national softball championships as the Dizzy Dean of that pastime. Miss Klupping, a pitcher for the Down Drafts of Chicago, is known to the softball opera lovers as Boots. She is a legitimate blonde, of a shade of hair that even her foes in the crucial struggles call "honey blonde." She is a bit over 5 feet high and when seen away from her strenuous employment would not be recognized as a muscle moll.

On the field Boots has a histrionic range from Baby Snooks to the Queen of the Amazons, with Charlotte Corday and La Passionara, firebrand of the Spanish loyalists, tossed in for seasoning.

Boots will walk into her team's dressing room before a game and still the nervous chatter of her compatriots by remarking, "them tramps ain't got a chance. They can't hit me." That, of course, is hearsay from her teammates, as this investigator has not been in the dressing room of a ladies' softball team. But what she does do before the naked eyes of the multitude is plenty to reveal performing color.

She will receive the ball from an umpire. She will appraise it carefully, stitch by stitch; read the printing on the cover; toss the ball

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Rough House in Colon

Obviously an experienced stowaway like Martin would pass himself off as one of the many drunken tourists

by DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

• FICTION •

The man was little and looked like a chimpanzee. His mouth too was working in monkeylike fashion when at last, with hands astonishingly strong, he pried up one corner of the ventilator grating; but when he wriggled through, he resembled rather a snake. You would not have thought, looking at the opening afterward, that an adult human being could get through it.

The far side of the ventilator shaft was easily violated. He had previously seen its weakness. It was old, and had come unfastened.

Once again he did a squirming act little short of miraculous, and he dropped on hands and elbows, making not a sound, into a half-forgotten washroom. He straightened, brushed himself with some dignity, lighted a cigarette, and strolled out.

A passenger, you would have said, perhaps second class, perhaps first. He seemed entirely at home. His clothes were cheap, but they were good. He was of an indefinite age, and except to say that he was diminutive it was difficult to define him. His hair was vaguely brown, not short, not long, not bushy, not thin, not notably curly yet not severely straight either. And all the rest of him was like that hair. His eyes were a sort of blue, a sort of gray, perhaps brownish. There was nothing remarkable about his complexion, his figure, his way of walking. Put a pair of glasses on him and add a few inches to his height, and he could pass as a cartoon of John Q. Public himself.

When he heard somebody coming—he had amazingly keen ears—he popped through the nearest door with the alacrity of a rabbit diving down a hole. It was a broom-and-mop closet, not large and not at all clean, yet when the sailor had slouched past, the man, emerging, was as neat and commonplace as before.

At a turn of the corridor he paused. He looked carefully around the corner before proceeding.

Half a minute later he came to the end of the gangplank, which entered the ship through an open port almost on a level with the great concrete dock. There was a huddle of passengers there, for it was raining and they hesitated to step out on the gangplank. The little man, however, did not hesitate. He slipped in and out among the passengers and stewards, accosted a darky, pointed to a couple of suitcases. Whose suitcases? He didn't know, and didn't care.

"Boy! Take those ashore for me. I can't wait all afternoon."

He had a way about him, and the darky obeyed. Plenty of people saw him, but nobody thought anything of it. There were so many other things to think about just then.

Etienne Lefevre, the *commissaire*, which is to say the purser, came into his office, threw himself upon a chair, and gazed at the ceiling. Squat, bouncy, a pipe smoker, ordinarily, as befitted his station, he was the soul of geniality; but just now he looked as though he were about to burst into tears.

"Just tell Elsie her ship has come in"

Rush Wilson found him like this five minutes later.

"Come along, *mon ami!* We've only got eight hours here, and you promised to do a round of the honky-tonks with me! It's stopped raining. Let's make a sprint for a taxi."

Now the tears really did come. Purser Lefevre, being French, saw no reason why he shouldn't weep when he felt like it.

"Ah, my Roosh! You are *Americain.* Five hundred dollars is as nothing to you."

Teetering on his heels, his arms akimbo, Rush Wilson denied this with wide-open eyes.

"The hell five hundred dollars means nothing to me! What's it all about? You're not going to tell me the party's off, are you?"

"Ah, it is no party! I have not the lightness of heart for festivity!" From a drawer he took a mass of clipped-together papers and stared at it as though it had just punched his mother in the nose. "Yes, five hundred dollars."

Rush sat down on a carved camphorwood chest, a large and handsome thing the purser had picked up in Saigon. He knew that *dossier.* His friend the purser had permitted him to look it over

"Don't tell me you've been having more fuss about Martin?"

"He has escape."

"*What!*"

"*Absolument.* I could not believe it, but it is true. We have search everywhere on the ship. He is gone. And there is a fine of five hundred American dollars for this, *mon ami!* The officers of the Division of Quarantine, they insist they will demand it in full if Martin is not aboard at sailing time."

"Did you report it to the police?"

"But assuredly! But do you think they will find him, a little man like him, in a place like this? We must sail in eight hours. We are late arriving, we cannot delay. And there are two great American ships here now. The city will be filled with tourists."

He started to weep again. Rush Wilson, sitting on the camphorwood chest, eyed the pile of papers, and slowly, thoughtfully moved his lower jaw back and forth.

"*You* won't have to pay? They can't hold *you* responsible?"

"Ah, *non!* The Messageries Maritimes, the company, it will pay. But the *commandant,* he will say I was responsible. And when we get back to Marseille I will get the—what you call him?—the sack. You comprehend that I am out of luck?"

"Yes . . . Yes, I comprehend."

Rush felt pretty bad about it. He liked this dapper vivacious little officer. In the eighteen days since Tahiti, eighteen days of

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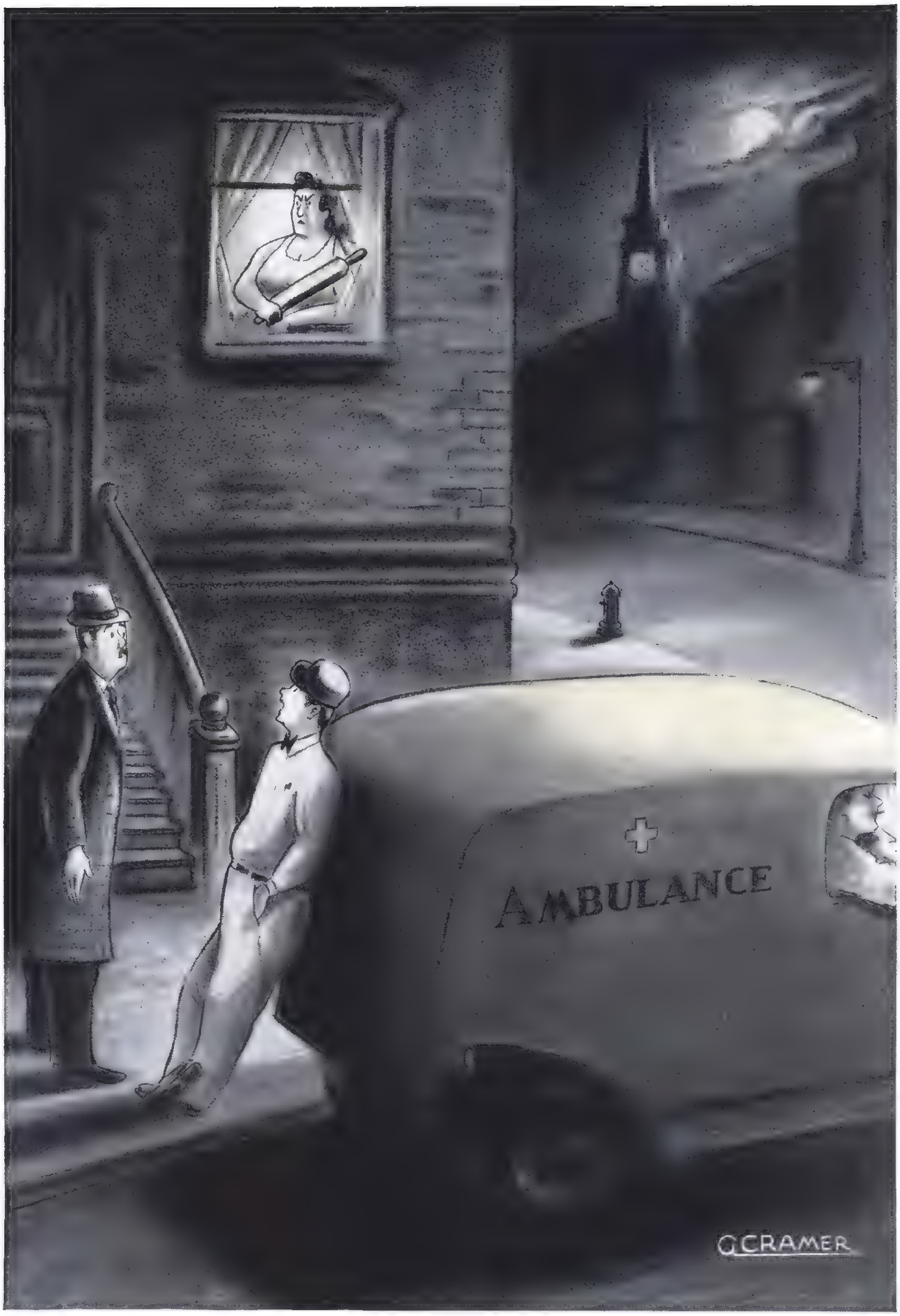
AMBULANCE
G CRAMER

"All I know is your wife called us and asked us to wait"

Morris Kantor: Late American

The American past was news to this Russian immigrant, who dug into it most effectively for his paintings

by HARRY SALPETER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

America still belongs to him who cares to possess it. The first mortgage has fallen from the nerveless grasp of the young man whose ancestors came over on the *S. S. Mayflower* and the young immigrant with the Russian accent, the will to live and a pair of elbows sharpened for economic battle swiftly stoops to pick it up. And by America we mean not only Union Square and its environs but also Washington's Mount Vernon and *its* environs.

Look at Morris Kantor's *Colonial Interior.* It is practically Washington's Mount Vernon, inside and out, done in a style so deliberately harsh and unsophisticated as to seem to be a product of the eighteenth century or a *tour de force* intended to prove perhaps that a skilled and modern painter might emulate the effect of a Charles Sheeler photograph of a group of Colonial cooking utensils. In *Colonial Interior* the artist seems to be proclaiming that this is the sort of thing for which one does not have to ransack great-grandfather's attic, that one may turn out such pictures today with a certain amount of skill and sharp control of the aesthetic impulse. To some of us *Colonial Interior* may appear to be only a cold burlesque of early American primitive (and anonymous) painting done in the spirit of steel engraving but to Morris Kantor it is an affirmation of faith and loyalty, his statement of the discovery of the meaning of the architecture and the interior decoration that contain what is significant of the American past. In the opus of a clever painter, *Colonial Interior* might stand as a labored sneer, but to Morris Kantor, who is not a clever painter, but a sincere one, it is a positive declaration.

To those of us who long ago have taken America for granted, the excited rediscoveries of later comers seem to have the effects of drumbeats by the naïve but perhaps it is for the man just off the boat for whom is reserved the deepest thrill in the ransacking of an ancient garret. Not the great-grandsons kiss the soil of this land; they become expatriates, at least in times of European peace and plenty. For them America has become a bore; perhaps that is why the spiritual mortgage on it has slipped from their fingers. I am not spinning this cobweb of ratiocination around an immigrant American's solitary painting. *Colonial Interior* is only one of a series of Americana pictures by Mr. Kantor. I recall the wonder expressed years ago by a Union Square colleague of Mr. Kantor that while the native artists were painting nudes and still lifes, Mr. Kantor was digging most effectively into the American past for his subject matter. The American past was news to Kantor and he continued to paint it only so long as it was news. Had his emphasis upon this subject matter continued, he would have proved himself more deeply concerned with protective coloration than with painting. It was a phase, it has been passed.

But there is a mystic quality throughout all his work within which the Americana phase was contained. This quality, I believe, is pervasive and continuous. Despite the harsh literalness of *Colonial Interior* and its companion pieces, Kantor was looking for something beyond and above the objects represented. He was looking for a spirit. Maybe he found it. In other paintings which may also be called colonial interiors he made a closer approach to the spirit—or at least a spirit. There is a painting of two men struggling outside a saloon on a mean street. One of the two figures has a pair of wings over his suit of clothes. The picture is called *Jacob and the Angel.* Write your own ticket about the meaning of the picture, make it a temperance sermon, if you wish. Kantor refuses to supply an explanation; he has only a query: Why should Jacob and the Angel struggle only in the desert? There is another painting, *Farewell to Union Square*, a literal and colorless picture of the drab buildings around the square and laid athwart the Square a pair of (or at most three) huge roses. Why not? The artist can make his poetry logic if he feels that poetry strongly enough. It is better to dare to make such translations of poetry onto canvas than to paint the same nude again and again. Morris Kantor is a better painter through what he has attempted rather than through what he has accomplished.

He has a poet's way of drenching a picture in the mood which then becomes the substance of the picture more truly than the separate objects which fill up the canvas. *Tension* is not a portrait of three girls; it is a picture of anxiety, and *Baseball Game at Night* has none of the excitement of a baseball game at night, or day; it has its own species of excitement through the working out of the problems of the contrast between dark and light areas created by the artificial situation of a crowd gathered to watch a night baseball game. Kantor's work is not seductive, his color is not subtle and in many ways his color sense is weak. He is not a clever painter. He is a plodder. He marks the steps of his progress by slow, careful, deliberate work, much of which is tentative and experimental. So much more work is done than is seen, so much more seen than creates an effect on the memory and yet enough of his pictures get fixed in the memory once they are seen to help fix also the name of Morris Kantor as a painter of character, vitality and individuality. He is like a poet who writes a lot of lyrics which he has to discard but whose rare lengthy works are powerful enough to give him reputation.

He declares that he has always been mystical, but not always conscious of it. As a picture is in progress the things that happen outside of oneself can't help but affect the course of the painting, the things that impinge upon one's consciousness can't help but affect the original idea. Kantor owes to a commonplace circumstance his series of inside-outside, interior-exterior pictures, those canvases in which the interior of a farmhouse, for example, is shown with the walls out, so that one sees also the quality of the landscape of which the house is a part. This idea of the indivisibility of the interior and the exterior came to Kantor in, of all places, his Union Square studio, on the window of which one evening he saw the night-lit reflections of the outside scene. This sounds like a surrealist tack, and at least one surrealist has painted at least one picture in which the outside has invaded the inside, but Kantor is not a surrealist; there is a literal quality in his mysticism which

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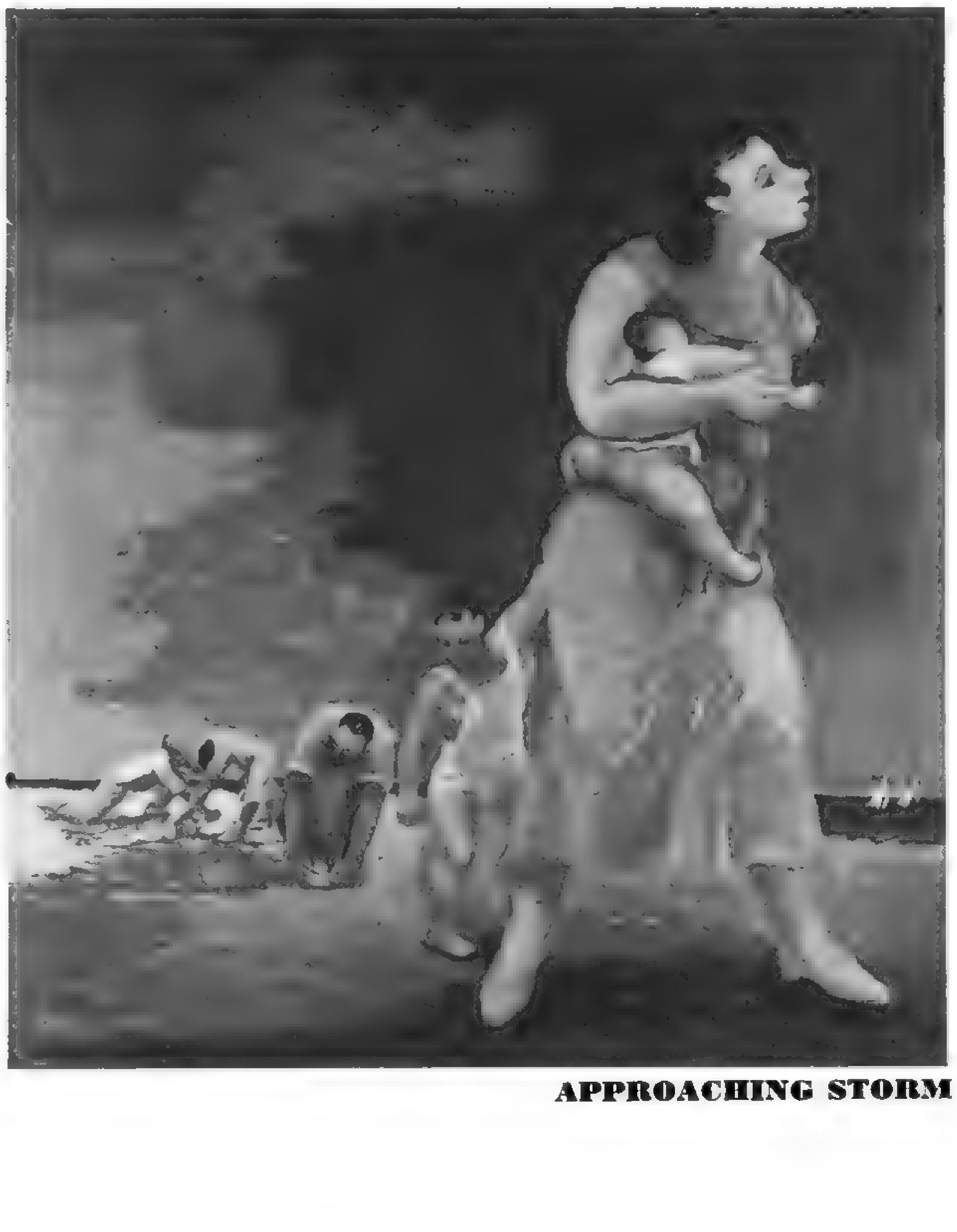
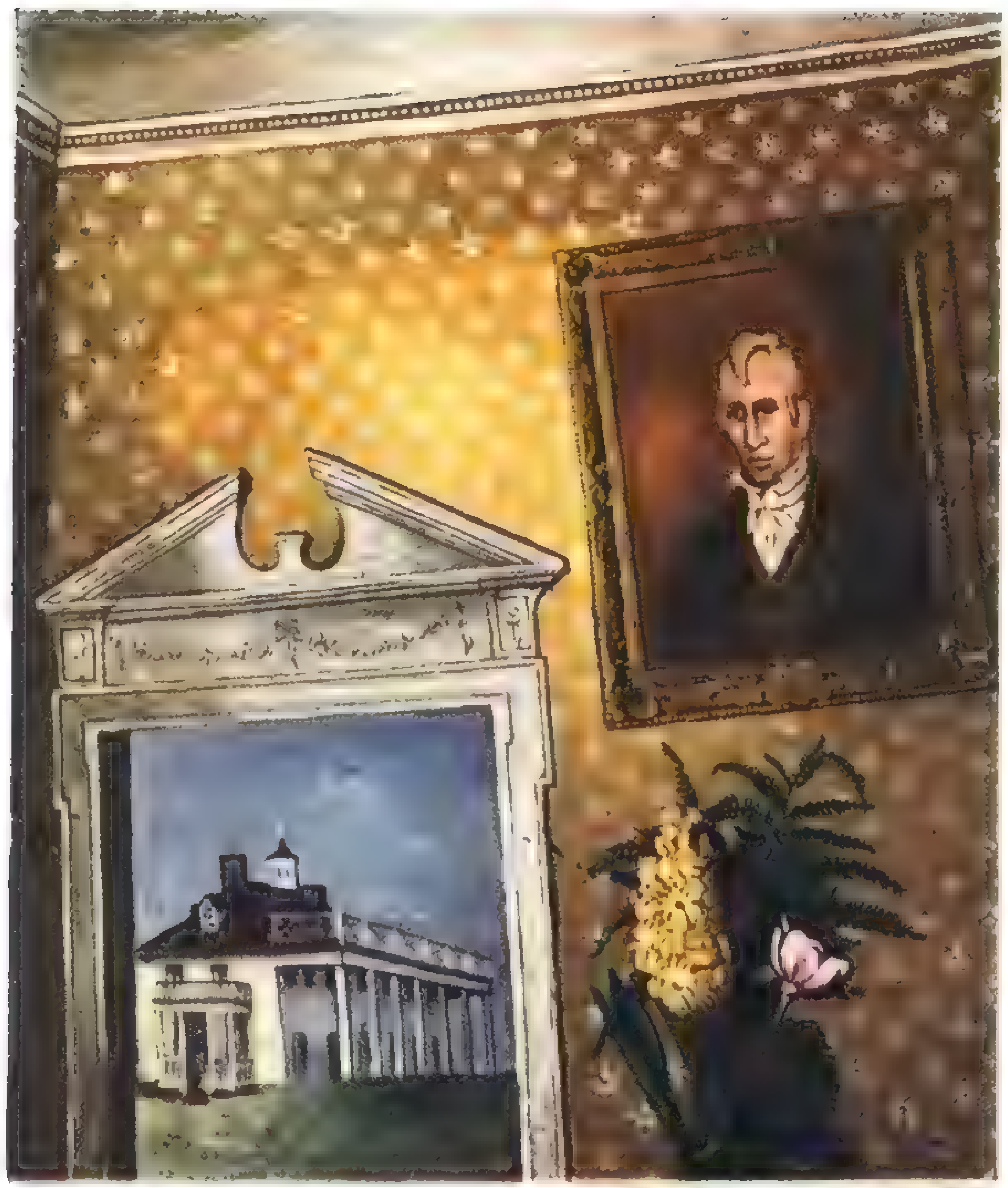
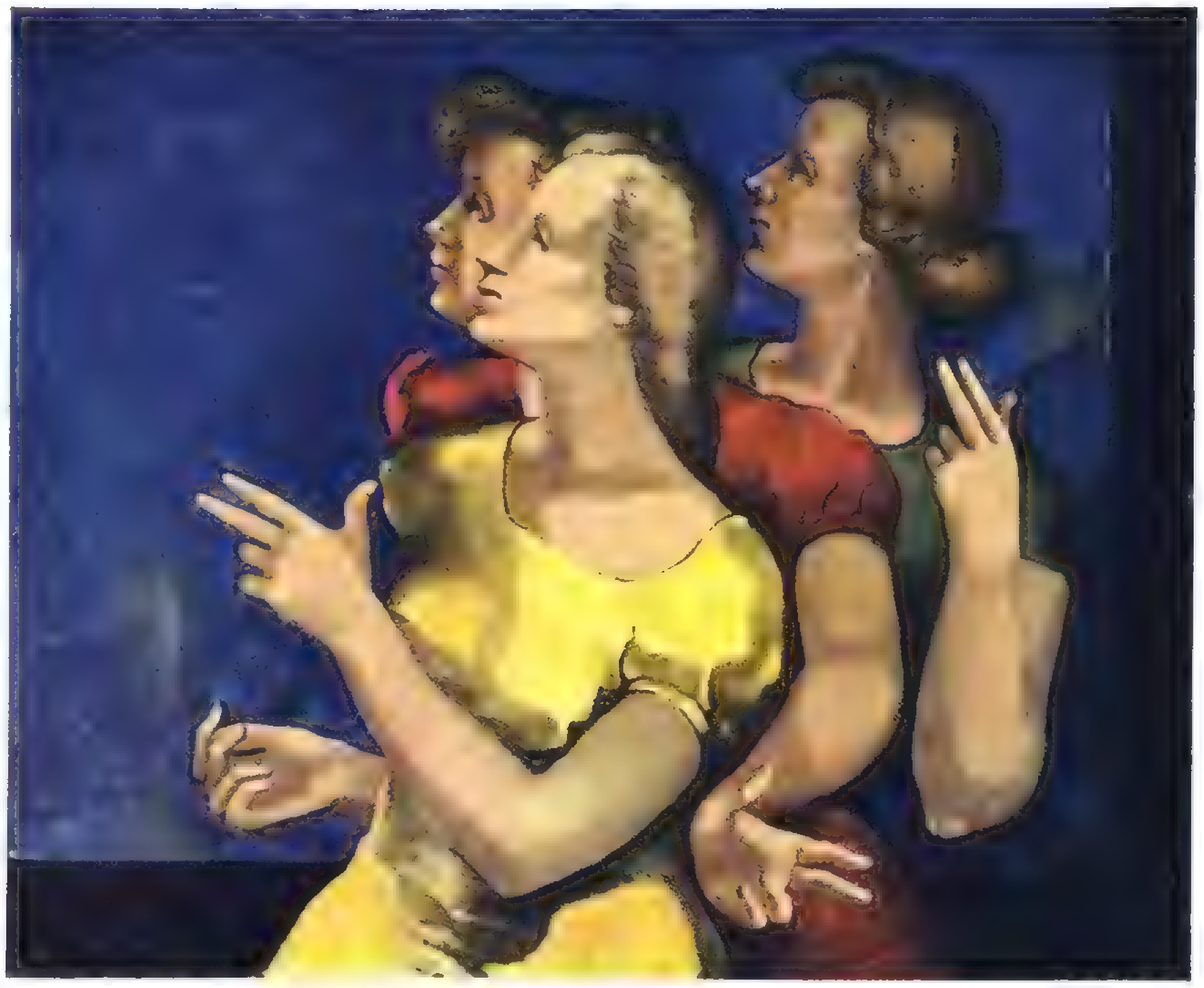


APPROACHING STORM



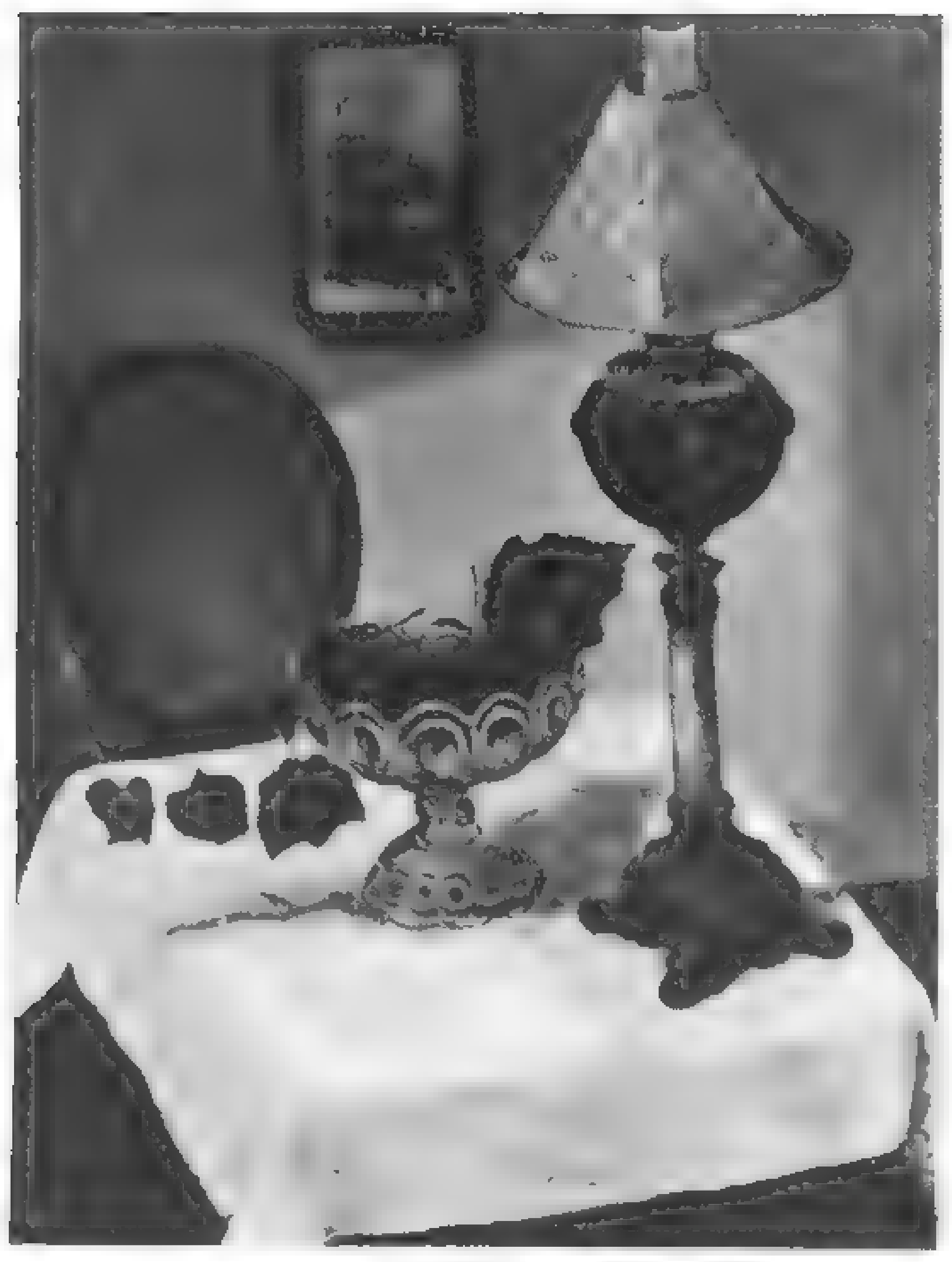
COLONIAL INTERIOR



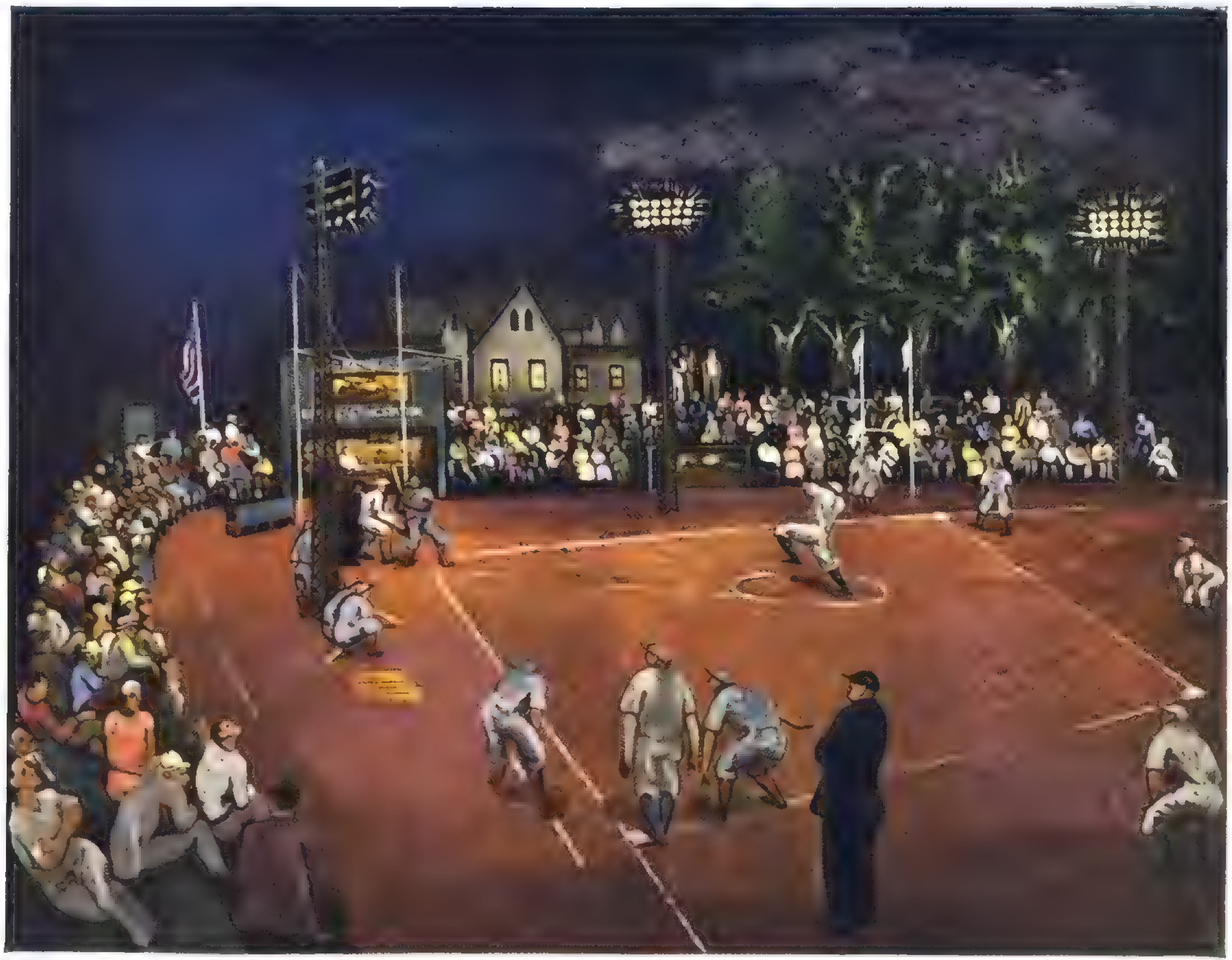
TENSION

A Group of Paintings

by MORRIS KANTOR



LAMP AND GRAPES



BASEBALL GAME AT NIGHT

Reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of the Frank K. M. Rehn Galleries at 683 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Despite the assertions of Erwin Piscator, fresh out of Germany, most of the Broadway playwrights don't give a rap for Hollywood

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

R*efugee Manners.*—Among the German refugees seeking a place in our theatre is Erwin Piscator, before the advent of Hitler a Berlin producer and stage director. In an interview not long ago given to the *New York Post*, Mr. Piscator unburdened himself as follows:

"With the exception of O'Neill, Anderson, Sherwood and Elmer Rice, American playwrights have forsaken the theatre of ideas. Most of the plays now running on Broadway are simply clever entertainment machines. The authors are not doing any real dramatic work but write elemental film stories for the theatre. They do that, no doubt, because they have one eye on the box office and the other on Hollywood. I believe that I would have been much more interested in the American theatre if I had come here about 1925. From what I know of the work that was done then, I should judge that the American theatre has become impoverished not only in money but in ideas."

While I do not wish to seem ungracious to a guest in our land and particularly to one cruelly driven from his own by the Nazi tyranny, I deplore not only the regrettable manners shown by such a guest but, much more, the ignorance regarding our theatre on which those bad manners are founded. Piscator, even in his homeland, was little better than an indifferent and showy experimental producer and director and one whose exhibits were open to considerable critical misgiving. Thus, immediately upon his arrival to set himself up as a superior critic of our American theatre would seem to be in questionable taste, especially as his views indicate pretty clearly that he knows next to nothing about our theatre. Regard his dicta.

"With the exception of O'Neill, Anderson, Sherwood and Elmer Rice," he says, "American playwrights have forsaken the theatre of ideas." What, he may be asked, of a dozen or more others like Behrman, Odets, Hellman, Kingsley, Lawson, Ardrey, Bein, Atlas, Maltz, Sklar, Blitzstein, Green, MacLeish, Riggs, Irwin Shaw, and Arthur Arent?

"Most of the plays now running on Broadway," he continues, "are simply clever entertainment machines." Plays, sweet and sour, running on Broadway at the general time were, among others, simply such "clever entertainment machines" as *Tobacco Road*, O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock*, Saroyan's *The Time Of Your Life*, the Artef's *Clinton Street*, Kingsley's *The World We Make*, Anderson's *Key Largo*, Osborn's *Morning's At Seven*, Carroll's *Kindred*, Eckstein's *Christmas Eve*, Bradford's *John Henry*, and Bernard Shaw's *Geneva*. And so far, specifically, as the sneer at simply clever entertainment machines goes, what is so especially ignominious about *The Man Who Came To Dinner*, *Life With Father*, *The Male Animal*, and the like? Incidentally and furthermore, were such freak exhibits as *Hoppla, Wir Leben*, et al., with which Piscator got a reputation in Berlin, anything more than simply clever entertainment machines?

"The authors are not doing any real dramatic work," proceeds our guest, "but write elemental film stories for the theatre." May we ask our guest to ponder the elemental film stories arbitrarily injected into the plays of the authors I have listed? Or those incorporated into even half of the trash that sees Broadway production and that never gets so much as a faint nibble from the Hollywood studios? Or those in many of the scripts written by young hopefuls which are being peddled among the producers? (Not one in every five that I have read would tempt Hollywood for a moment.) Does Steinbeck write with one eye on the box office and the other on Hollywood, even though Hollywood may subsequently buy him? Does Saroyan? Does Turney or the Barry of *Here Come The Clowns*, *Hotel Universe*, etc.? Do Kaufman and Hart usually give a rap for Hollywood, however great a rap Hollywood pretty regularly gives for them? And what often of Clare Boothe with her blithe and unconcerned acerbity, and Erskine Caldwell, and young Bowers, and E. P. Conkle, and the Heywards, and Susan Glaspell, and Langston Hughes, and John Wexley, and George O'Neil, and George Kelly, and Daniel Rubin, and Dan Totheroh, and Lulu Vollmer, and any number of such others?

Mr. Piscator says he thinks he would have been much more interested in our theatre if he had come here in 1925 when, from what he says he knows of the work done then, there wasn't the impoverishment not only in money but also in ideas that is now visible. Let us understandingly and politely overlook the mazuma angle, which Mr. Piscator very significantly seems to list before and emphasize above the idea, and glance at the latter. In the year 1925 of which he, allegedly knowingly, speaks, the high points in the dramatic ideational content of our theatre were represented by the following plays, specified by Mr. Burns Mantle in his annual volume of record and predicated upon a general critical vote: *Craig's Wife*, by George Kelly, *The Great God Brown*, by O'Neill, *The Green Hat*, by Michael Arlen, *The Dybbuk*, by S. Ansky, *The Enemy*, by Channing Pollock, *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, by Frederick Lonsdale, *Bride of The Lamb*, by William Hurlbut, *The Wisdom Tooth*, by Marc Connelly, *The Butter and Egg Man*, by George S. Kaufman, and *Young Woodley*, by John Van Druten.

Consider.

Here were six American and four foreign plays. What were they like? What was

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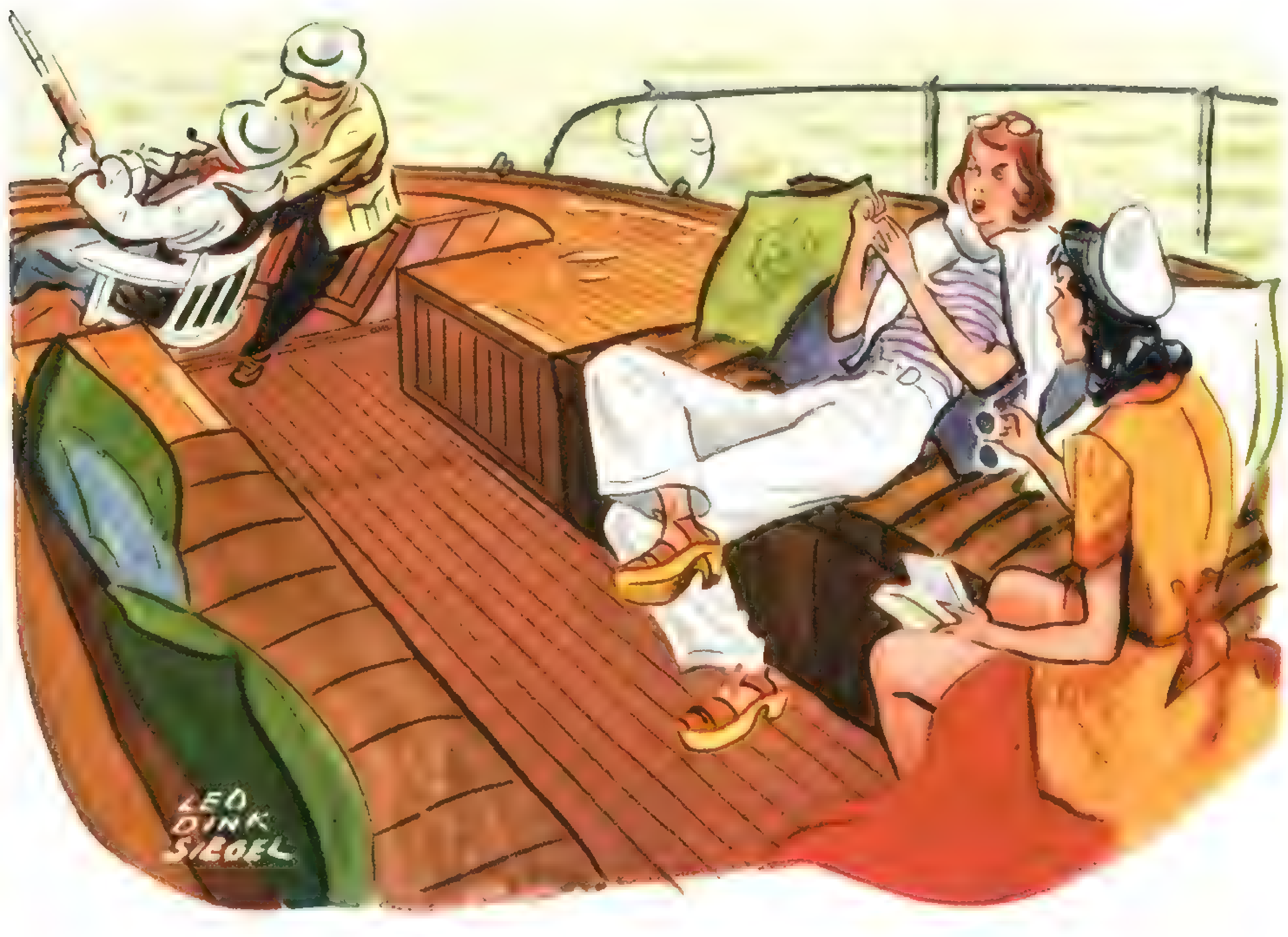

"When the boss said fishing trip I guess he meant fishing trip"

"DU BARRY WAS A LADY" *by* PHIL STACK – COLOR PHOTOGRAPH *by* ALDEN WEEKS

HISTORY ain't no MYSTERY anymore!
All its hidden secrets we explore!
  Hollywood and Broadway got together on the plot . . .
  Now they serve it up to us and, Boy, it's piping hot!
  Why, Elizabeth and Essex NECK right on a movie lot!
Oh, HISTORY ain't no MYSTERY anymore!

HISTORY ain't no MYSTERY anymore!
Now we know why Henry got so sore!
  First, we saw his ladies stick their necks way out a mile!
  Then we saw them polished off in most efficient style . . .
  And when Laughton BELCHED (with sound effects) he had us in the aisle!
Oh, HISTORY ain't no MYSTERY anymore!

HISTORY ain't no MYSTERY anymore!
We're much wiser than we were before!
  Once we thought Du Barry was a (very naughty name)
  Broadway made us eat our words and hang our heads in shame!
  Why, "Du Barry Was a Lady" . . . (when a Lady was a "Dame")
Oh, HISTORY ain't no MYSTERY anymore!

PRINCIPALS FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: BERT LAHR, ETHEL MERMAN, BETTY GRABLE

SONNET FOR A BRIDE *by* PHIL STACK—PASTEL *by* ALEX RAYMOND

This is YOUR day . . . and may I wish you, Sweet,
  The bluest sky . . . the softest breeze you've known . . .
There is a tryst to keep . . . a Prince to meet . . .
  A golden interlude for two alone,
And though I read compassion in your eyes
  Be confident that I will find a way
To reconcile this purge from Paradise
  And live with mem'ries of a fairer day;
So, lift your heart . . . and lift your lovely chin
  And smile for me that devastating smile . . .
And may I ease one word of comfort in
  Before you saunter up the middle aisle?
(In case this Prince of your turns out a DUB . . .
  WHY, YOU CAN ALWAYS REACH ME AT THE CLUB!)

"Why Did You Leave Him?"

Run-of-the-mine divorce trials in a midwestern court, from a court stenographer's notebook

ANONYMOUS

• ARTICLE •

"HEAR YE! Hear ye! Hear ye!"

Court is opened. The judge takes his seat, the clerk makes a notation, the bailiff subsides into a chair. I, the court stenographer, unscrew my fountain pen and open a notebook. I have taken down the testimony of assorted murderers, robbers, firebugs, bank presidents. This happens to be a divorce trial.

Common as it now is, the average citizen still continues to think of divorce in vaguely sensational terms, thanks to the movies and tabloids and the large marital turnover in high society and the cinemaristocracy. Jane Brown across the street may have dissolved her marriage, and Mrs. Johnson in the next block.

Still the word "divorcee" conjures up somebody much more striking: a glamorous creature, custom-made by Walter Winchell, smartly dressed, alimony-minded, sloughing off a husband as casually as an ordinary woman takes off a hat. Equally colorful is the popular idea of a divorce trial: a crowded courtroom, plenty of reporters and photographers, decorative witnesses, and testimony with all the gaudy details—the seductive corespondent, the clandestine apartment, the mink wrap, the flowing champagne, and all the other trappings of expensive sin.

But what now actually occurs during this typical divorce hearing in this typical midwestern court is something more like this:

The courtroom remains quite empty—no crowds, no reporters, no photographers. Merely the usual atmosphere of casual routine. At length, at the rear of the room, a slight stir. Enter a timid little group of three young women, herded by one of our brisk young attorneys, smiling a bland professional smile of reassurance. They trail up to the front of the courtroom. The lawyer presents the papers and confers briefly with the judge, stating among other things that the case is uncontested. After the judge and the clerk have made the routine entries in their records, the bailiff, in the bored singsong common to his vocation, calls out three times the name of the absent husband. The default having been thus established, the hearing duly proceeds.

The young plaintiff is brought forward and, raising a shabbily gloved hand, mutters with great embarrassment that she will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Then, after blundering first into the jury box and next into the reporter's enclosure, she finally arrives on the witness stand. Her lawyer now proceeds with the evidence, which I here transcribe in part from one of my court notebooks.

The routine questions and answers—name, address, husband, date of marriage, etc.

Then, "When did you last see your husband?"

"On the 8th of March, 1934."

"Why did you leave him?"

"I didn't leave him—he left me."

"Why did he leave you?"

"Well, he just said he didn't want to be married no more. He said it cost too much to be married and he was too young to be tied up that way and he never had no more good times. He said he was going back to his mother's."

"How old was he when you married him?"

"Eighteen."

"How old were you?"

"Sixteen."

"And he left you on March 8, 1934?"

"He sure did. He packed up and left me there all alone in that furnished room."

"Did he make any statement when he left you?"

"No, he just said he wanted his good times. His mother told him if he came back home maybe she'd get him a used car."

"After his leaving you, what did you do?"

"Well, I stayed there all alone for a couple of days and then I borrowed some money from my girl friend and come back home."

"Where are you living now?"

"With my folks."

"Are they able to support you?"

"Well, no, they haven't got so much. I've been looking around trying to find a job."

"Does your husband contribute toward your support in any way?"

"Oh, no."

"Are you asking this court to grant you alimony?"

"No, he's not making enough to keep himself."

"Have you ever lived and cohabited with your husband since March 8, 1934?"

"Have I what?"

"Have you ever lived with your husband since then?"

"No, I haven't ever saw him."

A few more details, and the plaintiff leaves the stand. The two other girls, who had been living in the same rooming house, testify in turn that the defendant indeed left his wife on the date named. The divorce is duly granted and the judge signs the decree. Half-laughing and half-crying, the young divorcee shakes hands with her attorney, giggles a little with her girl friends, and shortly departs with them.

As the court term advances, there are many more divorces. Many other wives take the stand—large wives, small wives, blonde wives, brunette wives, pretty wives, plain wives, cheerful wives, sad wives, angry wives.

But where is that streamlined movie version? Somehow she never appears.

In her place is indeed a very different picture. It is a sort of composite photograph of

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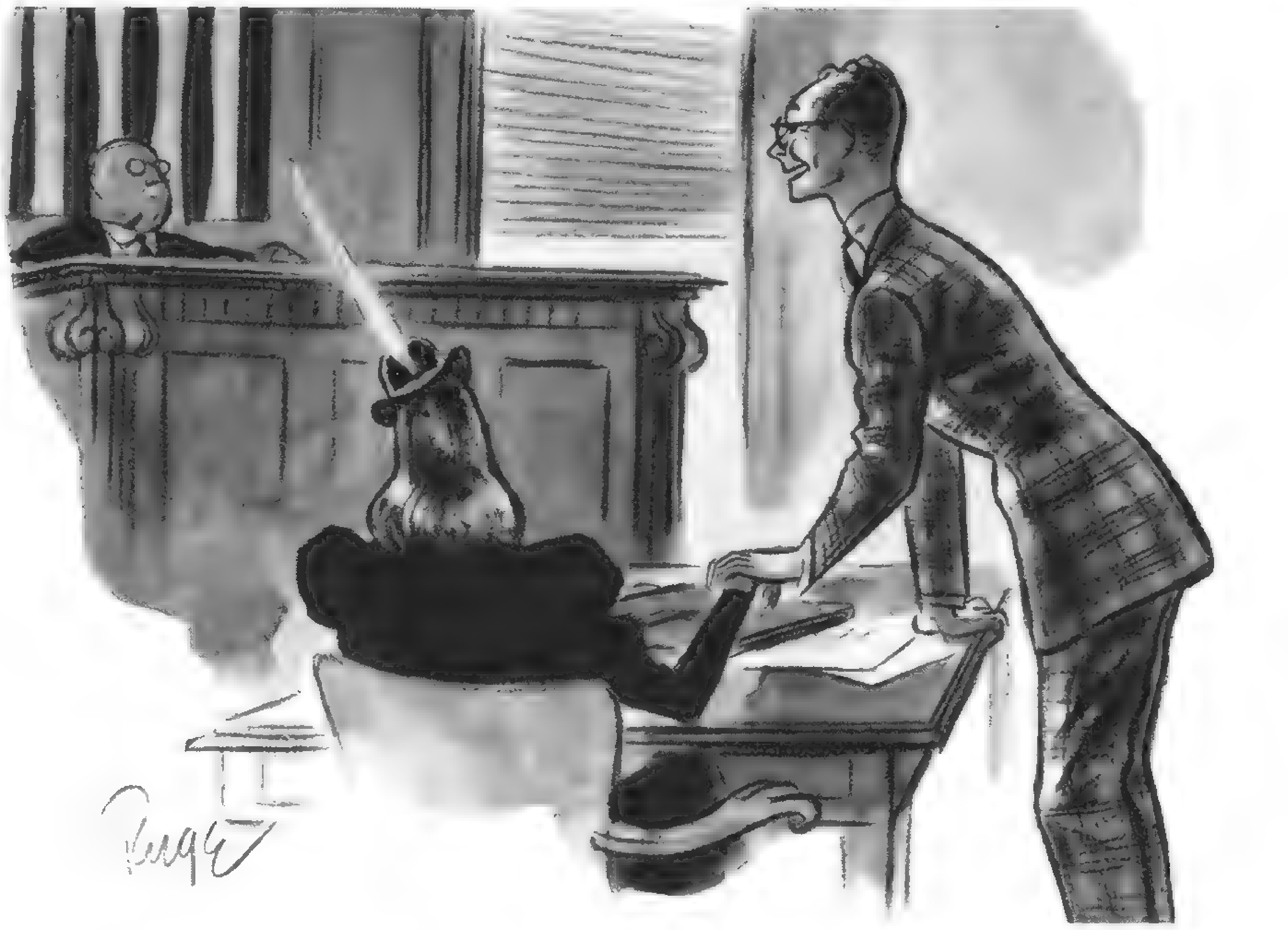
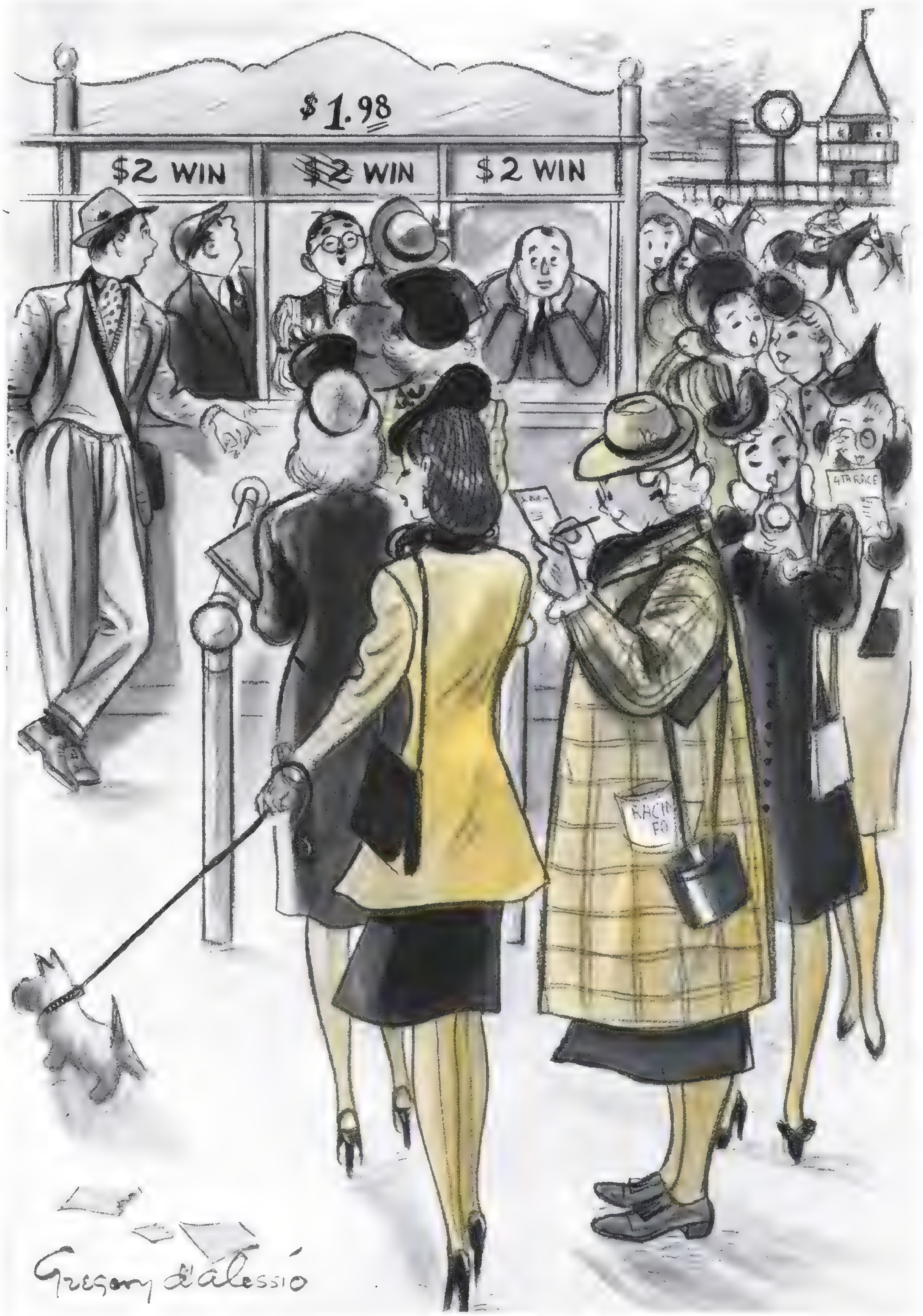


"I want to thank Your Honor for the decree granted my client. Now we'd like to get married"


$1.98
$2 WIN
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$2 WIN
4TH RACE
RACIN
Gregory d'Alessio

"Jonesy certainly knows feminine psychology—his window is making a tremendous hit with the ladies"

Frantic Fishing in Tuamotu

Spirited jousts below the surface with the conger eel, tiger shark, barracuda, octopus and giant manta

by WILMON MENARD

• SPORTS •

A TAHITIAN skipper of a copra-trading schooner landed me one squally day on an isolated coral atoll of the Tuamotu, or Dangerous Isles, in the eastern section of the South Pacific—a garland-shaped, coconut-dotted *motu*, less than eight miles long, east and west, with an extreme width of five miles through the center, including the wide, deep lagoon and the chain of islets which enclosed the coral-bound lake. The atoll, also, had only a precarious rise of six feet above high-water level, which caused me grave concern in event of hurricanes, which are to be expected in this vast archipelago of half-drowned islands between December and March.

The trader-skipper promised he would return in four months' time to pick me up, but seven months passed before I was to see his schooner again. In keeping with the common mental languor of the Polynesian, he permitted the thought of me to drift into a stagnant section of his mind, until one day he noticed a discarded shirt of mine hanging from a hook in the sleeping cabin of the schooner, which shockingly reminded him of the inclement day he had put a *popaa* (white man) ashore at Mauroa Atoll. There I was, mind you, marooned on a lonely speck of coral-skeleton land, far out of the customary trade routes of island copra or pearl-shell schooners. When the schooner did not come at its appointed time, I became panicky. I climbed up into the tufted tops of coco palms during the day and peered anxiously across the shimmering expanse of south ocean for the sight of a sail. At night I made the natives keep a fire burning on the southwestern end of the atoll. I even contemplated striking out for Tahiti in a frail sailing canoe. But, worst of all, I began drinking up my cases of rum to allay my fear and apprehension. Well, perhaps you would have become slightly irrational, too, plagued by the tardiness of the schooner, the maddening monotony of the cycle of uneventful days and nights on end, and the unvarying diet of fishes, coconut-meat dishes, and meal patties made from the *pandanus* (screw-pine).

One day, my friend Amo, a herculean fisherman of Mauroa, took me in hand.

"I think maybe you go blentay *maamaa* (crazy), if you no stop worry all time and drink like goddam fool," he informed me seriously.

"Yes, I'm sure you're right," I said, without argument.

"Hokay!" he exclaimed. "Now which one you want?" He extended the full bottle of rum and a fish-spear toward me, fixing me with a stern stare, dubious of my decision.

I suppose I was very smart to select the fish lance. Yes, I took up fish-spearing to save myself from an excruciating case of delirium tremens. Amo initiated me into the difficult art of sticking fishes underwater, and under his exacting eye I became so proficient that I had the brass to tackle a man-killing, giant conger eel and a savage barracuda, to say nothing of the colossal manta I wanted to prick with my spear one day.

Amo made me a pair of handsome diving goggles, fashioning the eye cups out of hard native wood and sealing in pieces of glass with tree sap. My spear was an eight-foot shaft of iron pipe that had been ripped from the hull of a trading schooner sunk in five fathoms of water just inside the reef-pass of Mauroa. A slender shaft of iron, a foot long, had been hammered into one end, and I sharpened, edged and barbed the point myself. I made myself, under Amo's supervision, about six lances, and they were very nifty weapons, if I do say so. The spears had to be heavy enough to offset the buoyancy of the underwater pressure, and, at the same time, not to be so long they would hamper movement underwater. And having a savage fish to poke, at a distance of eight feet, is ticklish business. If you missed one, it was just as likely to whirl around and take the offensive, causing you acute discomfiture, until you were able to scramble for the surface.

Now, with many months of underwater fish spearing to profit by, not only in the far South Pacific, but in the West Indies and Gulf of Mexico, my next set of underwater fish stickers will be designed with detachable heads, expanding into sockets for the reception of the iron shafts, with lengths of thin steel cable attached to the small ring on the heads and affixed to the shaft, within easy reach of my hands. You see, I frequently transfixed many big brutes, who showed surprising power, yanking me savagely this way and that as they struggled toward their coral grottoes, sometimes dashing me violently against cutting and virulent coral fans and clumps which caused suppurating wounds that took weeks to heal properly. There's a limit, you know, to the length of time one can remain below the surface scrapping with an enraged, speared fish. I would even go so far as to connect the steel cable with plenty of slack line terminating in a small buoy floating on the surface, so I could tussle with a particularly contrary ruffian above the lagoon, which would eliminate the suffering, dangers, and uncomfortable effects of cramped lungs and underwater pressure on the sinuses and ears. It might sound unsportsmanlike, but I've speared many marine bullies, who were notoriously bad sports, as you'll see. One dangerous hoodlum of the deep chased me while my spear was still snagged in him (or her).

I didn't annoy any of the formidable brutes of the lagoons, until after more than three months of practice. My tutelage took the form of pricking small, inoffensive fish, im-

Continued in center of page 143

SALE
MEN'S
SWEATERS
Richter

"Of course my husband isn't quite so large as I am around the hips"

Schooling Your Dog

How to house-break your dog, how to teach him to heel and to perform tricks, how and when to punish him

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

There's an old adage among dog fanciers that you can criticize a man's wife and get away with it—but the most subtle inference that his dog is below par will immediately cost you a friend.

In self-preservation, therefore, it must be granted that everybody's dog is the smartest, the most lovable and the best behaved animal in the world. Yet the fact remains that as the current vogue for dog proprietorship increases, one community after another is witnessing some sharp explosions of feeling between the dog lovers and "the others."

Retail stores everywhere have broken into a rash of Keep-Your-Dog-Near-The-Curb signs; new bans have been imposed upon dogs in public parks, on bathing beaches, in large apartment houses and even real estate developments where dogs were formerly accepted as a matter of course; periodically some neighborhood clash ends in court, is reported in the papers, and serves as the clarion call to all dog owners to rise up and wipe out the infidels.

Before the persecution begins, however, let's check up. As a dog owner in good standing, it strikes me that the dogs of a good many other people—like the children of a good many other people—are exceptionally bad-mannered, impudent and unruly. They tear up lawns, trample flower beds, kill chickens, scare old ladies and defy motorists. They haven't any conception of obedience, and when you visit their homes they jump all over you with dirty feet, slobber on your hand and run away with your hat when you aren't looking. And while their mistress laughs it all off good-naturedly, you begin to sense that maybe the mean old dog haters aren't quite as screwy as they've been painted!

Unfortunately, far too many people are willing to accept the companionship of a dog without shouldering the twin responsibility of training the animal in the fundamentals of decent behavior. Nothing, to be sure, is more pitiful than a cringing dog crushed by abuse and Prussian domination. Yet that doesn't alter the fact that a dog can be well trained without damage to his personality or character—or the additional fact that anybody can train a dog who will take the trouble to do it.

At various times I have watched the methods and seen the results obtained by dog men like Leon F. Whitney, Will Judy, Robert Lemmon, Albert Payson Terhune, Elias Vail, C. A. Roy, and others in specialized fields such as blind guidance and motion picture and circus work. Between them these men work with every popular type of dog. And the consensus is that from the racing greyhound, who isn't too bright, to the dachshunds and French poodles who are probably the smartest of them all (God forgive my rashness!), there isn't any dog, mongrel or blooded, who can't be taught a great deal.

The catch is that dog owners aren't nearly as good at teaching as their pupils are at learning. After you've seen a professional trainer put his puppies through their paces for several sessions, you discover that the trouble with most of us is that we throw up the sponge too soon. And nine times out of ten the reason why we quit in impatient disgust is that we have, in our eagerness to get the thing done quickly, addled the poor beast's brain with a confusing babel of conflicting words. With him in a mental turmoil trying to determine what is wanted—and ourselves in a rising temper of exasperation trying to tell him—progress is hopeless.

There are certain rudiments of dog training which many people, especially women amateurs, fail to grasp. The first is the need for an *unrelenting* firmness; second, the necessity for stark simplicity in the command chosen to convey a given task; third, the importance of keeping on one thing at a time, over and over and over, until the lesson is put across. Firmness doesn't imply brutality or even severity. The basic idea is best expressed by the popular phrase, "gently but firmly," with all that the words imply. Good trainers are invariably quiet spoken but determined. Most of them use the whip with discretion when necessary, but none of them would ever holler at a dog pupil because they know that is just about the quickest way to ruin him. They also know that it is very bad policy to back down or quit on a command once given, hence they never issue one which they can't see through.

Next to impatience and temper, most amateurs fail because of their confusion of words in giving a command. "Come, Fido, and sit down for mamma," they'll say. "N-i-c-e Fido—doesn't he want to sit down pretty like a good little doggie?"

Of course, Fido would like to if he knew what the devil you were driving at. So the quickest way to convey it is to stick to one single word: *Sit.* Don't elaborate on it; don't coax him; don't babble like you do when you're trying to persuade a child to do something. Just say *Sit,* over and over, as you press on his back near the tail to force him into the proper position.

Sooner or later he gets the idea in his little noodle and actually sits. Then you pet him and praise him as effusively as you like, to show him that the accomplishment was nothing short of brilliant.

Don't give him rewards of food because the properly trained dog obeys from the heart, not from the stomach. The ones that are "belly trained" very often cease to be amenable later on when they discover that the tidbits are not forthcoming. Praise and patting are quite as tangible to your pet. And if more people realized how much can be conveyed to a dog by a tone of voice, there would be far less use of both whips and between-meal tidbits. Indeed, it is perfectly amazing what subtle commands almost any dog can be taught to obey. Scads of dogs belonging to deaf mutes respond to commands that practically amount to lip reading. And in the movies, all the trick dogs who used to respond to verbal commands in silent-picture days had to be quickly retrained to act on hand signals alone when the talkies came in. Now the trainer merely jerks his thumb, crosses his hands, makes a fist, revolves his hand in a circle, or whatnot, and the dog actor does what the semaphor says.

In view of that, it is surprising how few house dogs have been taught such a simple but such a valuable word as NO. It covers a multitude of things, especially with a new puppy; it is so simple to put across in a sharp, imperative tone and is so easily backed up by a threatening gesture with a switch or a sharp rap of a whip on the floor (which seems to frighten most dogs more than an actual application of the whip). The trouble is that we don't standardize on NO. We shift to Stop it; Don't do that; What do you mean by that?; Hector—don't you dare touch that!; Drop it, etc., etc. But if we used NO every time we meant "cease and desist," we'd get further sooner.

With most other simple commands such as "Come here," "Lie down," "Roll over," etc., it is necessary to demonstrate what you mean as you give the command. The best method of teaching a puppy to COME is to put him on a long string, let him wander a bit, and then, as you give the command, draw him toward you, gently but firmly. Every time you say COME, draw him toward you, and then make a fuss over him in a pleased voice so that he realizes he did something commendable. In due time he'll come without any pull from you and you can then discard the string indoors. But when you first try it outside, go back to the string until there's no doubt in his mind about the correct response.

If you want to teach your pup to lie down, roll over, sit up, or whatnot, you've simply got to force him down, roll him over or hold him up by his front paws as you repeat the command over and over. The last stunt will be easiest for all concerned if you practice it in a corner of the room where the dog can lean against two walls.

The best technique for "Shake hands" is to rap his paw firmly with your knuckles until he lifts it to avoid the annoyance. Then grab it quickly, shake it and praise him lustily. He may catch on in six tries—or in thirty-six. But he'll catch on eventually if you keep it simple—and keep it up.

In the prohibitory field where punishment is involved you can make no headway at all unless the chastisement, oral or physical, is *immediate* and directly connected with the offense in the dog's mind. If, for instance, your dog swipes the remains of a lamb roast off the table and you don't discover it for a half-hour, it's a waste of time to punish him then because he won't tie up the cause and effect. If he does snatch things off the table (because you are foolish enough to leave them there!), your best procedure is to plant something for him on the table and lay for him until you catch him in the act.

If that isn't feasible, then try covering the bait with red pepper on several occasions and he'll soon decide that the food on that table is too hot for his blood.

Dogs are broken of chicken stealing, cat chasing, even carelessness in front of automobiles by a stock method which will prove as effective as you are patient. With a long cord or rope tied around his neck in a slipknot, the dog is allowed to approach a chicken (or cat or moving car or whatnot) to within a critical distance. If he makes a move toward the other animal (or fails to get out of the way of the car, as the case may be), the trainer jerks the rope so forcefully that the pup is rudely thrown on his back. Repeated four or five times in succession for several days, the dog soon loses all interest in this forbidden object which so consistently tosses him for a loss. This same method, incidentally—is used in breaking cats of the bad habit of stalking birds. It is so successful that at the Bronx Zoo there are two cats who have lived in the bird house all their lives with complete run of the place—and have never molested a bird.

The whole point here is that the punishment or discomfort follows the transgression like a thunder clap, and the dog has no difficulty at all in connecting the two. This same psychology should prevail in every other command: a given act should immediately follow a given word until the two become synonymous in the dog's mind.

The "discomfort technique" is also applied in teaching a dog to drop a forbidden article (pressing his lip against his teeth until he does) and in silencing an intemperate barker. While it is natural for a dog to bark and he should enjoy some leeway in this healthy form of expression, he should also be taught to keep still on command. The best word to use is QUIET and in many cases it is sufficient merely to repeat the word emphatically and in a displeased voice while you clamp his jaws shut with your hands.

Other dogs, however, can't take a hint, so with them you emphasize the word QUIET by shaking their heads violently from side to side until they soon associate the command with a great dizziness. As goes without saying, this is often one of the hardest lessons to put over.

A command which is taught to all gun dogs and which could, with great advantage, be taught to house pets, too, is HEEL. In the field this means, "follow right behind my heels": for a house dog it would suffice to have him stay beside you. The training method is to walk the dog on a leash freely until the command HEEL is given. The animal is then drawn smartly into position aided with a flick of the switch if need be, and kept there until the trainer sees fit to let him walk freely again.

As in everything else, naturally, this involves tireless repetition. But it will prove well worth while to pet owners who like to let their dogs off the leads as much as possible but who always have their blood pressure jump when they encounter a group of playing children, a skulking cat, another dog or a cross-walk. When a well trained dog comes to HEEL, Satan himself couldn't move him out of that position until his master gives the OK.

Of course, the one thing new dog owners are most interested in is house breaking. Here, as with stealing, it is worth a lot if you can catch the dog in the act and scold him severely immediately then put him out at once. Since the evidence remains, however, it isn't vital if some time does elapse between the deed and the reprimand because you can bring him back to the spot, show him his handiwork and bawl him out without any possibility of his misunderstanding you.

Except in stubborn cases there is no necessity for rubbing his nose in it—a rather filthy idea at best—and the switch should be used only as a last resort. One of the most effective disciplinary measures is to tie the dog up close to the scene of his indiscretion for fifteen or twenty minutes. They hate that for their natural instinct is to get as far away from it as possible.

Again, the chief element required is patience, for a normal puppy is seldom house broken in less than two or three weeks of many mop ups. And when all is said and done on this topic, as much of the discipline should be aimed at the owners as at the dogs, for the normal pup prefers to relieve himself beyond the limits of his restricted haunts. It isn't possible for him to do that unless people

Continued at top of page 143

Ushers Are Lushers

Let wine be poured (champagne if possible) for toasting the health of the bride and groom

by LAWTON MACKALL

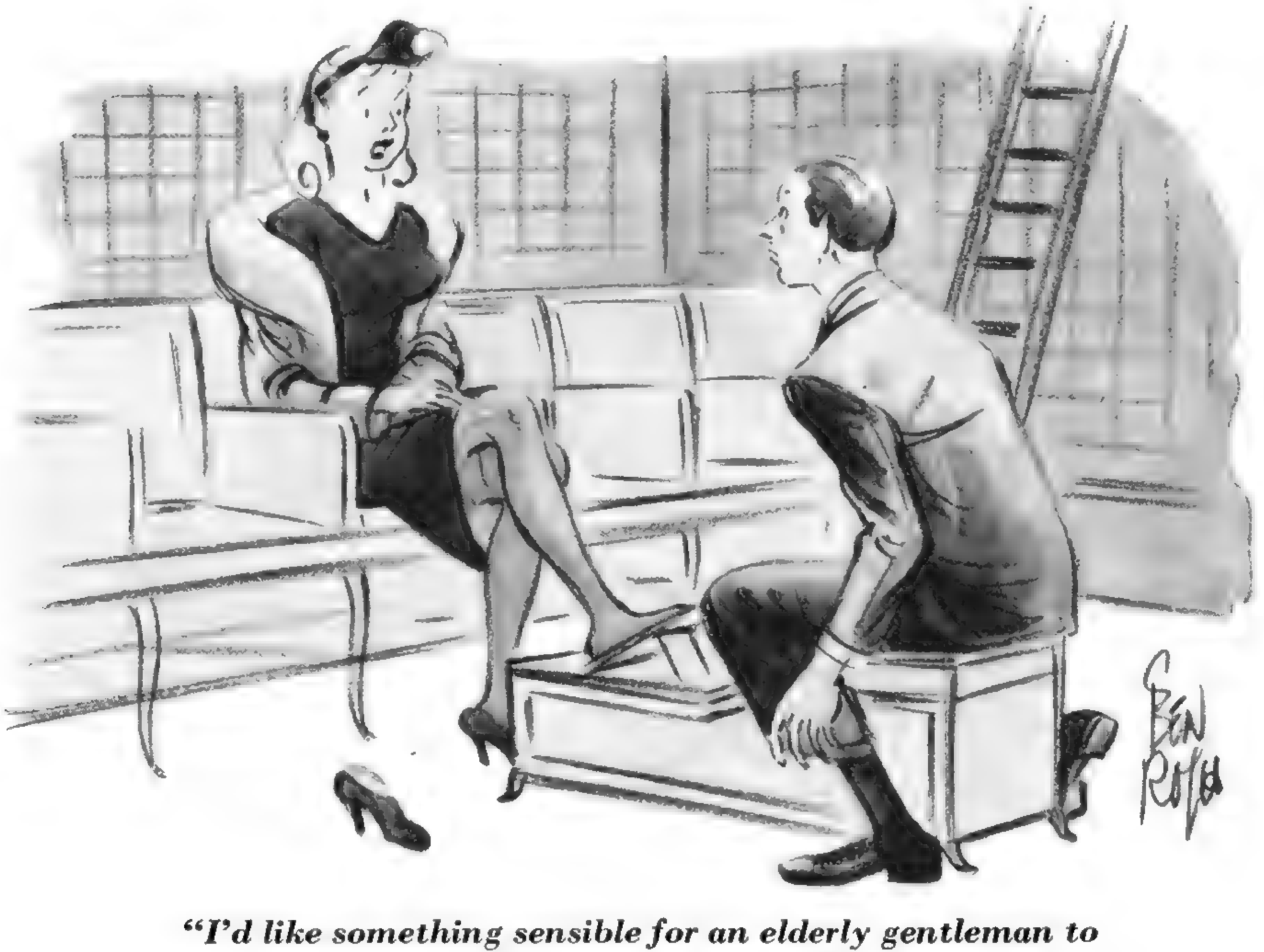
▪ POTABLES ▪

THE cynic who nutshelled the whole business of getting married as "much-I-do-about-nothing" isn't sending out cards to announce that he will be at home in the dog-house after June first. But there's where you will find him, if you care to—grinding his teeth at the thought of the Champagne he's forgoing: that Wine of Splice which is a part of the great bridal wave that rushes upon us at this time of year, inspiring gulps of the throat of all sorts and sizes, with buffets taken by storm.

Blame for picking the longest-dayed, shortest-nighted month of the year as the hymeneal season has been pinned onto the ancient Romans. But we shouldn't judge hastily. Maybe it wasn't so much a matter of choice as it was spontaneous combustion, what with the warm weather and everything. One thing is certain, however, and that is that the bridal attendants, who nowadays are mere drones and decorations, used to have to work for their drinks. The male participants did a valeting job, and the bridesmaids not only dressed the bride but subsequently undressed her and put her to bed—there being no Niagara Falls or Atlantic City at that time. Indeed, in Old Testament times it was customary for two friends or relatives, known as bridesmen, to stick around as attesting witnesses.

Royalty was always especially fussy in these matters. When the resplendent Louis XIV married off one of his bastard daughters, Mademoiselle de Blois, to his legitimate nephew, the Duc de Chartres, after the ceremony in the palace chapel at Versailles all the company repaired to a wedding breakfast with the table horseshoe-fashion—princes and princesses of the blood seated at right and left of His Majesty, and less haughty fry tapering toward the ends where sundry illegits, as yet undisposed of matrimonially, were on display. In the afternoon, ex-King James II of England and Mrs. James, who were living as exiles in near-by St. Germain on Sugar-King Louis' bounty, came over and joined the party. There was a great concert and the gambling tables were set out. Then followed supper, outdoing the breakfast in food, drink and swanktilio. Afterwards the newlyweds were shepherded to the bride's new apartment. Here the ex-Queen of England handed the new Duchess her chemise; and the Duke's shirt was reluctantly bestowed upon him by the luckless James. The benediction of the bed was pronounced by Cardinal de Bouillon who held up all proceedings by arriving late.

For originality in nuptialing you've got to hand it to my ancestral people, the thrifty Scots. Who else could have invented the Penny Wedding which was prevalent in rural communities of Smoky Whisky Land not so long ago? Actually the privilege of being a guest cost a shilling *and* a penny, the latter sum being the perquisite of the fiddler, while mine host, the groom, acted as cashier and bartender. Guests could eat all they wanted to, thanks to the fact that purveyors bidding for the new couple's trade had donated fowls, white bread, and other delicacies. (The chickens were always boiled, the guidwife never having the heart to roast them and so lose the broth.) But the shilling entitled its payer to only one drink of whisky and water, no matter how much dancing and revelry were indulged in. For the groom was bartender and all further drinks had to be settled for in cash. When things really got going, the bride would fling an apron over her wedding gown and prove herself a true helpmeet at his side, with the result that the family fortune was under way even before the family.



"I'd like something sensible for an elderly gentleman to drink champagne out of"

Commercialism of a somewhat special sort is reported by Herbert Spencer—and with such whiskers you've got to believe him—concerning the Hassanyeh Arabs of the White Nile region among whom marriage was a game of contract with the young man's parents doing the bidding. No matter how high their offer, it was snooted by the girl's parents till mixed murder seemed imminent. But this was just etiquette, and finally a face-saving compromise was arrived at: darling daughter, rated too precious a pearl for even this remarkable young man to purchase outright, was to be his on a part-time basis. Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays she was to be the dutiful wife at the disposal of her lord and master; the other three days were to be legal holidays, with no questions asked as to how or where she put in her time. In other words, wedlock except for week ends. Nor could her spouse while away these intermissions in the playgoer manner by having himself a few drinks, because Mohammed had spread the pall of Prohibition; home was an oasis in name only.

We of the Orange Blossom Era manage to keep reasonably primitive underneath our cutaways. If you doubt it, you evidently haven't attended a bachelor dinner in honor of impending chains and slavery—one of those cheery little affairs where a man's pals give him and his past, present, and future a good going over, compared to which an old-fashioned cannibal fest would seem like Little Willie's birthday party. If the guy gets off un-tattooed, it's par for the course.

After all, a man about to commit matrimony likes to know how his friends feel about him. Whether or not the victim does the inviting and foots the bill, it's his farewell night to howl. But the details are taken care of by the best man or some other close associate, or by a wily bunch of conspirators bent on doing the thing up brown. It may be either in somebody's home or at a club or

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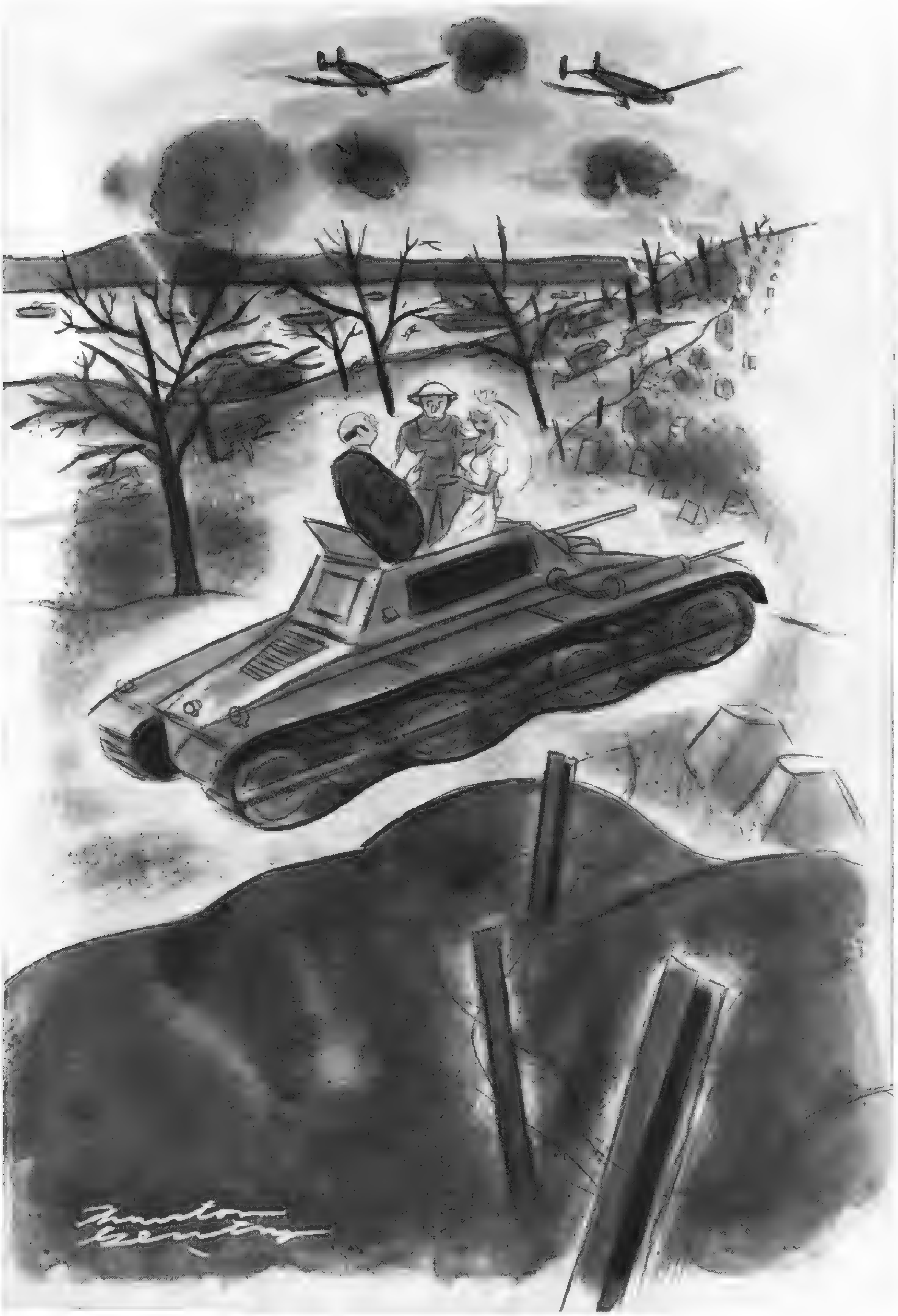


"I do"

Esquire on the Record

Of new recordings by Gieseking, Lily Pons and the New Friends of Music—long-sought re-recordings of Caruso

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

One Christmas morning early in the thirties, Lawrence Tibbett's friends received a carefully packed carton containing a personal greeting, resonant and warm, from America's No. 1 baritone. For good measure he sang *Ol' Man River* and added *A Kingdom By the Sea*, a musical setting of Edgar Allan Poe's *Annabel Lee.* This record has never been generally released but RCA-Victor, with Mr. Tibbett's permission, pressed extra copies for me. I wear one out every six months. In my opinion, no other disc of Mr. Tibbett's equals this one. Each tone he sings is perfectly wedded to the word he utters: each phrase has exactly the right inflection. He reaches here the singer's highest estate; breathes a story in song, makes it live. You should have it. Write RCA-Victor and Mr. Tibbett and ask that *A Kingdom By the Sea* be issued and sold. You'll treasure it . . .

Pittsburgh is the youngest of our symphonies to cut wax. Under Fritz Reiner's thorough and painstaking guidance, that organization has made phenomenal progress and Columbia has invited it to record a half-dozen slices of Wagneriana. With monthly releases by the Chicago, Cleveland, and Minneapolis organizations, the Columbia catalogue will soon have a much larger selection of symphonic masterpieces.

* * *

The National Committee for Music Appreciation is drunk with orders for its thirty-eight twelve-inchers—containing symphonies by Brahms, Beethoven, Franck, Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Tschaikowsky, Bach's Brandenberg concertos, Wagner preludes and Debussy etchings. Distributed by newspapers at a saving of seventy-five per cent to the purchaser, these records have made this music available to thousands who shortly will be shouting for more . . .

A *Record of the Month* Club—patterned after Henry Seidel Canby's prosperous Book of the Month Club is being organized and will soon offer its members records at very low cost . . .

Lily Pons has albumed most of her recent Carnegie Hall recital. In a March recording session, she sang to the accompaniment of ancient instruments Handel's *Alma Mia* and *Lusinghe piu care*, Pergolesi's *Se tu m'ami*, Paradies' *Quel ruscelletto*, *Air of Momus* from Bach's *Challenge of Phoebus and Pan*, *La Fauvette* from Gretry's *Zemire and Azor*, and Bishop's *Echo Song.* Frank LaForge accompanied her in his arrangement of Poldini's *Poupee Valsante* and Alabeiff's *The Nightingale*, his own *Come into these yellow sands*, Fauré's *Après un reve*, Debussy's *Fantoches* and *Il pleut dans mon coeur.* Last but not least she sang with her husband the *Shadow Song* from Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, Blondine's air from Mozart's *Il Seraglio*, the *Hymn to the Sun* from Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Le Coq d'Or*, the polonaise, *Je Suis Titania*, from *Mignon*, *Estrellita* and *The Last Rose of Summer.* They will be on the counters by October. . . .

The Collector's Record Shop, 825 Seventh Avenue, New York, can furnish the answers to one-third of my fan mail. They've gone into the business of re-recording rare phonograph records of great singers and famous dramatic personages. In hundreds of cases, the factory matrix of now valuable records has been destroyed. The only means of preserving the recordings are through re-recordings of the original, and until recently such re-recordings have not been satisfactory because the surface noise of the original record and other defects carried into the copy. The Collector's Record Shop have made great improvements if one may judge from Enrico Caruso's two arias, *Tu non mi vuoi piu bene* and *Qui sotto il ciel* from *Huguenots*, recorded in Caruso's earliest years and never re-recorded until now . . . Celestina Noninaegna's singing of *Ernani involami* and the Divine Sarah's reading of an excerpt from Rostand's *La Samaritaine.*

Deserving of your ear are Victor's three discs, *Americana in Verse:* Ogden Nash's five poems, *Coffee with the Mail*, *Lucy Lake*, *Parimutuel*, *Mrs. Marmaduke Moore*, and *The Strange Case of the Pleasing Taxi Driver*, Newman Levy's *Rain*, and *Thaïs*, are sung in unison by the *Koralites.* Smart for diners-out and sophisticated soirées.

Additional choices are consigned:

FOR YOUR COLLECTION

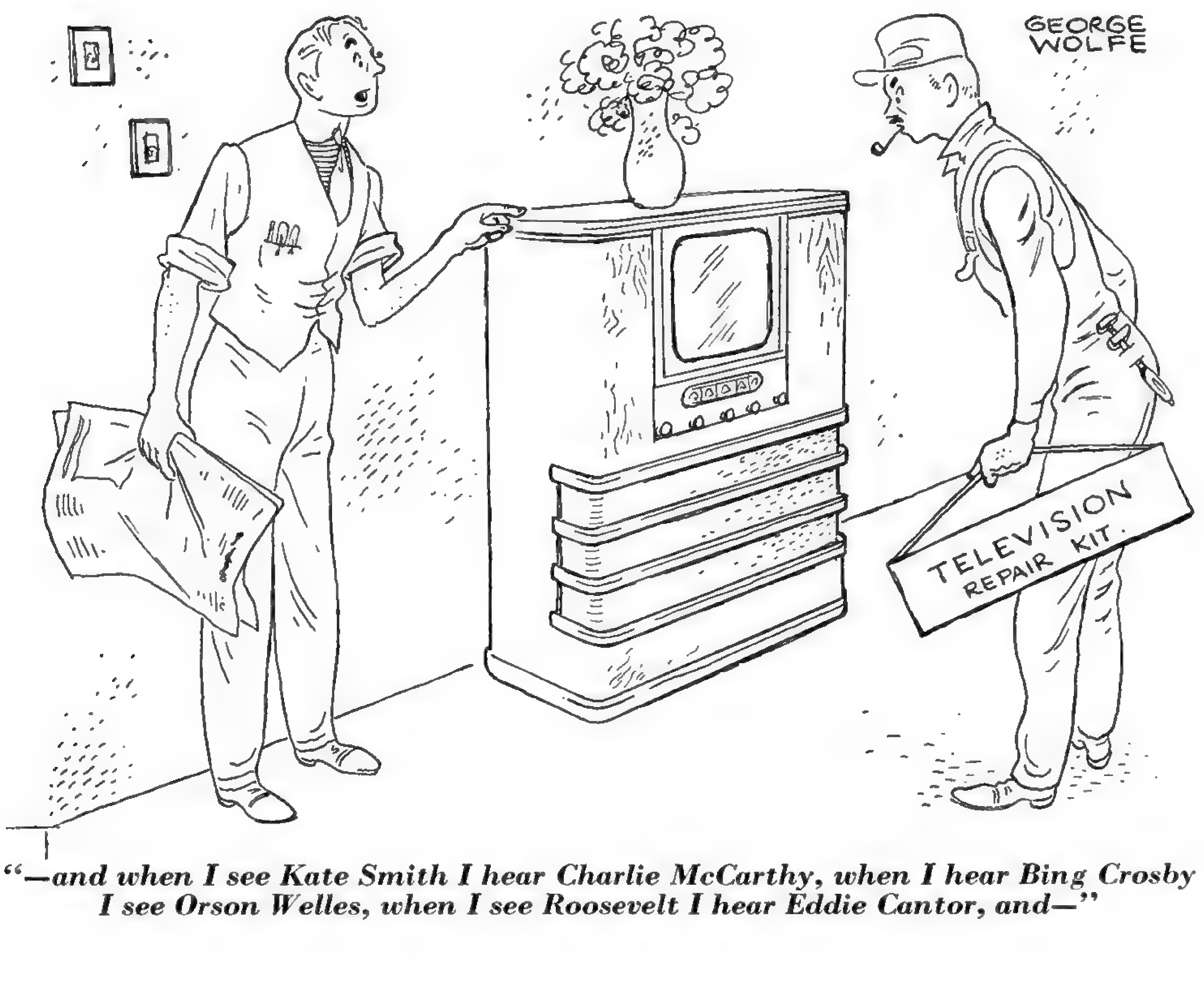
Debussy: Two Arabesques. Played by Walter Gieseking. Columbia 17145-D. Neat, clean, well-etched playing. An indescribable tone—sentiment without dull, cloying sweetness. Gieseking never distorts the form, cuts here true arabesques.

Haydn: Symphony No. 80, in D Minor: Symphony No. 67, in F major. Orchestra of the New Friends of Music, Fritz Stiedry, conductor. Victor M-536. Words are meaningless in the face of such human absorbing works of art. To be appreciated, they must be heard and understood.

Of Haydn's more than one hundred symphonies, nearly forty remained inaccessible in the British Museum. Their authenticity was doubted, their exact form uncertain. Publishers in Haydn's day altered his scores to make them more salable: wind parts originally supplied by him were frequently omitted to make the works available for orchestras without blow instruments. Errors in printing remained uncorrected.

The painstaking work of Dr. Alfred Einstein rehabilitated these two symphonies,

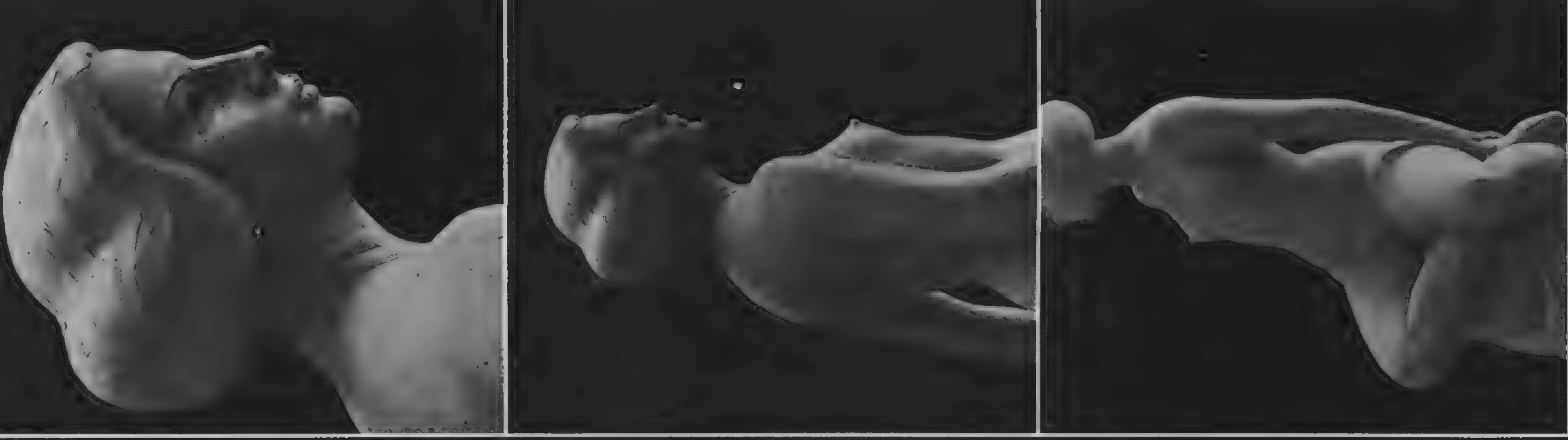
Continued in center of page 160

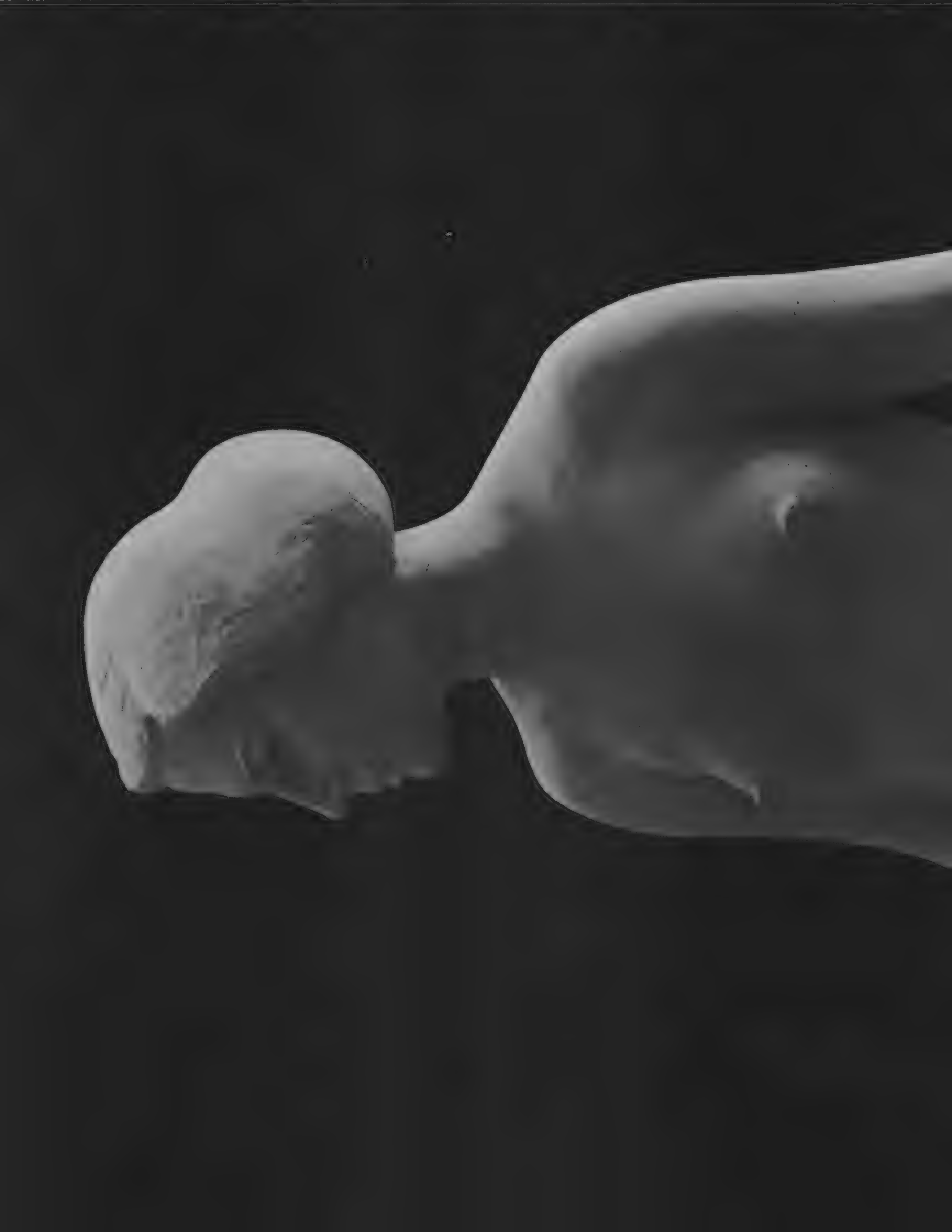


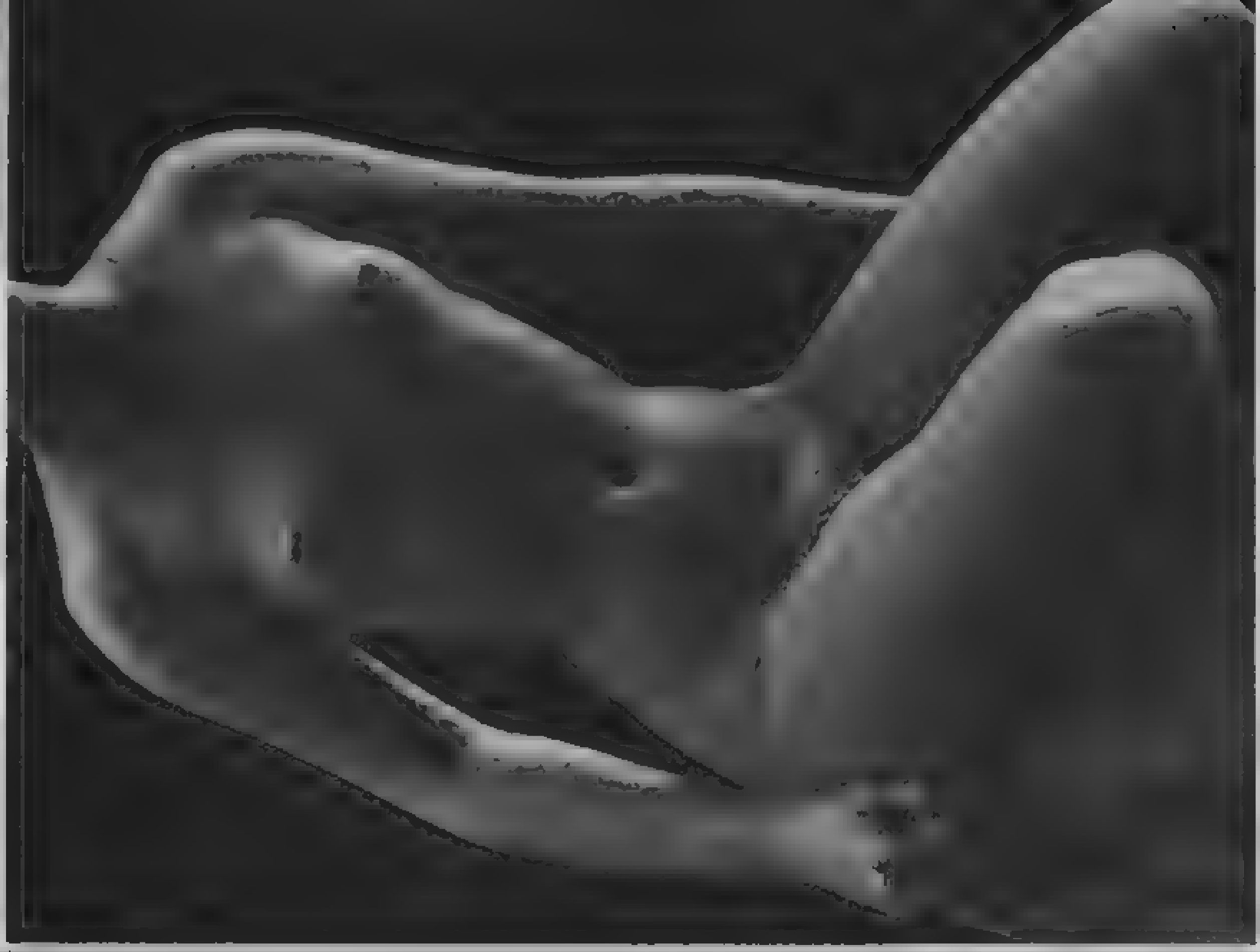
"—and when I see Kate Smith I hear Charlie McCarthy, when I hear Bing Crosby I see Orson Welles, when I see Roosevelt I hear Eddie Cantor, and—"

4 B
Gilbert Bundy

"Oh Mr. Barrett, I feel so silly! I wore an evening gown!"







The Types of American Beauty

in sculpture by

FRANK NAGY

as photographed by

ANDRÉ DE DIENES

NUMBER 3: *Diana*

Tall, slender body of good muscular development. Even fat-distribution except for slight pads, externally, over the upper thighs. A slight disproportion of the extremities becomes apparent upon careful measuring: the extremities are too long. The length of the slender fingers is also noteworthy. The face is oval, the chin prominent, but rather narrow; the nose is well-built and of good size. The high, almost vertical forehead reveals a characteristic bulge above the root of the nose. The breasts are definitely small, adorned with pointed nipples.

Vigorous young woman whose health is short only in respect to the ovarian function, as documented by the accentuated growth of the long bones, the peculiar shape of the facial cranium and above all, by the bulge of the forehead denoting an over-expanded frontal sinus. The shape and size of the breasts and the contour of the thighs also imply hypoovarian stigmatization, all this within the range of practically normal womanhood, the regular manifestation of which is painful. Her nervous reactions are well controlled up to a certain limit. The knee jerks are likely to be overactive.

Her exquisite femininity is more one of appearance than of substance. While not unappreciative of the attention of the male sex, she prefers to keep men at a distance and reacts to courtship with cool composure. Her choice of mate will be dictated rather by intelligent appraisal than by the call of her senses. She is likely to marry her boss, regardless of his bald pate or advanced years. Eventually, she will make a pleasant, dignifiedly acquiescent wife.

"Femina Efficax Frigida."

—*Nostradamus, M. D.*

"Nostradamus" is the pseudonym of a prominent New York specialist, author of many medical texts and treatises, who has never before written for non-scientific publications. His analytical characterizations of the types rendered into sculpture for Esquire by Frank Nagy are based upon a skilled reading of the model's physical attributes, permitting assignment of the individual to a reasonably specific classification or category, as regards purely physical characteristics, and further permitting a rational (if not a scientific) projection of a probable behavior pattern, culminating in the dubbing of the specific woman with a generic Latin label.

To this extent only does "Nostradamus" concur and comply with the sculptor's feeling that "character is recognizable in every part of the human body." It should also be borne in mind that while "Nostradamus" has made the above "reading" of the anatomy in the light of his experience and judgment as a man of science, against the background of countless case histories studied in the clinic which he conducts in Manhattan, he has nevertheless made this analysis purely as a lay interpretation of a work of art—it is offered, in other words, simply as an informed appraisal and is not meant to be regarded as a diagnosis. The man of science remembers, and laymen should be reminded, that while physical conformations are indeed an index to character they are by no means its entire text, as character is composed of many variables, only one of which is determined by the physique. Thus the figure, and especially the feminine figure, reveals to the educated eye many a significant truth about its possessor's mental, spiritual and emotional pattern, but it does not tell the whole truth and, so complex a thing is the human personality, there are even frequent instances where "figures may lie."

Frank Nagy looks at American beauty with the eye of the sculptor, creating this series of characteristic figures especially for Esquire, for whose readers they are interpreted, in words, by the analysis of "Nostradamus," and in light and shadow by the camera of André de Dienes. This feature is produced in its entirety under the copyright of Esquire, by whom world reproduction rights have been assigned to the control of Press-Alliance, Inc.

Who's Running Away?

Writers of books, movies, radio scripts have made a lot of hay with the theme: escape from evil

by GILBERT SELDES

THE LIVELY ARTS

NEXT to "inferiority complex" the two worst words uttered by free men (which eliminates "Heil Whoosis") are "escape mechanism." "It might have been" are, according to the poet, the saddest words; but "escape mechanism" are the two which blow intelligence into smithereens, protect the intellectual counterfeiter, make hash of reasonable argument, and probably mean very little.

They are a little easier than "rationalization"; they are more serviceable than "Oedipus complex." And while they sound up to date, they do not tie you to Freud. They are just a big stick with which to smite friends and relatives.

It happens that quite recently we have been getting a lot of escaping in books and movies; that is, the real thing, not the mechanisms.

While it is not true that Alfred Hitchcock invented suspense, he did put it to good use and in *The Lady Vanishes* he did the right thing by one of the specialists in the type of adventure which may presently take the place of the whodunit. The narrative of a person running away, escaping traps, living underground—it is, of course, basic last-minute-rescue stuff, but what makes it particularly impressive is that in almost every case, it isn't a man running away from another man, or from the police; it's a human being escaping the forces of evil, conveniently packaged and wrapped in cellophane nowadays as the totalitarians.

And there's another thing: a lot of these stories are told in the first person; you can be pretty sure that they are not going to end like the explorer's joke: "then the lion killed me."

Yet the suspense is tremendous; obviously there's more to it than merely wanting to know "how it comes out." It's the "how" of every minute that counts.

The book that has capitalized most completely on our interest in escape is the lucky bearer of the title. I am, I think, nearly alone in not thinking *Escape* a really great escape story; I know the reason. I have been reading too much of Graham Greene. Mr. Greene is a specialist in escape; the author of *Escape* is an amateur.

Graham Greene's characters have been running away for some time; and when not running away, getting themselves into predicaments, and out again. After a few good starts, he came through with *Brighton Rock*, the story of as foul a little gunman as you'd care to meet and the little girl he marries so that whatever she knows will not be told. She doesn't know that she knows anything of significance; and your suspense is full of emotion for her, wondering whether she will escape, not caring whether the murderer will be caught. It is a bangup story and anyone who read it was bound to pick up Greene's next book filled with a lot of high hope.

As it turned out, *Confidential Agent* is the best suspense story of the recent crop; it quickens your heartbeat not only because of its breathless pace and the almost unbearable anxiety you experience; beyond that *Confidential Agent* is a compassionate story, a story of a noble character; and it is a little nightmarish, made more terrible because it is real. (It is, in fact, the kind of nightmare in which you say to yourself, "Now I am awake," but aren't. And all the proofs you dream to yourself make the nightmare more unbearable.)

I suppose the title isn't so good; *Confidential Agent* is actually the story of a statesman, representing the decent side in a Civil war, coming to England to buy coal; followed, pursued, and almost destroyed by the agent of his enemies. I have no way of expressing the power this book has of taking possession of the reader's imagination.

In his latest book, *The Labyrinthine Ways*, Greene has moved to Mexico and his hero is a priest, pursued by the embattled atheists of one province, always on the point of escaping, always returning to perform a human or a priestly duty. It is not told in the first person and in many ways it breaks new ground for the runaway story. It is absorbing enough, but it is not as heartwarming as *Confidential Agent*.

The stunt among these books is Geoffrey Household's *Rogue Male*, which is simply the story of a man who found himself near the mountain home of a dictator and, having a proper weapon with telescopic sights, was discovered by the guards. (All this takes place in the first ten pages of the book; I'm not giving away any secrets.) After that his life is a tremendous flight, not without humor. A first-class story; with just the kind of ending you'd want. There are moments in which you rebel; things seem uncommonly pat, as they do in *The Swiss Family Robinson;* the fugitive seems to bend all things to his purpose. And then you are flung back into the reality of flight and despair.

I have mentioned *The Lady Vanishes* which was based on *The Wheel Turns;* Miss White has written at least four flight books, chiefly in personal situations. There is, to be sure, one laid in Soviet Russia in which a young woman waits for money which will take her home and away from the suspicions of the OGPU (that's *The Elephant Never Forgets*); but her best yarn is the simple one of a girl who gets on a bus and is within inches of death for the next two hundred pages. All of her books will eventually make movies—and so will, I hope, the works of Graham Greene.

And there's the odd point of comparison:

Continued on page 156

"Will anyone volunteer?"

LILI DAMITA
Hurrell Photograph

MARILYN MERRICK
(Warner Bros.)
Hurrell Photograph

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

News is Miss Booker's job but if you want a true picture of China, read Graham Peck or Ernest Hauser

by CHARLES RUTHERFORD

BOOKS

IF AT times this review seems to stutter, lay it to the quality of this month's books. It's a big month.

There are three books on China, two of them excellent.

Ernest O. Hauser's *Shanghai: City for Sale* (Harcourt, Brace, $3) is an absorbing story of the world's fifth largest city. Shanghai is the oddest job lot of a metropolis known to the world, the drain pipe down which the wealth of China runs (or used to run), to those imperialist powers now fashionably known as the "democracies." So the book is not only about a city, for the gigantic fact that is Shanghai is an immense symbol—of the modern history of China, that four-hundred-million headed underdog; of the birth, technique, and death pangs of international Big Power exploitation.

Ernest Hauser passes in review the *taipans* and the *taotais*, the coolies, the generals, the Japs. A newspaper and magazine man who knows the Far East as few men do, he not only imparts an astonishing amount of information about the foreigner in China and the troubles he has caused and brought on himself. He presents Shanghai as a drama full of color and movement. His civilized and sophisticated point of view finds irony everywhere in the tale, from the dark and squally night of June 11, 1842, when the British shelled Shanghai to give the modern Japs a ninety-year-old precedent, to the Nipponese taking-over in 1937 and the end of the great Anglo-American racket.

If the word "epic" hadn't been rendered shabby by overuse, you might call Hauser's *Shanghai: City for Sale*, just that. It takes in a vast territory, brings it to life, and reveals it with depth and understanding.

When you come from this fascinating book to Edna Lee Booker's *News Is My Job* (Macmillan, $3), you are shocked into recognizing the difference. Mr. Hauser is not only an expert reporter; he has a mind that surrounds his material, while Miss Booker is a working newspaper women who has chased around China for years, seeing civil war and revolution, and interviewing all the celebrities. There is plenty of evidence that she is a first-rate newspaper woman, a gal in the Floyd Gibbons tradition, with plenty of adventure and scoops to her credit. All the same her book fails to give a consistent picture, as Hauser's does, of the nation she was reporting.

It fits in with my remarks last month, apropos the Overseas Club's *Inside Story*, about the failings of foreign correspondence. Let the newspaper boys compare Hauser's handling of Sun Yat-sen (p. 144) with Miss Booker's (pp. 133-137). It's the difference between the kindergarten and the university.

While we are on the subject, where's the sense in this interview pother? Miss Booker snagged interviews (some of them took considerable getting) from every shade of statesman, demagogue, and war lord—and no one said anything more informative than what you'd hear in a J. Hamilton Fish Fourth of July oration. Whether it's Chang Tso-lin or President Hsu or Sun Yat-sen, the Big Shot seldom says anything. The interview is a duel in which the newsman tries to make the victim come across, to betray himself, and in which the interviewee dodges all he can and tries to get good publicity. A waste of cable tolls.

A painter named Graham Peck, finding himself with two thousand dollars, decided to take a sketching trip around the world. He went from California to Peking, landing in January, 1936, expecting to spend two or three weeks in China. He stayed nearly two years. He traveled through the Gobi Desert, lived in a yurt for six weeks with a Mongol family, traveled to the Tibetan border and down the Burma road. He left Peking in mid-October of 1937, when the Japs moved in, after doing Red Cross emergency work among Chinese casualties.

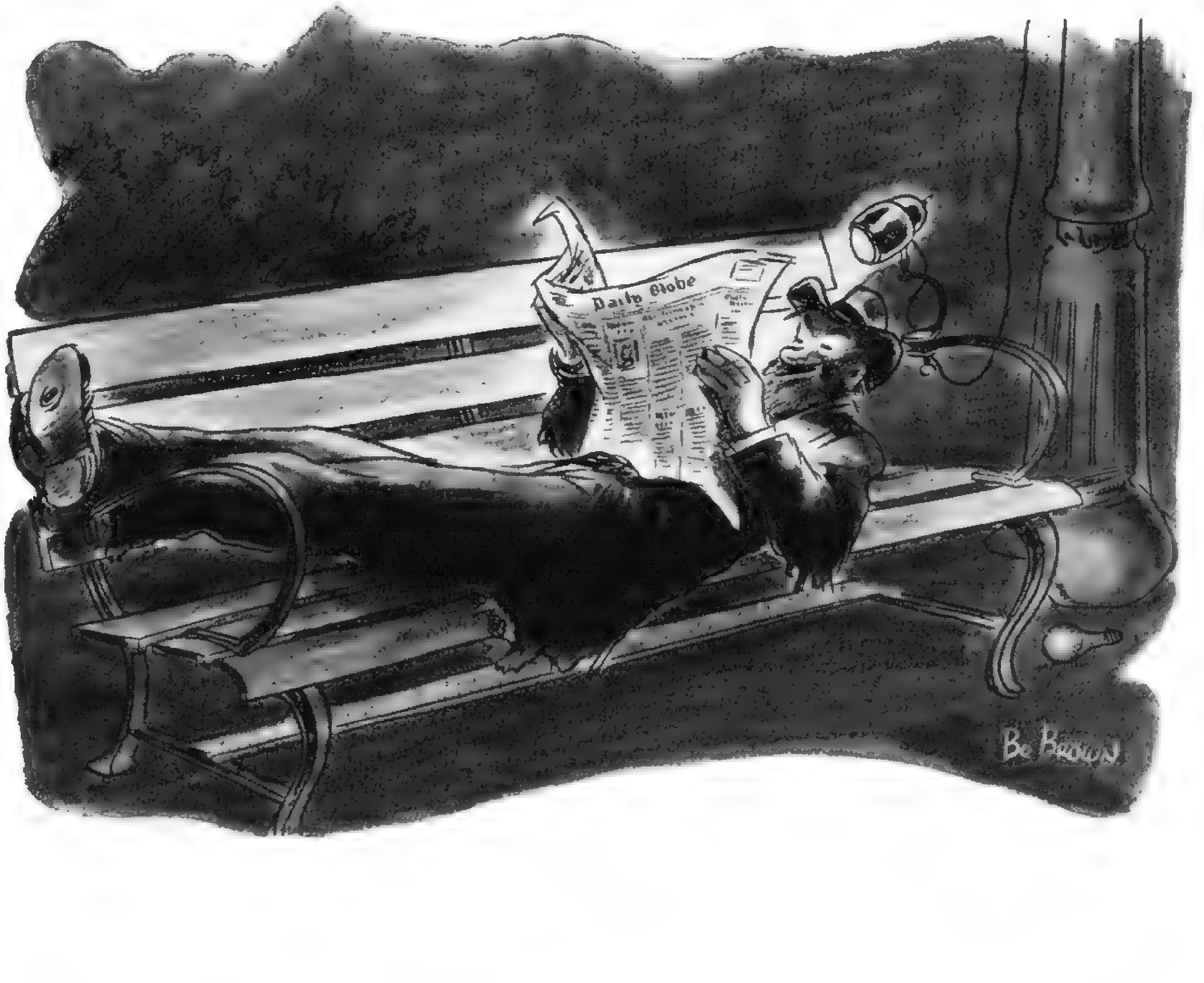
That's the skeleton of *Through China's Wall* (Houghton, Mifflin, $3.50), which is a fine, sensitive, humorous and profound book because the author is evidently that kind of man. Some too-wealthy reader of this fifty-cent magazine ought to endow Graham Peck with another two thousand to spend a year or two in Russia or India; he likes continental peoples. (If there are two too-wealthy readers, the other might endow me.)

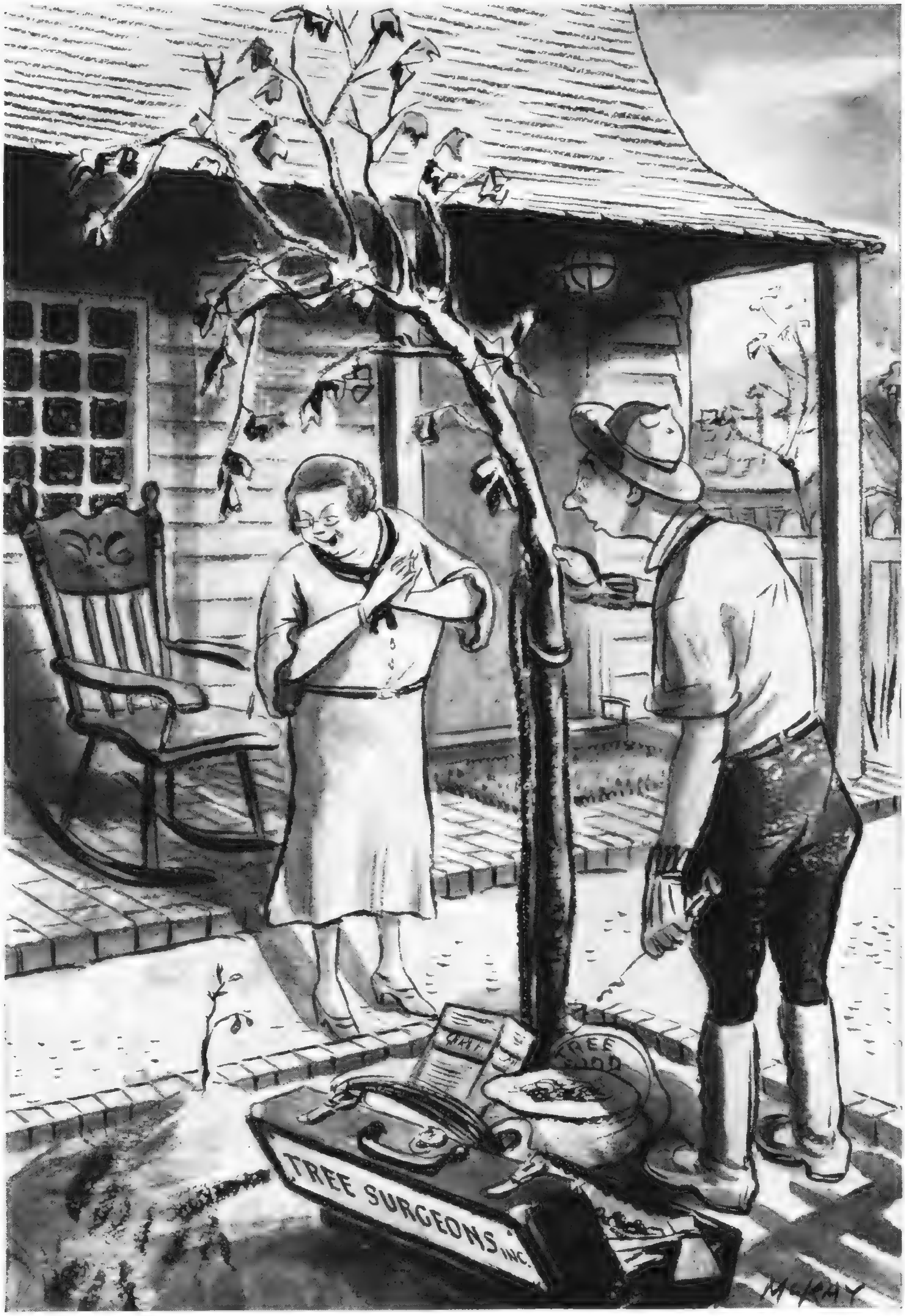
* * *

By the time this appears in print, the Scandinavian countries and the Balkans may be knee-deep in war. In *Scandinavia: The Background for Neutrality* (Lippincott, $2.50), Alma Luise Olson deals sympathetically but superficially with Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Iceland, and Finland. A friendly, informative, but naïve book which lacks the personal gusto of Graham Peck and the grasp of Ernest Hauser, it is utterly blind to the British pressure on the north.

World Without End: The Saga of Southeastern Europe by Stoyan Pribichevich (Reynal & Hitchcock, $3.50), is just what you need to get background for the news despatches out of the so-called powder keg of Europe. Incidentally, Mr. Pribichevich (accent on next to last syllable) proves that although the Balkans furnish the keg, the great powers, now as always, furnish the powder. The much-maligned Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Bulgars, Macedonians, Greeks, Albanians, Rumanians, Hungarians, Jews, Gypsies, Turks, and other peoples of this area might be able to work out a decent mutual arrangement if they weren't being eternally pushed and pulled and sicked on

Continued on page 108




TREE SURGEONS INC.
TREE FOOD
McKAY

"Well, no wonder! It's had a baby"

From the Ground Up

Flying a plane has a thrill all its own, is simple to learn and costs much less than you'd think

by ROBERT W. MARKS

• MOTORS •

FLYING is simple—like helping a friend have a baby. Flying is safe—safer than motoring. Flying is cheap: a good plane costs no more than a good car, can be kept in most airports for the price of automobile garage hire—smaller models fly at an average cost of a half-cent per mile per person.

With this as a starter, it is hard to see why every man of taxable income doesn't investigate modern flying. No sport is more exciting or infectious; and no form of commuting or distance travel more practicable.

Although few laymen would believe this, it is easier to fly the average sports plane than to go to bed. Switch on your ignition, turn over the propeller and you are set. Climb in, fasten your belt, release the brakes, give her gas—and the plane is off. Gently you ease back on the stick, the ground drops away—and your cares, your *arrière pensée*, and your earth psychology with it.

Some learned treatise ought to be written on the psychology of soaring, for the air is a world of itself, giving the kind of emotional lift you get half way up the Jungfrau or Mt. Pilatus. You suddenly find yourself a free man—free from pedestrian notions, from the depressing compression of walls and crowds, free even from the laws of gravity and Diminishing Returns.

Sooner or later in his dreams, every man soars. He glides up, he swoops down; he transcends everybody and everything in the path of his workaday consciousness. Waking comes with a rude shock, suddenly bringing with it the old boundaries and subways and schedules, and the ever-present aura of the unwashed backbone of the nation.

The Freudian overtones of this recurrent dream have no place here; it is enough to say that when you fly you break off bonds of reality for just as long as you choose. At last you are the captain of whatever it is that *Invictus* promises you will be captain of. You want to go up? You go up. You want to bank left? You do. You want to swoop down like an eagle? Why not? And if you are thoroughly determined to break your neck, you can do that too—with no state tax.

Looking down from your plane, you see the world for the first time as it really is: incredibly foolish. People look like worms, as perhaps they are. It dawns on you, if you have been virginal to this before, that all this hustle and scampering below is a tremendous amount of bother about nothing at all. Ahead of you are soft clouds, full, you are sure, of such nymphs and lyric sweetnesses as you used to find in Mr. Bulfinch's *Mythology*. And these, perhaps, are the only things that matter.

It takes only three minutes of flying to convince you of the truth of a proposition advanced by a certain Gerald Musgrave, in one of Cabell's novels, that in everyday affairs a great deal amounts to nothing, for nothing, after all, amounts to a great deal.

It is not without logic that the control device on a plane is called the "Joy Stick."

Yet for some curious reason the average man looks at flying (a) as something way beyond his capacity—like splitting the atom; and (b) something as far beyond his means as a stable of polo ponies.

Both of these things are about as far from the facts as that earlier notion that the night air would give you malaria. Actually, anyone who can drive a car can learn the elements of piloting a plane in fifteen minutes. Add in time for practice, instruction in landing, taking off, flying field and federal regulations, and you can count on eight flying hours to be able to hoist yourself by your own petard. A private flying license can be had after thirty-five flying hours—eight of them with an accredited instructor.

The prices of small sports planes run as low as $975; and only one-third of this has to be cash—balance payable over twelve or eighteen months. In other words, plunk down $333 and you are in the air—and getting free flying instructions to boot.

Planes in this general class cruise at 85 to 120 miles an hour, depending on the size and price, and operate for about a cent a mile carrying two persons. A trip from New York to Miami can be made for only $6 a person.

Hangar space in the major airports costs around $20 a month—which is no more than you would pay for garage rent. Obviously, it runs less in smaller places; and will cost you nothing at all if you have a spare field somewhere to park in. Seaplane dockage in the East River, in New York, costs $30 a month; in the country, lakes and streams are as open to you as they are to the mosquitoes.

When flying across country, it is customary to come down every hour or so at a convenient airport.

Practically all of the airport landings are free—the field being glad to get your fuel, food, and servicing trade. Storage overnight costs around $1.50.

* * *

The *elements* of flying are in themselves so simple that they can be condensed into a couple of paragraphs—*to wit:*

A plane has two main controls: (1) two pedals for steering, and (2) the "stick" for elevation and banks. The right pedal steers the plane right, the left pedal, left. Push the stick forward, the plane goes down; pull it back, the plane climbs; push the stick right, the plane banks right; push it left, the plane banks left. That's the whole story.

In mid-air, if you take your hand and feet off the controls, the plane will run itself—just as a motorcycle balances itself with no help from the operator.

To make a right turn, you press on the

Continued in center of page 107

ASCE
ELEVATOR
Louis

Roulades and Cadenzas

We want an opera house that has no equal, a company that can give to masterpieces the care they deserve

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

THE world's most glamorous beggar is at the doorstep again. Five or six years ago Lucrezia Bori, Mrs. Vincent Astor, and other gilded dames passed the tin cup. "Save the Metropolitan," was their battle cry and the country rallied.

This winter the Met asked for a million. "Send your dollar!" Mr. Private Citizen was told, "or there will be no opera." Millionaires, columnists, movie stars, sportsmen, such veteran stumpers as Walter Damrosch: a billion-dollar battery of talent was put before microphones to rouse your sympathies and part you from your cash. The President of the United States pledged his aid, found grand opera "at last the people's opera." There was a sob story about the little girl out West, who gave her "weekly all" that the old Met might go on.

"Admire! Admire! Admire!" the cry went round. Superlatives pelted one another across the ether. Opera stars vied with each other in throwing bouquets. Such eminent musical authorities as Miss Dorothy Thompson assured us we were hearing "the world's greatest voices conducted by the world's greatest conductors."

Mr. Private Man, conscious of the guilt of ignorance, responded nobly, submitted to the rifling of his pockets without a murmur, even pretended to like it. A burgher who complains in court if he is overcharged by a taxi-driver, if his wife is incompatible, or if the sandwiches on the airplane are stale, now donates to an opera company that serves up great music dramas in such a state that a whole meal of stale sandwiches would be ambrosial in comparison. And, if past experience is any guide, he will be again asked before this decade is ended to "give that this great American institution may continue."

Certainly, as we've been taught since *Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?*, it's no crime to beg, especially in a good cause. The production of art during most stages in history has not paid its own freight, and there is no reason why an opera company shouldn't be subsidized and have an endowment the same as art museums, libraries, and symphony orchestras. European countries have understood this for centuries.

Opera is not dead. It may be a bastard art —at best, an unsatisfactory compromise; but music's greatest geniuses from Gluck and Handel to Strauss and Debussy have tackled it. Thousands have yet to hear their work, and they willingly pay four dollars for a seat that no theatergoer would accept even if gratis. Standees at the Met increased this year.

There have been many full houses; so full, in fact, that I have been able to get only one of those acutely uncomfortable seats in the upper side stalls from which you can neither see nor hear. And if ever I landed on the main floor, it was invariably on top of the drums.

Now, for a good performance of *Figaro* or *Pelléas et Mélisande* I would cheerfully hang from the chandelier or sit the whole time on a sack of spikes. For the average Met performance, no seat, I regret to say, could be too comfortable. Only a bed would be suitable.

Unless we frankly continue to trade—as is the habit nowadays—on the ignorance of our public, we must admit that the Metropolitan is not a first-class opera company. Its productions of Wagner and Strauss cannot be compared with those I have heard in the best German opera houses. Nor do its performances excel those currently given in Rome or Milan.

It is not that the Metropolitan hasn't good voices. It probably has as fine a collection of singers as are available anywhere today. But a great opera performance is not to be had merely by sticking a Flagstad, a Lily Pons, or a Tibbett on the stage. That comes only when a man of genius molds and fuses two hundred elements of superior quality into a single living organism, integrated and staged by experts in possession of ample resources and transcendent taste.

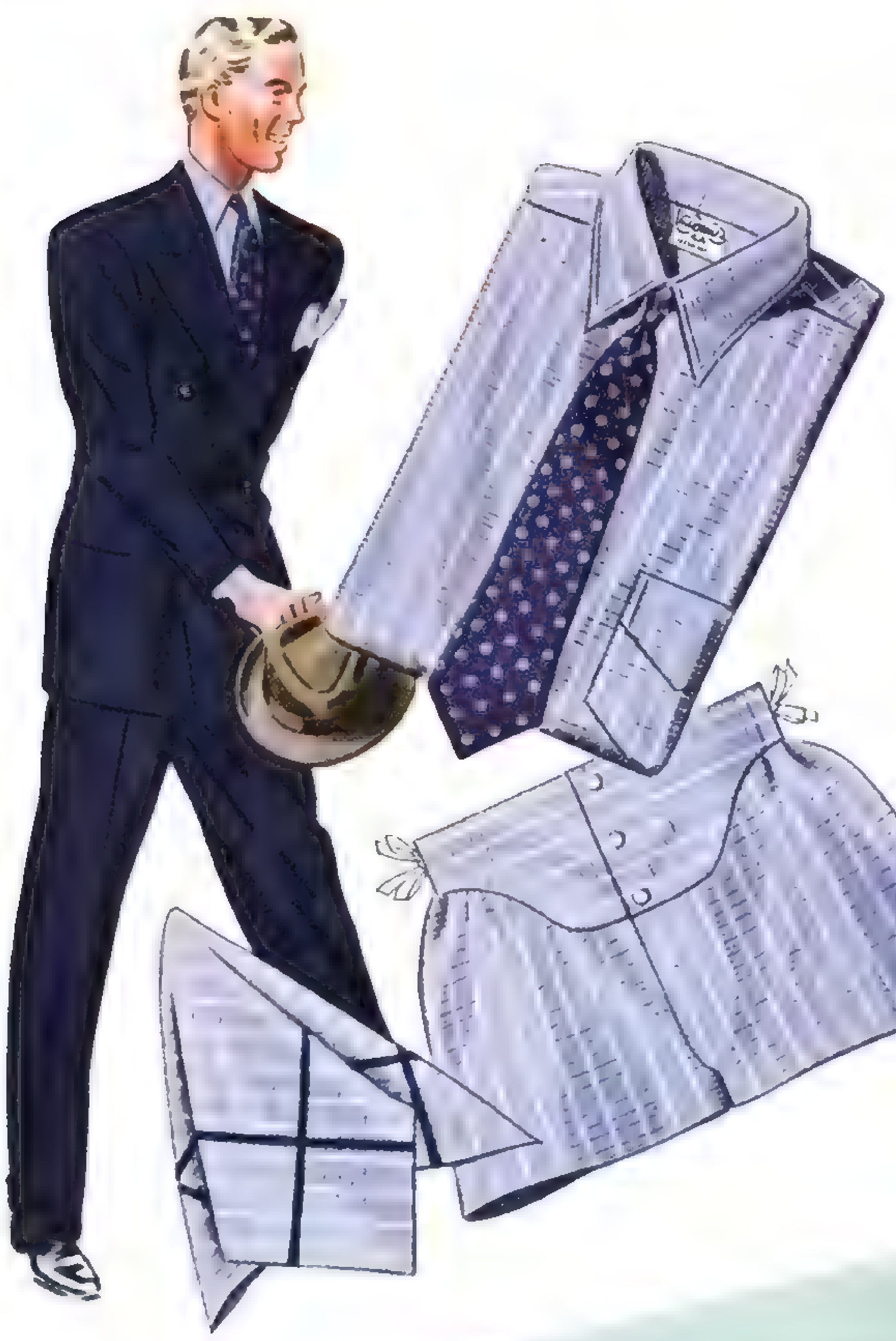
Such an expression few opera houses offer. Certainly, the Met does not. It lacks a great, inspired conductor. The reason: it cannot afford one. When Artur Bodansky died, any number of conductors with experience and reputation might have been invited to the Met. The Metropolitan's director preferred to go along with twenty-seven-year-old Erich Leinsdorf.

Courageous, daring, ambitious, a hard worker, willing to accept responsibility and put over the show, Mr. Leinsdorf was a Godsend. Not only did he save the Met the salary of a "name" conductor but also the demands and expenses that a man of world reputation would have occasioned. Said Skipper Edward Johnson during the over-publicized quarrel between Flagstad, Melchior, and Conductor Leinsdorf: "There are some old boats in this company who have no competition for their roles and would be dictators. But the operatic art and this institution are greater than these and will be here, along with Mr. Leinsdorf, long after they are gone. . . . He will be so acclaimed after a few years that they won't want to remember that they opposed him . . ."

This is unquestionably true. All that Mr. Leinsdorf need do to be universally acclaimed around our land as the greatest living conductor of Wagner's music dramas is to remain at the Metropolitan and studiously avoid, as did his predecessor, an appearance in Berlin, Bayreuth, or other homes of

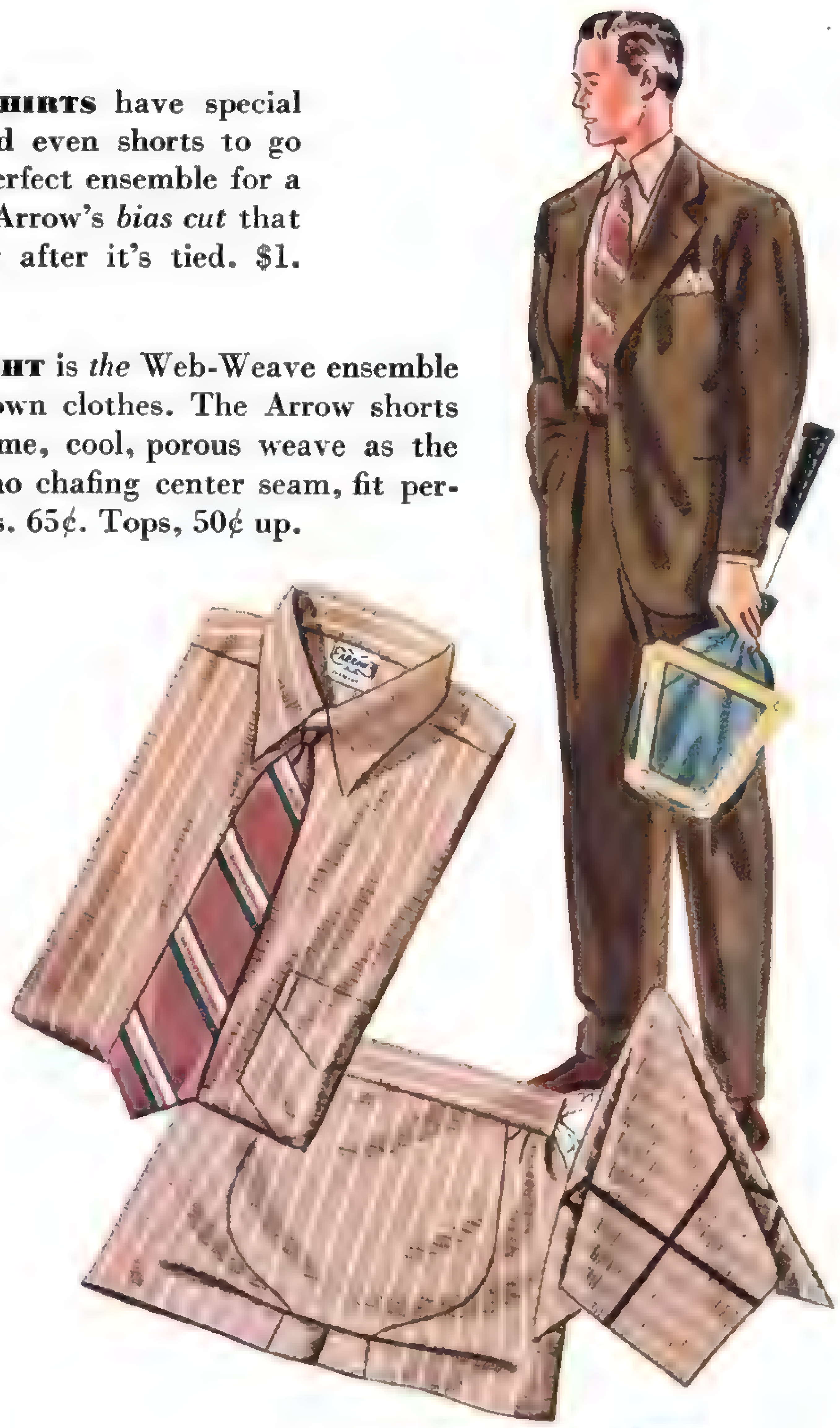
"A cap and gown aren't necessary while a child is being promoted from kindergarten to the first grade, Madam"

Continued on page 171



THESE WEB-WEAVE SHIRTS have special ties, handkerchiefs, and even shorts to go with them. Left is a perfect ensemble for a blue suit. The tie has Arrow's *bias cut* that keeps it from twisting after it's tied. $1.

AT THE RIGHT is *the* Web-Weave ensemble for your brown clothes. The Arrow shorts have the same, cool, porous weave as the shirt, have no chafing center seam, fit perfectly always. 65¢. Tops, 50¢ up.

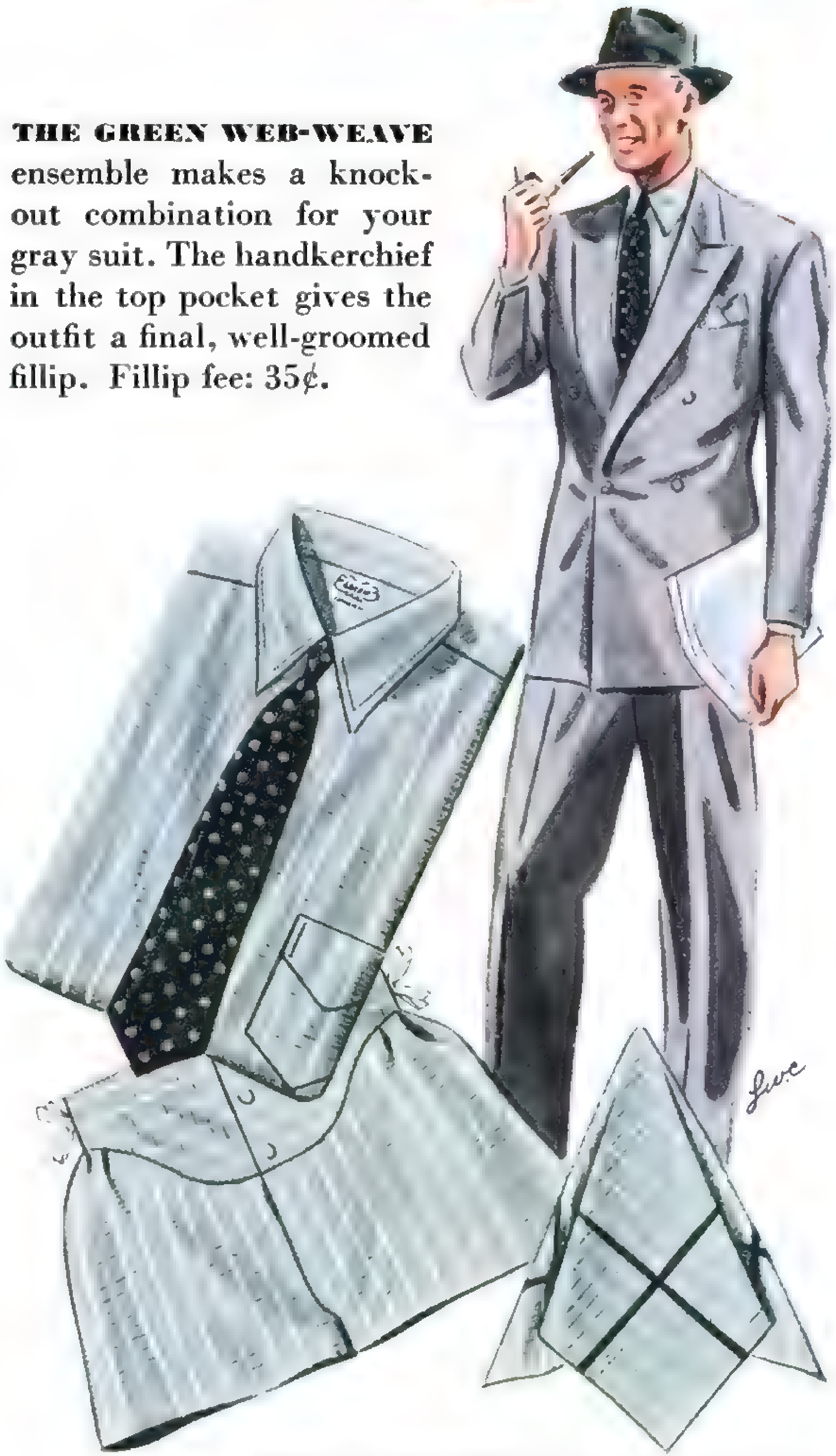


Arrow's choice for this month . . . Web Weaves

A LIGHTWEIGHT SUMMER SUIT can help keep you cool, but it takes a shirt like our new Web Weaves to *complete* the job.

Innumerable pin-point openings let air flow into this shirt and fan your skin. The pattern is neatly planned so that your audience is aware of no opening at all. Moreover, it's one of the new widely spaced stripes—smartest thing out. $2.25.

THE GREEN WEB-WEAVE ensemble makes a knockout combination for your gray suit. The handkerchief in the top pocket gives the outfit a final, well-groomed fillip. Fillip fee: 35¢.



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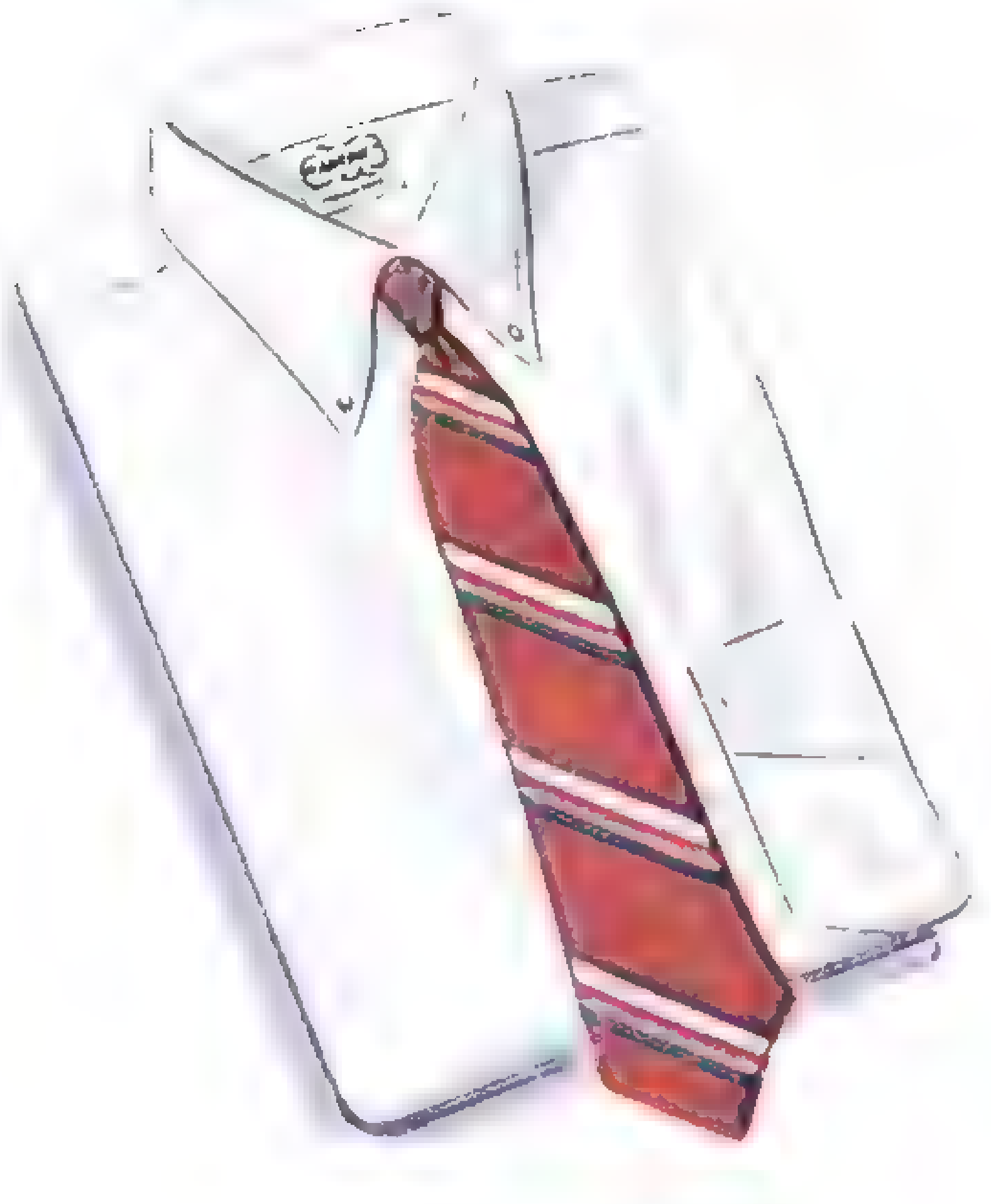
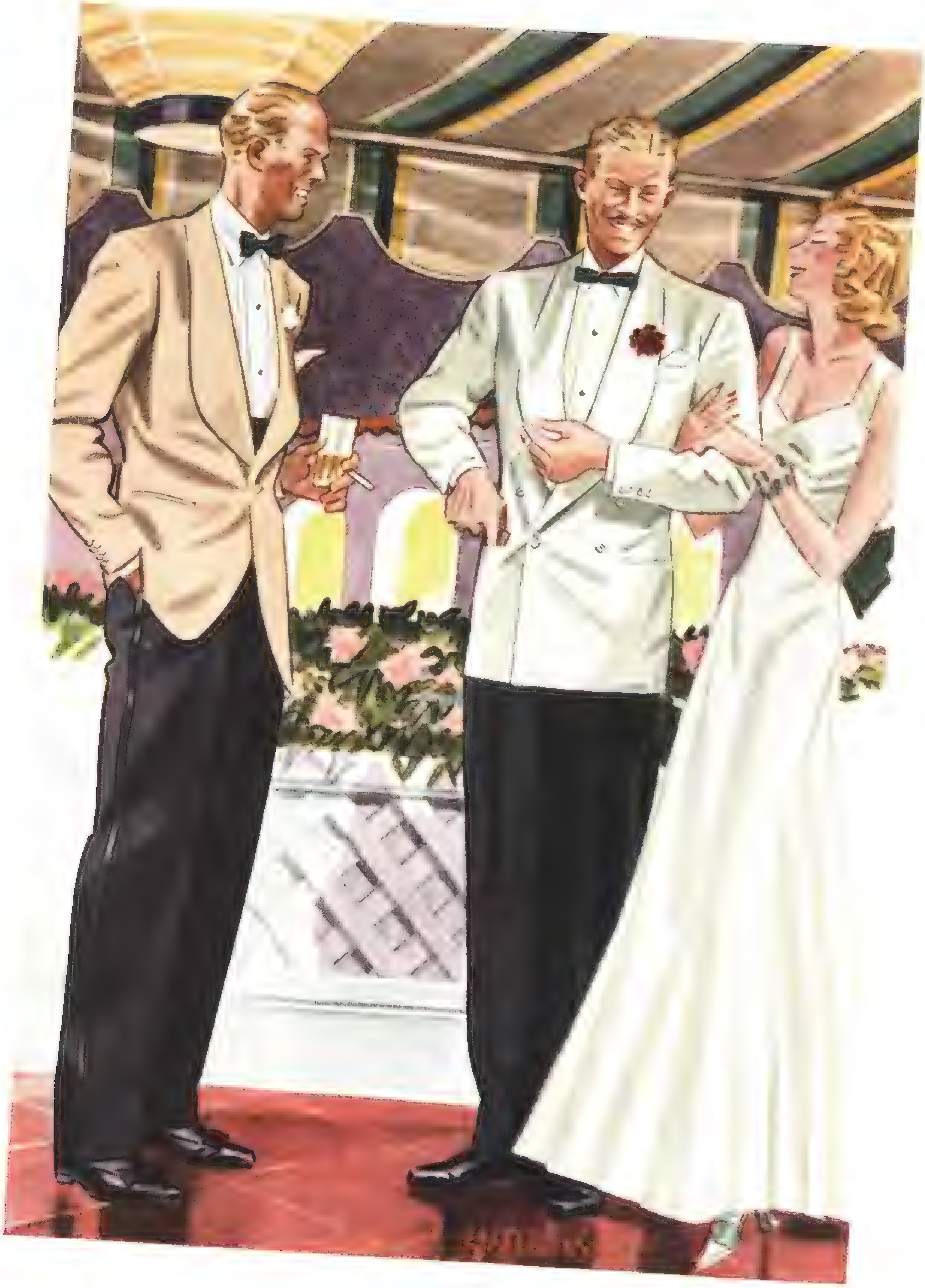
If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.

All Arrow shirts and Arrow shorts are Sanforized-Shrunk (fabric shrinkage less than 1%)—guaranteed permanent fit.



THOUGH NOT QUITE SO POROUS as our Web Weaves, Arrow Gordon is also unusually cool. Look at its open, airy weave with a magnifying glass and see why. Plain or button-down collar, $2.

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.



a Saturday night American costume

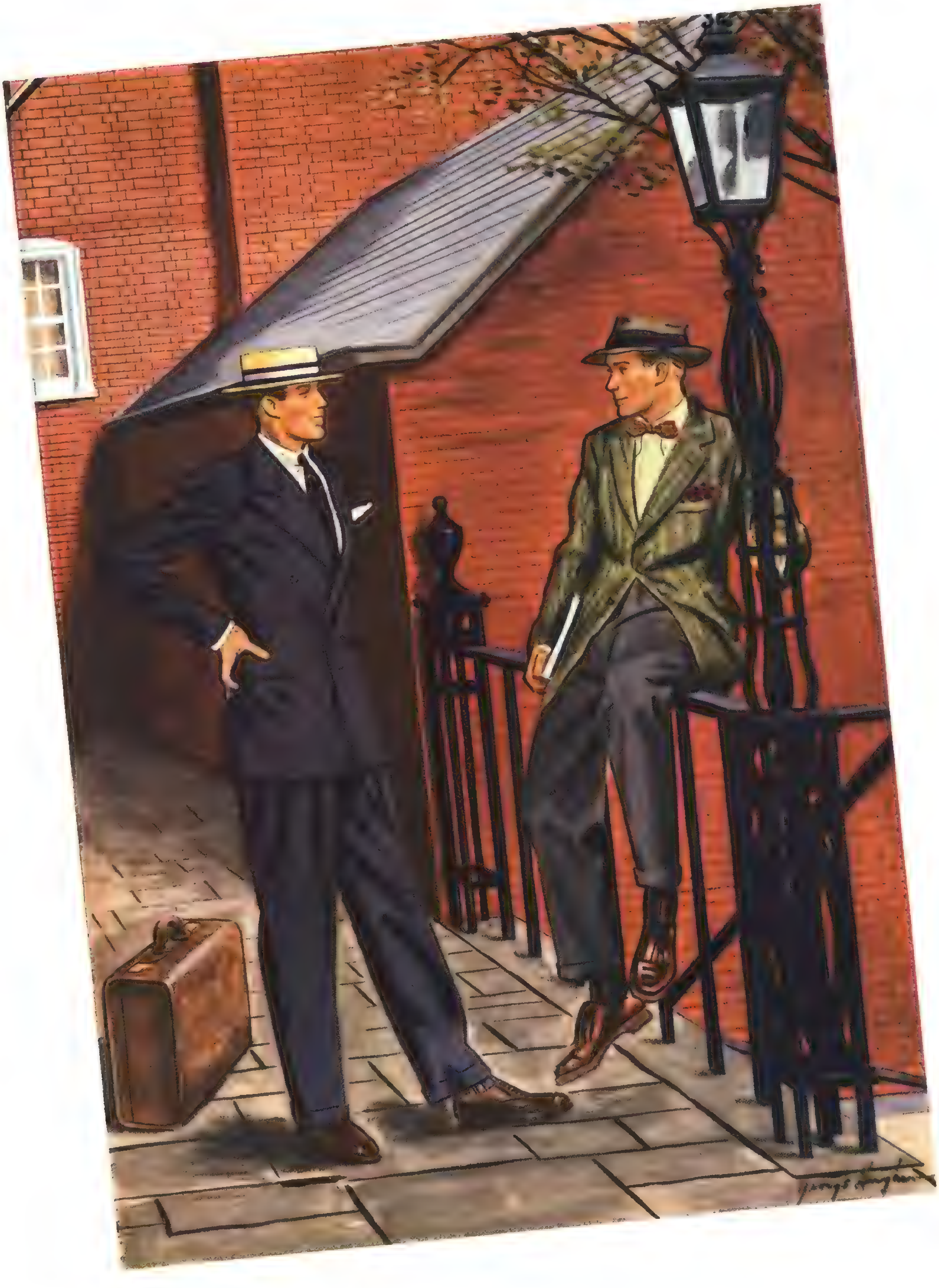
After digging trenches in the sand traps all afternoon you're pretty sure to find yourself, come Saturday evening, in one version or another of a summer formal outfit. This consists of a white or off shade of washable or worsted jacket, almost invariably with a lapel decoration, soft white shirt with turned-down collar, midnight blue tie and possibly a cummerbund of the same shade, lightweight midnight blue dress trousers, silk socks and patent leather dress shoes. The informality of a country club dance, by the way, makes the colored dinner jacket shown at the left more appropriate than it would be at a relatively spiffy occasion in town, going by the strict letter of the law.

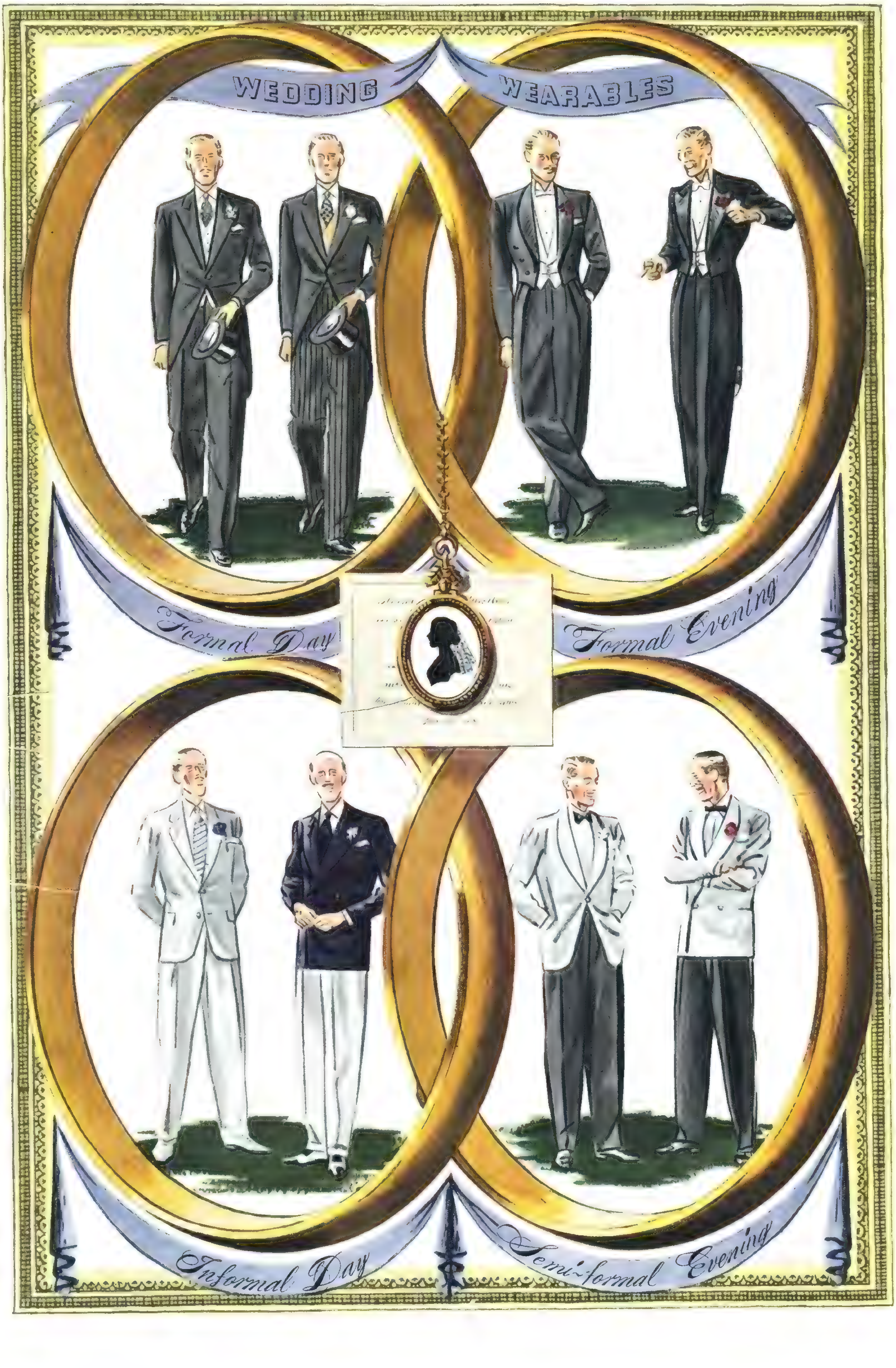
(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N.Y.)

parting's always such sweet sorrow

THERE's something melodramatic about this touching little scene amidst the brick walls of New Haven. The student at the left is obviously bound for the big city and the one at the right is just as obviously staying put. On second thought, it doesn't sound so dramatic after all. But we would have known this was the situation even if it hadn't been for the suitcase. At left, of course, is a town-bound outfit consisting of a lightweight tropical worsted suit, sennit straw hat with silk band in school color, striped shirt, red-figured tie on blue ground and brown calf shoes. The campus outfit, nicely calculated for informality, is made up of a striped Shetland jacket, gray flannel slacks, hemp hat, button-down collar shirt, figured bow tie and crepe-soled shoes with fringed tongue.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)




WEDDING WEARABLES
Formal Day
Formal Evening
Informal Day
Semi-formal Evening

Here Comes the Groom!

No well-staged wedding should ever really be without one

by **FASHION STAFF**

• WEARABLES •

"The groom wore the wedding frock coat of his great-grandfather"

No society reporter ever scribbled such a line at the end of her nuptial notes. The bride? Her tulle hand-me-down from her mother's side takes up half a column, and even the flower girl's frock rates mention. But the groom is nowhere mentioned—except in good old Esquire. Why is it then that every month Lohengrin is at the top of our hit parade of letters from readers asking questions on fashion? Wedding outfits must be correct—that is the answer. Tradition mingles with current styling, but always impeccability is a requisite.

The bride may go antique; the wedding service may be centuries old; the basic background of these June join-ups is surely an heirloom from Eden; but never let it be said that the groom, his best man, ushers and guests were turned out in anything less currently correct than a jeweler's master clock. The characters on this Day of Days do not vary, but the apparel is dependent on the time and place.

On the opposite page, Artist Saalburg, whom we now suspect of having served apprenticeship for circus posters, has set up four rings, in each of which are sketched a groom on the left, usher or guest on the right. Note that the groom is always allowed a bit more individuality. Now that the players are identified, we'll run through the itemization of apparel details. Accessory photos on this page tie up with the sketched outfits opposite.

Formal Day. Usually a church wedding. The unfinished worsted or cheviot cutaway is correct, either in black or oxford grey with peak or notch lapels. The pattern in striped trousers can vary according to individual taste. The groom in this case is wearing a white linen or boxcloth vest, while the best man or usher wears a plain grey double-breasted waistcoat. The accessories shown in the photo at the right are the silk topper (the only correct hat with cutaway) pleated bosom white shirt, the Ascot necktie (alternative to the regular four-in-hand), pearl stick pin, black silk ribbon suspenders, grey flannel waistcoat, grey lightweight Mocha gloves, white boutonniere, black silk cigarette case and straight tip shoes.

Formal Evening. Church or home wedding after six o'clock. The tailcoat required. Figure on left wears new satin shawl collar model of midnight blue worsted. Accessories are a stiff bosom dress shirt, pique waistcoat, narrow white bow tie with widespread wing collar. The other figure wears the more conventional dull silk peak lapel tailcoat of midnight blue worsted. The accessory photograph on the right shows the proper silk topper, stiff bosomed pique shirt, wing collar, white tie, white pearl studs and links, backless white pique waistcoat, key chain, white ribbon silk suspenders, patent leather shoes, white handkerchief, white kid gloves, black silk socks and white boutonniere.

Informal Day. This is strictly a summer setup, for home or garden wear. The groom wears a white washable suit with white shirt, blue and white striped rep tie and white buckskin shoes. The best man wears a dark blue flannel jacket, no waistcoat, solid blue tie, white shirt with collar attached, white flannel trousers and black and white shoes.

Semi-formal Evening. Also warm weather outfits but strictly after six. The groom wears a white single-breasted dinner jacket with shawl collar and a black satin butterfly tie on a plain bosom shirt with collar attached, midnight blue dress trousers, plain toe patent leather shoes and midnight blue silk cummerbund in place of waistcoat. The best man or guest wears a white double-breasted dinner jacket either in washable fabric or other lightweight summer suiting, collar-attached summer dress shirt, ribbon bow tie, midnight blue dress trousers, patent leather pumps. The accessories shown in the last photograph at the right include pleated bosom dress shirt with collar attached, black tie, dark blue studs and links, key chain, black patent leather pumps, carnation boutonniere, coconut straw hat with white linen puggree band, midnight blue silk cummerbund.

The bride was also present.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N.Y.)

Formal Day

Formal Evening

Semi-formal Evening

PHOTOGRAPHS EWING KRAININ

Man the Kitchenette

Some lugs open a can of soup and heat it but a man with a spark of originality can really go to town

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

You, and I, and anyone else who seems authoritative, have been pestered by pals with the question: "What's good for the jitters?" Prescribing Bromo Seltzer or a whiskey sour is too obvious and easy; everybody knows about them. One must try to be original in life, even if the dose sometimes sounds fantastic—even at the expense of accuracy, I am afraid. So for the fellow going nuts with a hangover I ordain the Soup for Drunks. Spreading the doctrine by word of mouth does not help humanity much, however, and I am glad to be able to write about this soup at last, thus to advertise widely an invaluable sure-fire homemade remedy now known to only the happy few in this country.

Mix equal parts sauerkraut juice and water (or according to taste; but it should be good and sour), put liquid in pan over medium low flame; cut up some cabbage into small pieces, but not too finely, slice two or three frankfurters, and add all this to the sauerkraut-water combination. Cook for about an hour and a half.

In the meanwhile cut up a head of shallot finely, sauté it in a skillet in lard with flour, some salt and plenty of pepper or paprika; when this is a golden yellow color, add it to the soup, turn up the flame under it, and boil it. In Central European countries, where this soup originated, they also put in it a certain pasta made of egg, flour, water, and salt, which is simply torn into the soup with the thumb and index finger.

Canned soup manufacturers take note. It would be benevolent of you to put up this wet's salvation in cans, and I don't think you would lose money on the transaction. To have the desired effect this soup must be eaten after a spree, before staggering to bed—instead of the usual scrambled eggs and coffee—or on waking up the morning after. At neither time is one in any condition to cook, therefore if worthy topers are to be succored, either the canned soup people take pity on us, or the women folk must pre-cook the stuff and put it by towards a wet night.

"Soup of the evening, beautiful soup," is such an appropriate line I simply had to pinch it. Soup signifies the evening meal and no one who knows even a dollop about gastronomy, or who has even a jot of *savoir vivre*, could approve of starting dinner with hors d'oeuvre. Hors d'oeuvre symbolizes lunch. This is not mere snobbishness. It is so much nicer to start *the* important meal of the day with a plate of hot soup! The custom of beginning a dinner with half a grapefruit, or a glassful of shrimps hidden under tomato ketchup, is repugnant to me. I like my grapefruit for breakfast. Soup and only soup can give me the right support for a good dinner to come. While grapefruit in the evening curdles my disposition, the sight of soup cheers me up, and the warmth and appetizing bouquet of the hot liquid make me expansive, and even a bit witty.

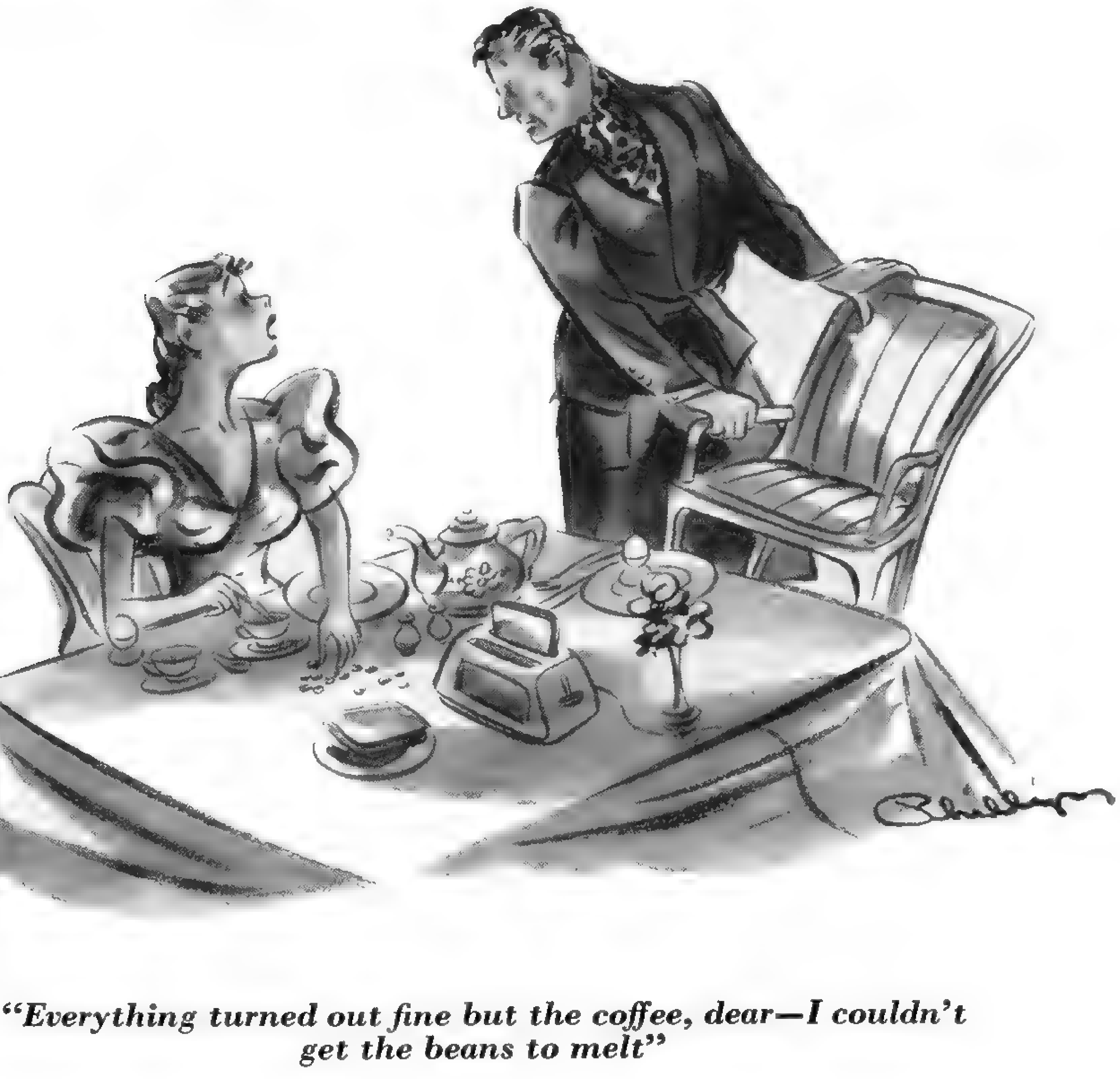
Of course it must be good soup—a heavy one and not too much of it is best. At any rate Brillat-Savarin said that meals should begin with heavy food and get lighter and lighter as they go along; the last course should not be much more than a sigh; this is why he was so in favor of savouries, fondus, and Welsh Rarebit. His doctrine has been somewhat modified by later gastronomes; now it seems a meal should resemble a good play or a novel, built in crescent shape like a bridge, with the culmination point in the middle. The great man (and I too) holds to the maxim that the accompanying beverages in reverse to the menu should begin with light wines and end with heavy ones. As to demitasse, "it should be blacker than hell, hotter than love, and sweeter than the kiss of a beautiful woman."

But back to soup and how easy it is to talk, or think about it.

Many people maintain that turtle is the best soup in the world; I haven't eaten much of it, because the real thing is prohibitively expensive; this is perhaps the reason for its prestige. I don't think it warrants its reputation, and I hereby designate Bisque d'Ecrevisse the best possible soup, the queen of all soups. On the other hand, consommé is the worst soup. Most of the time it is meaningless, lukewarm, watery, and weak. When you belatedly enter the dining room and have to face the stuff which has stood eons in its cup, you get out of humor; and when your lips touch the tepid liquid, you are ready to rage. Consommé or bouillon (the only difference between the two is that consommé is supposed to be made of several meats, while bouillon is made from lean beef. Both are seasoned with vegetables, herbs, and spices) can be good too, but it takes a darned good chef or cook to make them so. Later I shall tell how they should be made. They are very difficult and we might better trust ourselves to the canned variety, which is the best bet in my opinion. They must be properly heated, seasoned with salt and pepper, a drop of Maggi, and a moment before serving, some sherry added.

Bisque d'Ecrevisse increases the flow of digestive juices. I merely wanted to say in a nice way that your mouth waters at the sight of this pinkish creation. It is made by preparing a white sauce from milk, butter and flour, with the crawfish boiled, (the water saved and later used in the cooking) some of the meat diced and added, and some of it mashed into the sauce through a course strainer, and seasoned with salt, pepper, paprika and cayenne. It does not have to be made with écrevisse; the crawfish may be clams, lobster, or oysters too. Ah, Monsieur Prunier of Paris! Why don't you open a joint, at least for the duration of the blackout, in little old Manhattan? We'll make it up to you by teaching you how to make our specialty soups—clam or oyster chowder, or clam, crab, or oyster stew. If you are lucky

Continued on page 157



"Everything turned out fine but the coffee, dear—I couldn't get the beans to melt"

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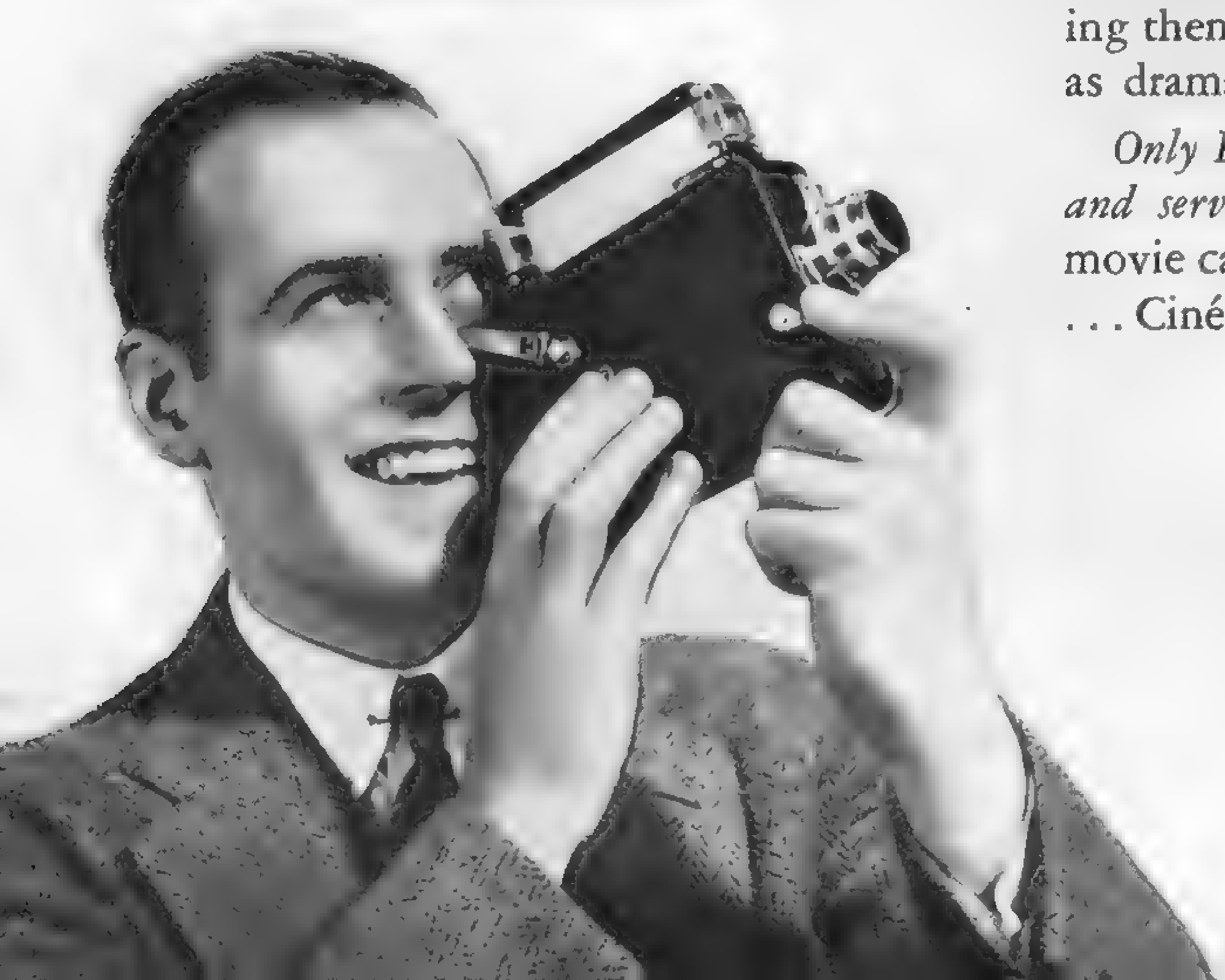

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Eastman's finer home movie cameras

"Why Did You Leave Him?"

Continued from page 79

all the wives who pass through our court—the average divorcee as I have found her in my experience. She is white, Gentile, Protestant. She is youngish and hasn't been married long. She is neatly but not expensively dressed. She makes a fairly good witness. She doesn't ask for alimony unless she has children.

Just how this picture stacks up with those of other courts I cannot say. But our district would seem to be fairly representative; being partly urban and partly rural, comprised of cities, villages and farm lands. It is of mixed population and average wealth. On the map, it is located about midway between east and west; in sophistication, about midway between Kansas and New York; and in the stringency of its divorce laws, about midway between South Carolina and Nevada. So probably the Jane Doe of our court, as I have found her, is fairly typical of the common, garden variety of American divorcee.

Why does she want a divorce?

In most cases it is simply desertion. Why husbands leave home is the major problem of American marriage. The testimony I have quoted so far is repeated over and over with slight variations:

"He got to running around with his boy friends after work, and pretty soon he disappeared altogether."

"He said he knew we was getting deeper and deeper in debt and he thought he'd better go back to his folks and I should go back to mine."

Over and over again there is reference to financial difficulty.

"What did your husband say upon leaving?"

"He said we were too much in the hole to ever get out and he said he was going away somewhere else and get a job. I said, 'Where are you going?' And he said, 'What does it matter?' "

"How much did it take per week for your household expenses?"

"Oh, about five dollars for rent and five for other things."

"Did you always do your part?"

"I sure did. I tried to keep the house up nice for him and the children. I guess I did as well as anybody could with not much money and three children."

"When your husband left you, in what circumstances were you?"

"There wasn't any coal or food in the house or any money. So we had to go to my folks."

Not all of the testimony, of course, is so mild and colorless. Next to desertion, physical violence is the most common ground, and in the cases where this is cited there are more verbal fireworks from the plaintiff. The war of the sexes goes on with the greatest variety in the way of munitions—sticks, dishes, chairs, umbrellas, and even the traditional rolling pin. Usually the bouts have plenty of spectators.

"You charge that on September 21st your husband struck you?"

"You bet he did."

"Where were you when this happened?"

"We were out in the backyard and I was gathering in some clothes. He starts picking a fight with me and hits me in the back. I hollered and the neighbors heard us—they were in their backyard, too. And I says, 'Look out, they'll see you!' But he says, 'What do I care?' and goes right on hitting at me."

"How long did this go on?"

"Well, the man next door yelled over for him to cut it out. So he stopped, but then right away he tried to take on this other fellow."

"Had he been drinking?"

"Yes, he'd had a few. He always got like that when he had a few drinks in him. He couldn't drink like a gentleman."

According to my notebooks, not many of the husbands can!

Besides desertion and cruelty there is often, of course, the charge of adultery. There are as many triangles in my notebooks as in so many geometry texts—and the reading matter is not much more exciting. For the evidence in these cases is usually rather drab, the movies to the contrary notwithstanding. Generally, the erring husband hasn't experienced any grand passion, but just an occasional fling in a cheap hotel with a local Jezebel. Virtue itself could hardly have been more commonplace!

Since it is naturally difficult to find ready-made witnesses in such cases, the wife usually has to arrange a self-conducted raid, taking along a couple of relatives or friends. These expeditions are described in court with considerable drama, for they have been adventures, however painful, and place the wife in the not wholly unpleasant role of tragic heroine.

Here is one passage, somewhat expurgated:

"In your bill you charge your husband with adultery. How did you first learn of his unfaithfulness?"

"Well, he'd been staying out lots of nights, and I knew he was some place. One evening I got a phone call from a lady and she said she wanted to speak to me; she said my husband was staying with somebody that lived across the street from her, and I should come over and see."

"Did you go?"

"Yes. I called up my sister and brother-in-law and we went over in their car and got this lady and sat out in front in the car. Finally, the lights in that house go out and then my brother-in-law and sister go around to the back door and this lady and I go to the front door. We knock at the door and pretty soon this woman comes to the window and wants to know who it is.

"The lady says she wants to ask her about something, so finally she opens the door. And we ran in and found my husband in there."

"Just where was he?"

"He was back in the downstairs bedroom when we surprised him."

"In what condition were his clothes when you located him?"

* * *

"What happened next?"

"I tried to get him to come home with me but he wouldn't. Then I said I'd get the police and he ran out."

"Did you have any conversation with him later about this incident?"

"Yes, I tried to get him not to go over any more, so we could go on having the home and all. But he said everybody else was doing it and he was going to do it too."

But it isn't always the wife who is the loser in the game. There are occasional suits brought by men (though comparatively few) and in these the wives are the sinners. As in the cases of the erring males, the evidence is usually sordid rather than sensational—the "scarlet letter" merely a dingy pink.

Here is one case I recall. The husband, a dreary, colorless little man, took the stand and told his dreary, colorless little story. He and his wife, who was considerably younger, had been struggling along for some years, without much pleasure, much money, or much hope for a brighter future. In the course of time, they had moved into a double house, on the other side of which lived a widow of easy virtue. She had struck up an acquaintance with the wife, and they had begun to go around together.

"They went twice to a picture show, and she had my permission. She came in about twelve and didn't wake up in the morning or wake me up, so I was late to work two days. The third night she wanted to go again, but I told her she hadn't better."

"Did she go anyway?"

"She didn't that night, but she did a few nights later."

"Did she change in any way?"

"Yes, she'd always been quiet, but now she got sort of wildlike."

Gradually things had gone from bad to worse. The inevitable discovery of wrongdoing—and the "wages of sin" were paid with interest.

"She admitted she'd been out with fellows and gone to roadhouses and been untrue to me. But she wanted me to take her back. But I said, 'It's easy to forgive but not to forget,' and I said I was afraid everything was spoiled after the way she'd acted."

The divorce was granted.

In another case, that traditional villain, "the gentleman boarder," actually figured. The wronged husband, shabby, sober-eyed, took the stand and told, in so many words, what had happened. The financial struggle had made it necessary to take in a roomer, even though the house had been small. For a while everything had gone along smoothly enough, and the roomer had seemed a most satisfactory acquisition. He had been quiet and polite, and furthermore, had often invited them to go out riding with him in his car. At first it had looked like a very pleasant arrangement. But before long the wife had begun to sit in the front seat with the roomer, leaving the husband in the back with the children.

"Did you voice any objection to this?" queried the lawyer.

"No, I didn't want to make any fuss, and I really didn't think much about it at first. But this guy was around a lot in the daytime when I was at work and the kids was in school. And pretty soon I got noticing things I didn't like." . . .

The decree was signed.

But this wasn't all. The judge, in deciding the fate of the children, called to the stand the eldest, a fourteen-year-old boy, to state his own wishes in the matter.

Pale, scared, his young face drawn with misery, he took the oath and testified.

"With which of your parents do you wish to live?" he was asked.

"I want to go with Dad," he replied.

"What are your reasons?"

"Well—my mother was always good to me, but I can't ever forgive her for doing *that.*"

The children of divorce are the real sufferers.

Pathos and bathos. Broken hearts and broken noses. So it goes on, term after term, until I find myself wondering how long before there will be any marriages left.

Yet in spite of their great commonness even a court stenographer cannot have an entirely cynical attitude. For most of the cases are brought on by dire necessity and serve a real and beneficent purpose. Nowhere in evidence is the traditional divorcee—the glittering creature with her glittering plans for new conquests. In her stead is just an ordinary human being, in a tight place and with no plans at all.

***Are you a good spouse?* Find out by taking the test devised by J. C. Furnas and his wife Helen Furnas, one of nine special Father's Day Features in the July Esquire.**

Pat Hobby's Secret

Continued from page 30

"Well, I know why. I got something he wants—that's why!"

"You owe him money?"

"Owe him money. Why that—he owes *me* money! He owes me for three long, hard conferences—I outlined a whole damn picture for him." His vague finger tapped his forehead in several places, "What he wants is in here."

An hour passed at the turbulent orgiastic table. Pat waited—and then inevitably in the slow, limited cycle of the lush, Woll's mind returned to the subject.

"The funny thing is I told him who put the shell in the trunk and why. And then the Master Mind forgot."

Pat had an inspiration.

"But his secretary remembered."

"She did?" Woll was flabbergasted. "Secretary—don't remember secretary."

"She came in," ventured Pat uneasily.

"Well then by God he's got to pay me or I'll sue him."

"Banizon says he's got a better idea."

"The hell he has. My idea was a pip. Listen—"

He spoke for two minutes.

"You like it?" he demanded. He looked at Pat for applause—then he must have seen something in Pat's eye that he was not intended to see. "Why you little skunk," he cried, "You've talked to Banizon—he sent you here."

Pat rose and tore like a rabbit for the door. He would have been out into the street before Woll could overtake him had it not been for the intervention of Mr. Smith, the doorman.

"Where you going?" he demanded, catching Pat by his lapels.

"Hold him!" cried Woll, coming up. He aimed a blow at Pat which missed and landed full in Mr. Smith's mouth.

It has been mentioned that Mr. Smith was an embittered as well as a powerful man. He dropped Pat, picked up R. Parke Woll by crotch and shoulder, held him high and then in one gigantic pound brought his body down against the floor. Three minutes later Woll was dead.

III.

Except in great scandals like the Arbuckle case the industry protects its own—and the industry included Pat, however intermittently. He was let out of prison next morning without bail, wanted only as a material witness. If anything, the publicity was advantageous—for the first time in a year his name appeared in the trade journals. Moreover he was now the only living man who knew how the shell got into Claudette Colbert's (or Betty Field's) trunk.

"When can you come up and see me?" said Mr. Banizon.

"After the inquest tomorrow," said Pat enjoying himself, "I feel kind of shaken—it gave me an earache."

That too indicated power. Only those who were "in" could speak of their health and be listened to.

"Woll really did tell you?" questioned Banizon.

"He told me," said Pat. "And it's worth more than fifty smackers. I'm going to get me a new agent and bring him to your office."

"I tell you a better plan," said Banizon hastily, "I'll get you on the payroll. Four weeks at your regular price."

"What's my price?" demanded Pat gloomily. "I've drawn everything from four thousand to zero." And he added ambiguously, "As Shakespeare says 'Every man has his price.' "

The attendant rodents of R. Parke Woll had vanished with their small plunder into convenient rat holes, leaving as the defendant Mr. Smith, and, as witnesses, Pat and two frightened cigarette girls. Mr. Smith's defense was that he had been attacked. At the inquest one cigarette girl agreed with him—one condemned him for unnecessary roughness. Pat Hobby's turn was next, but before his name was called he started as a voice spoke to him from behind.

"You talk against my husband and I'll twist your tongue out by the roots."

A huge dinosaur of a woman, fully six feet tall and broad in proportion, was leaning forward against his chair.

"Pat Hobby, step forward please . . . now Mr. Hobby tell us exactly what happened."

The eyes of Mr. Smith were fixed balefully on his and he felt the eyes of the bouncer's mate reaching in for his tongue through the back of his head. He was full of natural hesitation.

"I don't know exactly," he said and then with quick inspiration, "All I know is everything went white!"

"*What?*"

"That's the way it was. I saw white. Just like some guys see red or black I saw white."

There was some consultation among the authorities.

"Well, what happened from when you came into the restaurant—up to the time you saw white?"

"Well—" said Pat fighting for time. "It was all kind of that way. I came and sat down and then it began to go black."

"You mean white."

"Black *and* white."

There was a general titter.

"Witness dismissed. Defendant remanded for trial."

What was a little joking to endure when the stakes were so high—all that night a mountainous Amazon pursued him through his dreams and he needed a strong drink before appearing at Mr. Banizon's office next morning. He was accompanied by one of the few Hollywood agents who had not yet taken him on and shaken him off.

"A flat sum of five hundred," offered Banizon. "Or four weeks at two-fifty to work on another picture."

"How bad do you want this?" asked the agent. "My client seems to think it's worth three thousand."

"Of my own money?" cried Banizon. "And it isn't even *his* idea. Now that Woll is dead it's in the Public Remains."

"Not quite," said the agent, "I think like you do that ideas are sort of in the air. They belong to whoever's got them at the time—like balloons."

"Well, how much?" asked Mr. Banizon fearfully. "How do I know he's got the idea?"

The agent turned to Pat.

"Shall we let him find out—for a thousand dollars."

After a moment Pat nodded. Something was bothering him.

"All right," said Banizon. "This strain is driving me nuts. One thousand."

There was silence.

"Spill it Pat," said the agent.

Still no word from Pat. They waited. When Pat spoke at last his voice seemed to come from afar.

"Everything's white," he gasped.

"*What?*"

"I can't help it—everything has gone white. I can see it—white. I remember going into the joint but after that it all goes white."

For a moment they thought he was holding out. Then the agent realized that Pat actually had drawn a psychological blank. The secret of R. Parke Woll was safe forever.

Too late Pat realized that a thousand dollars was slipping away and tried desperately to recover.

"I remember, I remember! It was put in by some Nazi dictator."

"Maybe the girl put it in the trunk herself," said Banizon ironically. "For her bracelet."

For many years Mr. Banizon would be somewhat gnawed by this insoluble problem. And as he glowered at Pat he wished that writers could be dispensed with all together. If only ideas could be plucked from the inexpensive air! #

Another of F. Scott Fitzgerald's Pat Hobby stories, ***Pat Hobby, Putative Father,*** *will appear in the July issue.*

From the Ground Up

Continued from page 97

right pedal and give a slight bank with the "stick" to prevent skidding; to turn left you do the reverse of this. To land, you simply glide down, or spiral down, until you are about ten feet from the ground. You head into the wind, level off, cut off the gas, and the plane practically lands itself.

Now that you have virtually a Ph.D. in the craft, there's nothing to stop you from going out and breezing your money away.

* * *

Popular civilian flying craft falls roughly into three classes: (1) Light, low-powered, low-priced sport and student planes for general knockabout, pleasure, and commuting purposes; (2) Medium-priced comfortably-appointed ships for general sport, private travel, and limited business; and (3) high-powered, high-speed planes for de luxe business and executive transportation.

Perhaps the best buy for a man trying his wings for the first time is a 65 or 75 horsepower plane in the under-$2,000 class. Most of these planes are as safe as a ferry boat, easy to handle, and land and take off at the speed of Stepin Fetchit. It is hardly advisable to learn to fly in a plane designed to prove Relativity—wherein an object attaining the speed of light continues to exist only as a faint, yellowish glow.

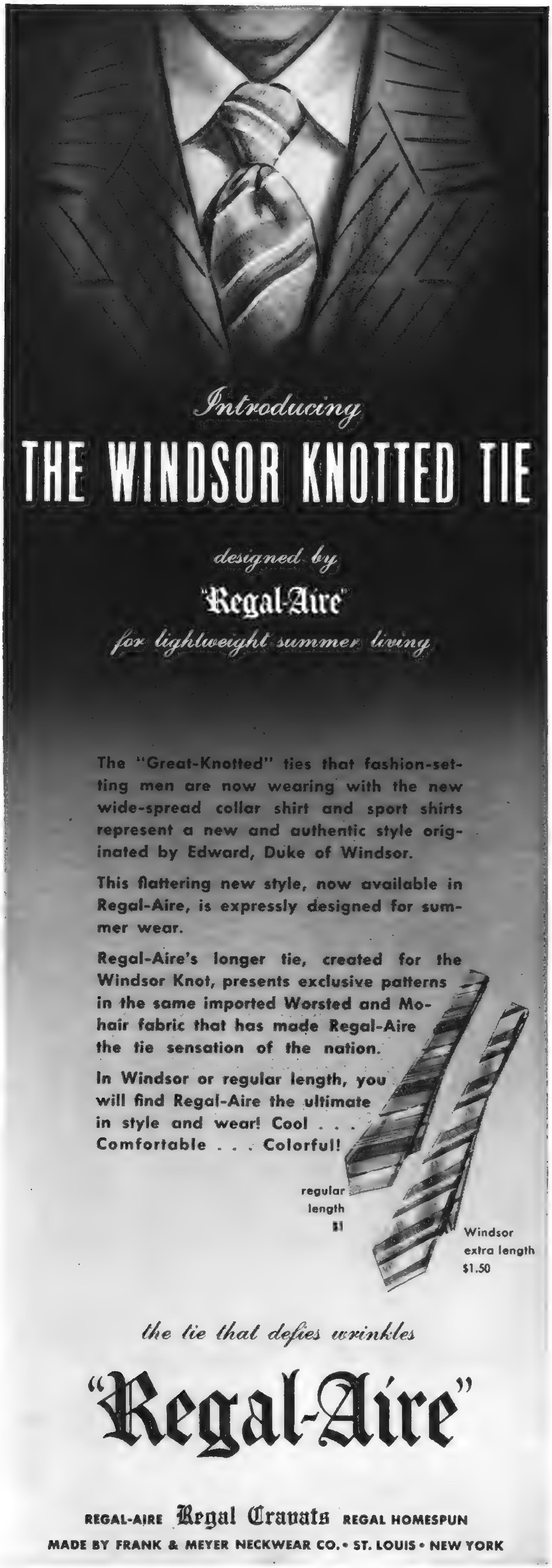
These planes have a range of from 200 to about 350 miles, which is more than ample for unit hops in a trip across country or down the coast. There is little point in staying cramped in the cabin until nature cries out in anguish. Even in a car you want to climb out every couple of hours, gulp some coffee, down a hamburger, and stretch your legs—figuratively speaking. And, further, as the best medical authorities point out, sitting too long in any place may eventually lead to a gangrenous bottom.

The lowest-price job in this class is the $975 Piper Cub 40 H.P. Trainer. This cruises at 85 M.P.H., has a range of 200 miles, and lands at 30 M.P.H. within 100 feet—carrying 2 persons and 20 pounds of luggage. Most people who are interested in flying, however, want more speed—for 85 miles, nowadays, is about the same as not getting up in the morning. We go after lightning clips the way a collector goes after works of art; the object has little practical value, but is, somehow, desirable in itself. Mr. Oscar Wilde once said its chief value is its absolute uselessness.

Other Piper Cub models, all of fabric over steel construction, run in price up to $1,995, and offer cruising speeds up to 110 M.P.H. Standard equipment on most models is hydraulic and parking brakes, navigation lights and batteries, and a variety of accessories.

Perhaps the most sensational entry in the low-priced field is the newly-announced 75 H.P. new Piper Cub Clipper—a small version of the ocean flying amphibians. This ship, scheduled to sell at $2,500, can land on practically anything except a bird bath. Equipped with a metal hull, rubber wing tip floats, wheels, and hydraulic brakes, it can roost on a

Continued on page 168



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"Regal-Aire"

for lightweight summer living

The "Great-Knotted" ties that fashion-setting men are now wearing with the new wide-spread collar shirt and sport shirts represent a new and authentic style originated by Edward, Duke of Windsor.

This flattering new style, now available in Regal-Aire, is expressly designed for summer wear.

Regal-Aire's longer tie, created for the Windsor Knot, presents exclusive patterns in the same imported Worsted and Mohair fabric that has made Regal-Aire the tie sensation of the nation.

In Windsor or regular length, you will find Regal-Aire the ultimate in style and wear! Cool . . . Comfortable . . . Colorful!

regular length $1

Windsor extra length $1.50

the tie that defies wrinkles

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REGAL-AIRE Regal Cravats REGAL HOMESPUN

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 95

one another by Italy, Germany, France, and Great Britain.

The Germans were once the worst of many persecutors in the name of the Cross. The Teutonic Knights were first-rate butchers. Now their descendants suppress the Cross with equal fervor, in favor of Butch, the new Aryan god.

Mr. Pribichevich knows his southeastern Europe. He presents a mass of facts and anecdotes, and many an interesting historical sidelight which illumines the present chaos. His long chapter on the peasant is the finest thing in an excellent book.

* * *

Graham Greene, who wrote a real breathtaker in *Confidential Agent*, follows with something almost as good in *The Labyrinthine Ways* (Viking, $2.50). Laid in Mexico during the Calles attempt to exterminate the Catholic Church, it tells of a priest eluding capture and death by constant flight, holding stealthy services in the villages that know him, among people who refuse to betray him even on pain of death. Yet this padre is not a noble figure, and his mental and spiritual confusion is equally confusing to the reader. Greene has a remarkable style; part of it is the trick of putting violent events so quietly that they have the effect of timelessness.

And So Dedicated, by Thomas Burton (Harrison-Hilton, $2.50), is not just another doctor story. On New Year's Eve, 1920, Dr. Thomas Raleigh, whose office is as cold as his pants are threadbare, is called to attend the boss family of The Town, because their regular doctor is not available. From then on Tom Raleigh, once a failure, ties his fortunes to the powerful Winthrops. He marries Jewell Winthrop and is made. But does he want to be made? And does he love Jewell? The resolution of these questions is linked with bigger events—local and national politics of the Harding period, with the Winthrops connecting The Town and Washington. Prohibition and crime come into it, as well as strikes and social unrest.

The book is unique because it is the picture of a city acting—as a city actually does—with and within the nation. Thomas Burton writes with a punch. His big story unfolds easily, dramatically, full of things, and full of life.

Dildo Cay by Nelson Hayes (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50) is a more romantic novel—by which I mean remote from everyday affairs. Dildo Cay is a bit of land near the Bahamas where the Ainsworths have had their life and living for generations, masters and the only white family among a small army of black workers who help them make salt. Because it is barren and hot, the Ainsworth men have made it a tradition to marry sturdy women of good blood who will stand it and give them sons. Young Adrian Ainsworth followed the tradition when he took Mary Godet for his wife. Then into his life comes blonde Carol Delbridge.

That sounds like the plot for a routine women's-mag. story. But Mr. Hayes writes with non-routine power, and an attention to material detail that makes his book picturesque. His character portrayal is rather shaky, however, and the conclusion is muddled. Still, he has an absorbing story, and tells it well.

When *Burro Alley* came out last year I said that we had a novelist of power in Edwin Corle. *Solitaire* (Dutton, $2.50), his whimsical and very real story of a girl of ten, keeps him in good standing. In a style fresh and full of spontaneous laughter, he depicts the friendship of an old hobo and the child of a wealthy house. The peculiar triumph of the book is that Corle sees his girl from the inside.

The Cradle Builder by Walter Schoenstedt (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50) is a straightforward account of the deep inner conflicts of a young man uprooted from his fatherland who comes to live in America. A simple, serious, and honest book. In *Flight* (Appleton-Century, $2.50), the Norwegian author Arthur Omre presents in that sparse Scandinavian style the predicament of a fugitive from justice trying to stage a comeback. Neither is top-flight, but good, staple fiction.

Leo Walmsley's *Love in the Sun* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) has a theme similar to that of *The Cradle Builder*—fulfillment in simple country life—but the latter is a much more subtle job. Walmsley, an Englishman, has written a nice escapist book for our troubled times.

A much-in-love young couple find a little nest in Cornwall away from it all, and after some tough times, they win through. Hubby's book gets a publisher, and they are saved.

Patrick Welsh's *Final Hosting* (Stokes, $2.50) tells with a mingling of Irish charm, humor, and earnestness a piece of the struggle for Irish independence. Uncle Fulke is one of those characters you'd like to know in life. He agrees with the Biblical injunction to turn the other cheek, with additions: " 'Well, we have turned the other cheek, not once but time and again. I ask you to consider the logical addition to that admonition of the Bible—necessary to adjust Christian meekness to survival: "If thine adversary slap then the other cheek, why see to it, in the name of the living God, you lay him low, for he be overdue in hell!"' "

* * *

Sanda Mala by Maurice Collis (Carrick & Evans, $2.50) starts out well, especially in its use of interesting Burmese background, but halfway through it degenerates into sheer romanticism, and what is worse, loses interest. The grand climax, into which the author pours himself heart and soul, is sheer fudge. A better story of the white man and love in Burma could be worked around the appealing character of Dellahooke, the deputy commissioner, and his troubles. Compared to him the artist-hero, besides being by this time the stereotype of a stereotype, lacks juice.

There is always a lot of fudge in J. B. Priestley, dwelling uneasily next to a lot of common sense, and show me the reviewer who isn't bothered by the question of which preponderates? Priestley's *Let the People Sing* (Harper's, $2.50) is Wake Up, England! propaganda in fiction form, the keynote being soundly struck by the Czech professor when he says, "Too much of England is a museum."

The central struggle concerns a municipal auditorium given the people of Dunbury for music and meetings.

But the people get apathetic, and the aristocrats fight the capitalists of United Plastics, Ltd., for control of it. The first crowd wants it for a museum, the second for an exhibition hall of United Plastics products.

Into this symbol of run-down England comes a typically Priestleyan grotesque troupe—Timmy Tiverton, a variety comedian who used to be in bright lights and is now chased by the C.I.D. as an I.R.A. suspect; a Czech professor whose visa has expired and who has no country; a cock-eyed baronet; an old music hall soubrette—and of course a nice girl and a nice boy temporarily at odds. These buck up the populace, and in the three-cornered fight between Aristocracy, Big Biz, and the People, the People win on whiskey and a fluke.

It's time to give up hope that Priestley will be another Dickens. His too brisk pace costs him plausibility. He does not build up his characters or situations, but instead, he pops them at you where the plot calls for something.

He hates the Yankee-ization of England, including gadgets, the speedup, and police machine-gunning of strikers. He's a fierce democrat.

In *Let the People Sing*, the aristocrats and Big Biz are fools, while the lower and middle classes shine with virtue, some of it potential. Silly, but a pleasant change from the angle taken by detective and romantic fiction. He is a mild socialist, the kind who believes that the only equality that counts is equality in the world of the mind and the spirit. Well, we won't have to put *him* in a concentration camp.

Maurice Hindus' *Sons and Fathers*, "A Novel of Two Generations and Two Worlds" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is a good story which, on subject matter, arrives ten years late. Conflict of idealist son and iron-realist father in Russia during revolution. There's the beautiful daughter of the reactionary colonel.

It's just as if Hindus had this novel around the house for a long time, and only let it go when he was sure that he didn't like the Soviets any more.

We have plenty of short-story writers with loads of technique. Thomas Ryan is not one of them. His *Men In Chains* (Random House, $2.50) is a collection of tales from 7000 B.C. to today, strung together on one theme—man's martyrdom. Here are stories of man as victim of himself, as victim of social forces, as victim of forces that aren't even analyzable.

No, Thomas Ryan hasn't got technique, but he's got something to say. A powerful collection and a unique one.

There's nothing new or different about Talbot Mundy's *Old Ugly-Face* (Appleton-Century, $3), which is 550 pages of spies, lovely girl in trouble, Anglo-Saxon supermen, deep Orientals, Dalai Lamas, and gaudy stage-props of mysterious, weird, eerie, mystic, unpredictable, psychic, and treacherous India and Tibet. It's the author's twenty-ninth novel, which must mean he has quite a following; but I'll go back to H. Rider Haggard for mine, or even to Marie Corelli and the author of *The Manxman*. Mundy's gravy is too thick. He should read Corle and Greene, and cut down his next romance to 250 pages.

I have to bracket together *The Trees* by Conrad Richter (Knopf, $2.50) and *Come Spring* by Ben Ames Williams (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.75). Here two male authors go to lengths to point out (page Barrie's ghost) that women are superior to men. They go back to frontier days to prove it. Their heroines are strong of body and of mind; know what they want, get it, and make their men look silly. Not, from the Esquire point of view, nice.

The Trees is the more honest and alive. It begins with the Luckett family, led by a no-good pa with an itch in his feet, crossing the Ohio to make a home in the

Continued on page 110

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ONLY REMINGTON OFFERS A TWO-HEADED SHAVER
AN IDEAL GIFT FOR GRADS AND DADS

"Blade-close shaves in 90 seconds" reported the United States Testing Company after a series of tests of the Remington Dual on all types of beards. What makes this speed-shaving possible? Simply the fact that two heads are better than one. The new Remington Dual has more than double the length of cutting edges of any other shaver. And the two heads tauten the skin between them, stand the hairs on end ready to be cut. Here is the perfect Graduation and Father's Day gift. See the new Remington Dual at your dealer's today. General Shaver Division of Remington Rand Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 95-109

unbroken wilderness of forest beyond. The trek kills brave ma Luckett, and fifteen-year-old Sayward takes charge of the primitive house, her little brother, and three small sisters. Luckett keeps wandering off, and one day stays away for good. New neighbors break the forest, the little ones grow up, and Sairdy carries on, cool and silent and strong. Then one day she decides what she wants—a certain man to marry and help her turn farmer. So she ups and gets him. The book runs as cool and smooth as Sairdy herself. When you finish it, you'll either be ashamed of being the kind of man you are, or be mad at your wife because she isn't Sairdy.

Come Spring seems to be an anti-birth control tract, long, monotonous, trite. Our heroine, Mima Robbins, comes with her family to build a new life in the wilderness Maine of 1776. From the very beginning we meet a Mima so anxious to get married and have children that it's indecent. It's a long book, and every female in it is either having a baby or going to have one, and mighty glad of it. No—there's one who's not pleased about it, but she's *Wicked.*

The land around the Robbins family fills up pretty fast, and along comes Joel Adams. "He's the one," says Mima. But Joel doesn't want to be the one; he's not at all sure he wants to be a farmer and settle down and have babies. But Mima gets after him, and finally pushes him into it, poor Joel. Mima is such a virtuous little beast that I almost kicked the book across the room a couple of times; it's a very thick book. A postscript tells us Mima and Joel had ten children, and that they and the rest of the characters were real people. It doesn't help.

As for *The Star-Gazer: A Novel of the Life of Galileo* by Zsolt de Harsanyi (Putnam, $2.75), before reading it I should have said that the fictionized life of a bygone scientist would have no interest for me. But authors move in mysterious ways their wonders to perform, and the Hungarian de Harsanyi is a miracle-man in narration. Knowing little about science and nothing about mathematics, I followed with eagerness Galileo's triumphs in both fields.

* * *

So much for the fiction. I haven't had time to read W. R. Burtnett's *High Sierra* (Knopf, $2) or Stephen Longstreet's *Decade*, 1929-1939 (Random House, $2.50), which is too bad because as far as I've gone they look good.

To make a lightning finish on the non-fiction side:

The Voice of Destruction, by Hermann Rauschning (Putnam, $2.75) is a record, mainly, of conversations of the ex-president of the Danzig Senate with the Fuehrer. Terrific. It will keep Hitler in good standing as your favorite villain.

Our Arabian Nights, by Ruth and Helen Hoffman (Carrick & Evans, $2.75). The authors of *We Married an Englishman* carry on in and around Bagdad. Gay.

Aretino, Scourge of Princes, by T. C. Chubb (Reynal & Hitchcock, $3.50). "First full-length portrait of one of the most amazing figures of the Italian Renaissance." Rather pale after the Galileo book, but plenty doing in a standard kind of biography.

Christopher Columbus, by Salvador de Madariaga (Macmillan, $4). Now we know what de Madariaga was doing while the Spanish loyalists were being laid low by Franco-Musso-Hitler. A massive biography—you sense that it's already a classic just by turning the pages—of the Very Magnificent Lord Don Cristobal Colon. You'll discover there was more to that life than you ever dreamed of in grade school.

Woe Unto You, Lawyers! by Fred Rodell (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.50) is a brisk and astonishing debunk of The Law and all its claptrap of sacredness by a professor of the subject at Yale. This very unprofessorial book takes even the Supreme Court over a beautiful series of bumps. We need a book like this on doctors, maybe one on professors. Enlightening as hell, it will confirm your secret hunches.

A partial debunk of the teaching profession is implicit in Professor Mortimer J. Adler's *How to Read a Book* (Simon & Schuster, $2.50), a super-selfhelp guide. Proving that most people don't know how to read solid stuff, and proceeding on the excellent assumption that having sense is fun, Professor Adler outlines a course in how to surround and assimilate the world's great books.

Sex and Life, by Dr. Eugen Steinach (Viking, $3.75), recounts for intelligent adults the forty years of biological and medical experiments of the pioneer in "rejuvenation." Dr. Steinach's work was sensational enough, scientifically, but when popular journalism got through with it, it was exaggerated, distorted, and vulgarized beyond recognition. Here is the truth from headquarters in nineteen chapters dealing with sex glands, sex hormones, the "Steinach Operation," etc.—the life work of a great scientist between two covers.

Economics for the Millions, by Henry Pratt Fairchild (Modern Age, $2.50) is a popularization that makes sense on a complex and puzzling subject which most writers have only confused. Easy to read, liberal, and clear, the best short-cut to the dismal science that I know.

Three's a Crew, by Katherin Pinkerton (Carrick & Evans, $2.75) tells how Mrs. P. (remember her excellent *Wilderness Wife?*), her husband and daughter, loafed and journeyed in a small boat on the north Pacific coast for nearly seven years.

We Call It Human Nature, by Paul Grabbe in co-operation with Gardner Murphy (Harper's). This "pictorial approach to psychology and what it means to you" is excellent psychology in itself. Diagrams, drawings, and photos put across the points. Gives you an idea of what the textbook and informative book of the future will be like.

Victor Frisch and Joseph Shipley's *Auguste Rodin* (Stokes, $3.50) is a biography that brings Rodin to life. Frisch, himself a well-known sculptor, spent twenty years in Rodin's studios. The Master's life was a stormy one, a fact that gives this biography the drama and suspense of a novel.

Attorney for the People, by Rupert Hughes (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.75) is the story of Thomas E. Dewey, the Republican white hope. Mr. Hughes, who did a good job on the life story of our earliest president, skillfully dramatizes the public career of the man he hopes will be our latest president.

The Censor Marches On, by Morris Ernst and Alexander Lindey (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) will not be entirely news to Esquire readers, for some of the material appeared in the magazine. According to Nietzsche, Zarathustra spake thus: "Here then is my truth; now tell me yours." The U. S. is lousy with anti-Zarathustras who would like to shut your mouth at all costs. The story of it, gathered into one book, packs a wallop.

Mr. Smith Meet Mr. Cohen, by James Waterman Wise and Lee J. Levinger (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2) introduces your Jewish neighbor. Who are the four and a half million Jews in the U. S.? What do they do? How do they live? What has been their history? What is their religion? Good sane survey of Jewry.

221 B—Studies in Sherlock Holmes, edited by Vincent Starrett (Macmillan, $2.50) is for those who have gone loopy over the Baker Street snooper—a sophisticated loopiness not unlike the owlishness moods of the Browning and Whitman clubs. Fun, if you're a "bookman."

How to Play Winning Checkers, by Millard Hopper (Simon & Schuster, $1.50), reveals that there's a good deal more to checkers than many a hook-and-ladder veteran thinks. End games, openings, selected tilts between the masters, and illustrative games between expert and dub.

The Book of Modern Puzzles, by Gerald Lynton Kaufman (Simon & Schuster, $2) offers, with humor, a fine variety of problems. Best puzzle-book I've seen, equally good for lone-wolfing or for taking care of a job-lot of friends in the living room.

A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE MYSTERIES

Title and author	Locale	Sleuth	Characters	Plot	Corpses	Style	Rating*	Remarks
And Then There Were None, Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead, $2)	Isolated Indian Island	Surprise	Ten strangers at a hostless house party	A phonograph record accuses each of a crime that escaped the law, and then they begin to die, one by one . . . Gruesome as hell.	10	Excellent	☆☆☆☆	A classic.
No Outlet, Arthur M. Chase (Dodd, Mead, $2)	Felicity Hall, near Charleston	Private dick, Chester Green	Melodramatic guests on cripple Francis Rutledge's estate	Aunt Mattie and nevvy Dick, car damaged by Rutledge's are invited to his house. They meet funny people, and a murder. Auntie helps pin it down.	1	Machinery creaks	☆☆½	See "style."
Case of the Baited Hook, Erle Stanley Gardner (Morrow, $2)	California	Perry Mason, of course	Robert Peltham with masked girl friend, crooked trustee, and Mrs. Tump who wants her protégée protected from him; and miscellaneous	Peltham gives Perry half of a $10,000 bill, saying when time comes to act for him, he'll get other half. Then arrives Mrs. Tump and protégée on another errand. Two cases become one with a murder.	1	Smoother than usual	☆☆☆½	The less of Della Street, the better. A really good Perry Mason.
Footsteps in the Air, Susan Wells (Simon & Schuster, $2)	Rancho Mahoney	Tony Ware	Rich Mahoneys and 5 unwelcome guests	Tony arrives at rancho on help call of Nicola Mahoney with a flood chasing his tail lights. House isolated, murder makes hay.	3	Not distinctive	☆☆☆	All young women are beautiful.
Murder in Miniatures, Sam Merwin (Crime Club, $2)	New York	Sergeant Jim Lanning	American Russian prince, his beautiful girl, a news hound, a collector, assorted pals	Mike Troop's Russian pa is murdered in China; his cousin, the heir, has his throat slit in N. Y. Mike is tagged for the crime. But he's our hero, so we know he didn't do it. A toy army and Soviet Russia come into it.	4	Sentimental	☆☆½	Dirty furriners in a puzzler usually drag it down.

*Four stars is tops

REMEMBER when we snapped this, mother? Was it last summer, or was it really 1923? I can see him now, chasing those waves. He wasn't afraid of anything. Still isn't.

Sometimes, though, I wish I'd been smarter or richer. I'd have enjoyed smoothing some of the bumps for him. He wanted a lot of things he never got, and never asked for.

Not that it would have made any difference between us. He understands . . . Well, tomorrow he'll be a college graduate. We could give him some little gadget. Or, perhaps, nothing at all. He wouldn't mind.

But tomorrow's going to be our big day as well as his. You and I are going to be just as excited as he is when we give him his Hamilton Watch.

He'll say, "Dad! Mom! You foolish people, you needn't have done so much." And I'll probably say, "Forget it, son." But none of us ever will.

* * *

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"Didn't look much like a college graduate then, did he?"

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ALLISON. 19 jewels. 14K natural gold. Spherical dial. With 18K applied gold numerals . . $90

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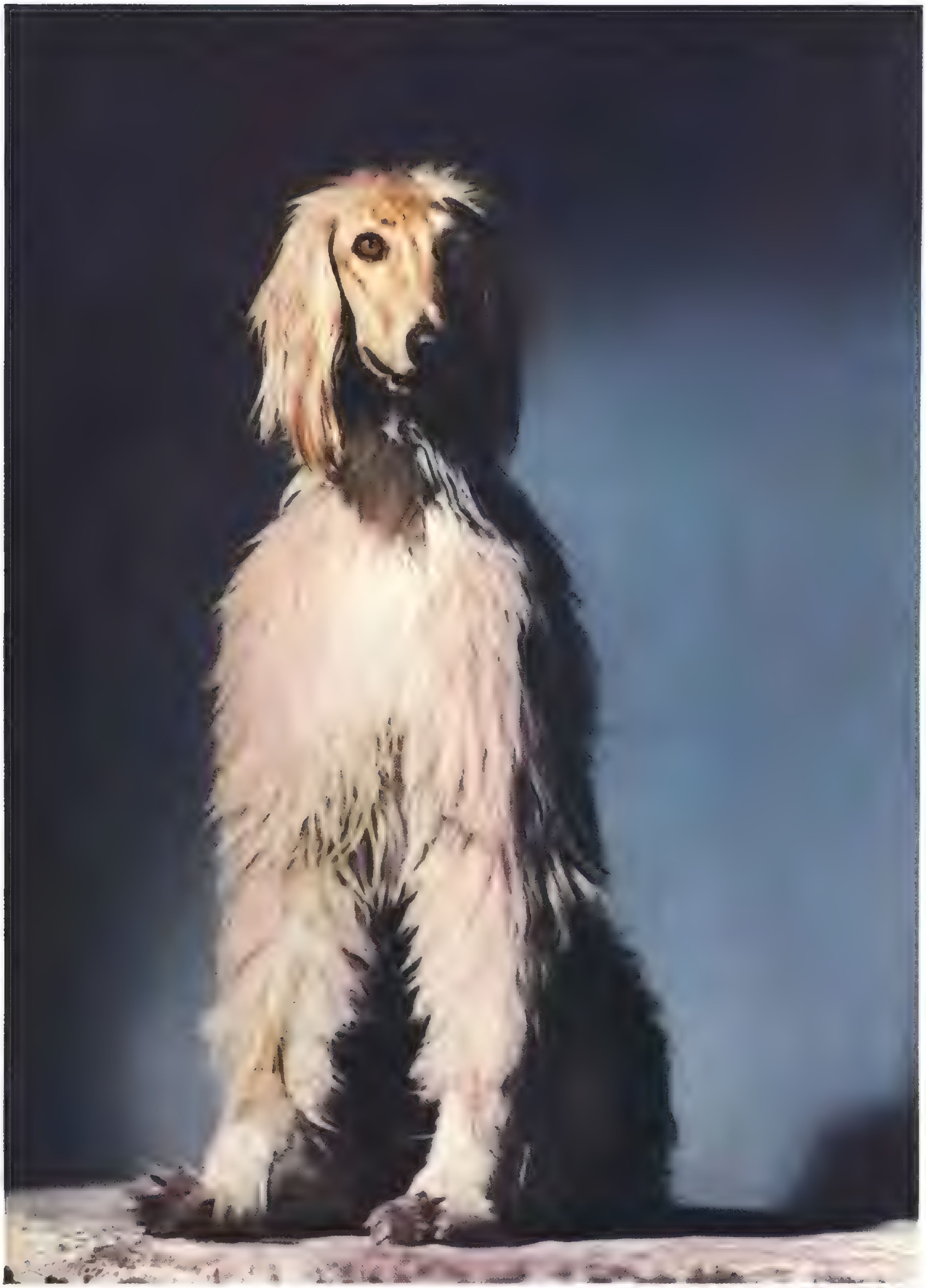


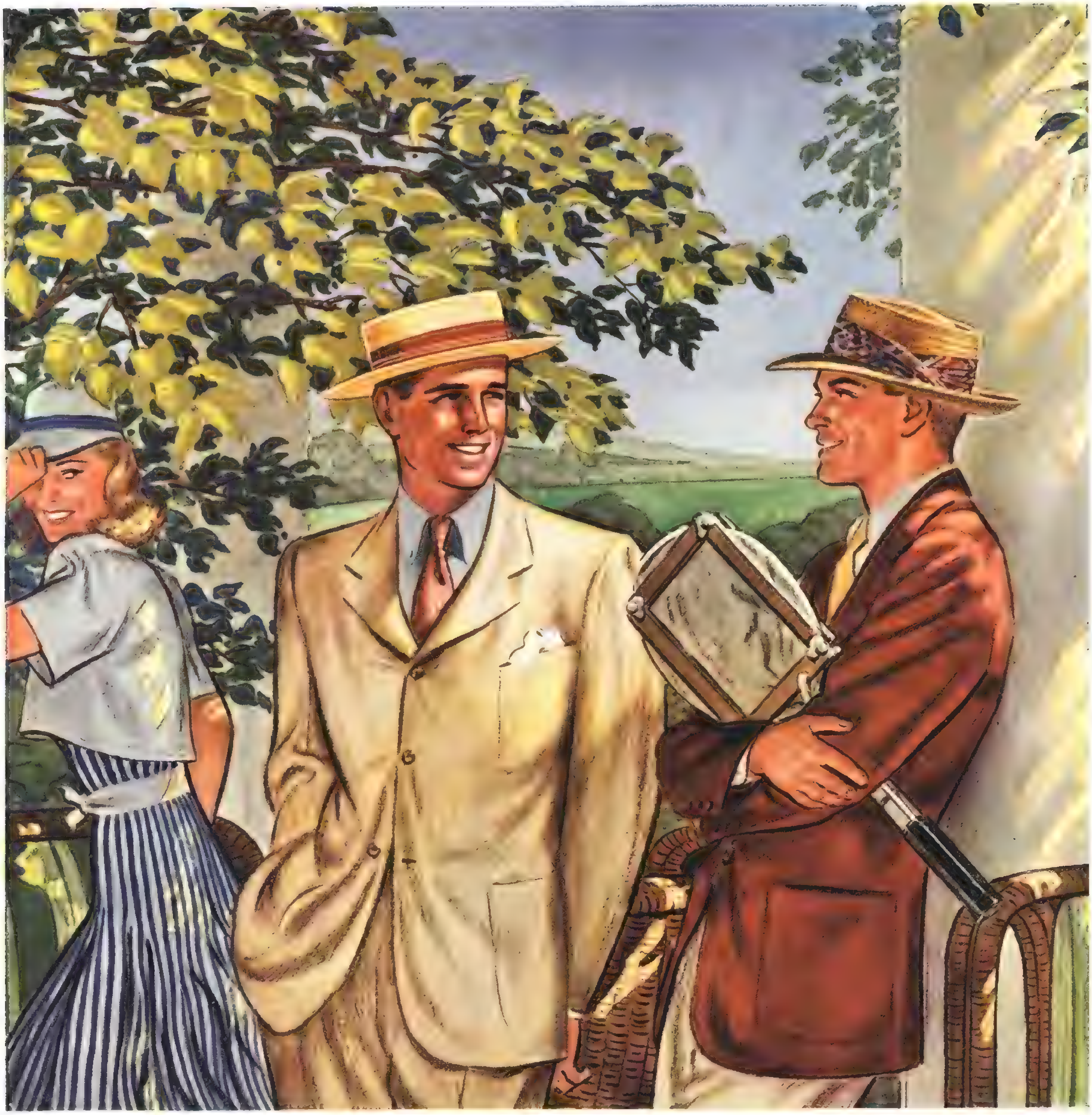
SHANTY OWNED BY MISS MINERVA WRIGHT

PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOR BY HENRY WAXMAN

THE AFGHAN HOUND IS OLDER THAN TUT

SINAI, where Moses heard the Ten Commandments, was a part of ancient Egypt when the Afghan hound first became a recognized type of dog. Way back in 3,000 B. C. the Egyptians called the Afghan "Cynocephalus" which, translated freely, means "monkey face." His portrait appears on tombs in the Valley of the Nile. So he's definitely one of dogdom's first families. After he was taken up by royalty he became the court hunting dog and his fleetfootedness made him invaluable for leopard hunting and gazelle coursing. Interestingly enough, the Afghan's tail carriage in hunting was tremendously important. The higher he carried it the better—this so that in the dense thickets it was possible, by keeping an eye on the tail, to get the good hunting signals. The Afghan's hipbones played an important role in his sporting career. They are higher than in other breeds and set wider apart. This made it possible for him to negotiate uneven ground with the agility of a monkey, and so earned him his nickname. About ten years ago America took up the Afghan hound and as this country is rather short on leopards and gazelles, not to mention royalty, it is accepting the Afghan on his own merits as a quiet, poised friend and companion.

– CHASE HERENDEEN



"YOU'RE MY 'FAVORITE SONS'!"

BOB: Isn't she the little politician! So she's drafting *you* for President, *too!*

JIM: Too? I'd say the only thing that keeps *you* in the running as a "native" son is that fine Nassau cocoanut straw!

BOB: It's more than a mere straw vote, Mr. Candidate! *This is a Stetson!*

JIM: Sez you! *I'll* beat you at the polls. My ticket's a *Stetson* plus our club band!

BOB: Fair enough! It looks like *another* Stetson year around this club!

P. S.: Bob's Sennit is good company with his dinner jacket, too! And Jim's hat goes to *town* just as smartly! See the new Stetson Sennits from $3; Panamas from $5 to $30; cocoanut straws at $5. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia, New York, London and Paris.

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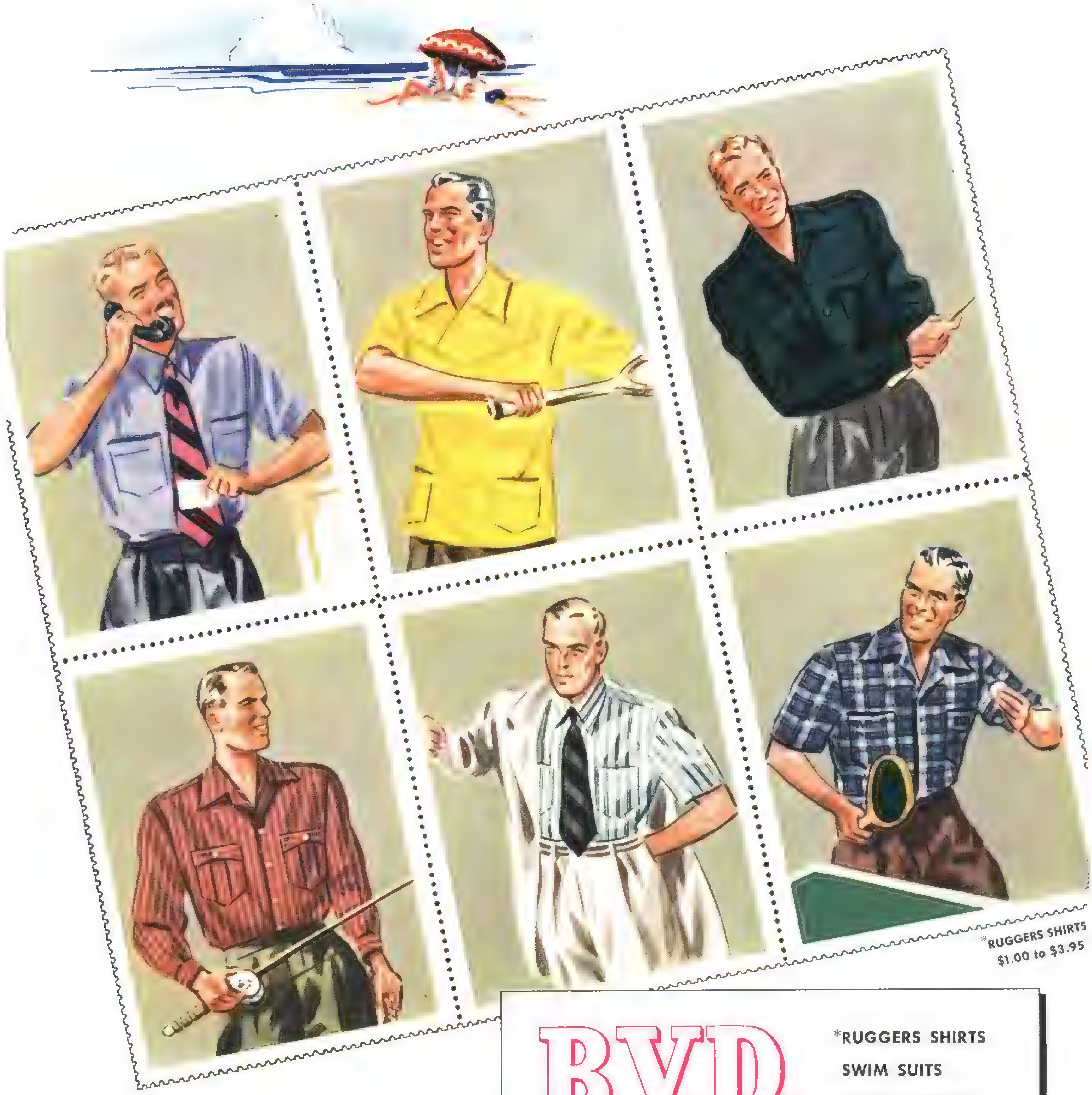

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- A smart Ruggers Shirt for every sport. Note the new "saddle-stitched" collar and pockets. Three striking colors—long or short sleeves. $1.65.

(Bottom—Left to Right)

- A sports-minded Ruggers Shirt in Blend Tone Stripes. A broad-shouldered shirt with fitted back and concave pockets. Three cool colors. $2.
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- A colorful tartan plaid shirt of fine gingham. You'll wear it in or outside of your slacks—with a tie or without. And you'll like its thrifty price. $1.

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PAJAMAS
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THE B. V. D. CORPORATION, Empire State Building, New York
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I Don't Gamble

Continued from page 27

one's means is a curse as ravaging in its way as dipsomania or dope addiction. Certainly I found it so—and certainly I knew others who also found it so.

I have seen men whose incomes were lower than mine, and who I knew owed hundreds of dollars in milk and grocery bills, lose part or all of their weekly or monthly checks across the poker or crap table, sometimes month after month. Now and then they won, of course, and when they did theirs was a restrained hilarity. But when they lost—! They were playing with friends, fellow club members perhaps or neighbors, but the loss was none the less as real as if they had surrendered their checks across the table in the crookedest and most ruthless dive of the underworld.

I have seen gamblers read out of clubs and other organizations for failure to pay their dues. They had had the money to pay but had lost it in games organized after the club meetings; and the club treasurer and othe members knew it. I have seen friendships smashed, credit destroyed, domestic felicity and marital trust sabotaged because a frantic husband, sinking deeper and deeper into the quicksand of gambling debts, took to covering up and lying to his wife about the extent of his involvements until the inevitable exposure came.

One man I knew inherited $100,000 when he was twenty-one years old. Before he was thirty, he lost every cent of it playing poker and tossing the dice. One night after his first legacy had been dissipated (he was later to inherit close to a million from another source) he lost $2,500 in a poker game. He asked a lawyer whether he would have to pay it or not. The lawyer told him he wouldn't have to by law, but by the bizarre "moral" standards of "friendly" gambling he would have to, if he was planning to remain in the community—as he was—and to continue the associations he had always known—as he was. He paid. The mere fact that I have been in games often with that man—not at such stakes as would lose a man $2,500 in one night but at stakes, by comparison with my earnings, equally extravagant—shows with crystal clarity what a gambling fool I was then. I say, and I genuinely believe, that I am not such now.

Every gambler beyond the penny-ante, match-you-for-a-beer stage knows these stories and hundreds like them. They can be duplicated endlessly, a dismal recital of recklessness and anguish brought upon himself, and often upon his family, by no one but the gambler himself. Perhaps they sound lurid. They are. They are also nakedly realistic.

The "morality" of gambling rarely troubled me. If I lost, I blamed and despised only myself. If I won, I might feel sympathy for the man who in losing to me and to others had gone in over his head, but at the same time I unconsciously subscribed to the cold gambling philosophy of *laissez-faire*. No one had forced the loser to enter the game in the first place. He had chosen to play, had known the limitations of his finances, had gone beyond those limitations and now would suffer. Too bad. Every man for himself—even in a "little friendly game."

But there is a definite aspect of morality in gambling. When one is losing heavily and has not the money to meet the mounting losses, one's code of ethics sometimes cracks under the strain. I have seen men whose integrity and honesty I never doubted before, grow curiously confused as to how much they had "drawn light" on a poker pot, when chips were exhausted, and owed the winner of a particular hand. Perhaps they imagined their blank stares of bewilderment and their falsely hearty "Oh-I-beg-your-pardon" fooled the rest of the players. But if the others reacted as I did, they thought it rather remarkable that a man so clear-headed in remembering what was owed him when he *won*, became so uncertain of how much he owed when he lost.

Probably because I have never gambled with anyone but people I knew, I have never seen the more flagrant forms of cheating at poker or bridge, nor have I ever encountered crooked dice in a crap game. Most gamblers—especially those who can afford to lose heavily when they do lose—make a fetish of honesty in card-playing, betting, and shooting craps. They are almost smug in the rigorousness of their ethics, and insist sanctimoniously that they would "rather pay a gambling debt quicker than any other kind. It's a debt of honor."

That debt of honor business is laudable perhaps, but it is also insidious. After all, aren't all debts debts of honor? Is it more honorable to neglect doctor and hospital bills, to make grocerymen wait for their money, to ruin one's credit at a department store, all in order to pay a top-heavy "debt of honor" to a man who was lucky at cards one night and who certainly can do without the money immediately—certainly better than can the struggling coal dealer or the hard-pressed haberdasher? Yet the impoverished gambler dutifully bows to the same convention of his more well-to-do comrades, paying his gambling debts and ignoring his commercial ones where those same comrades can pay both with equal celerity and never feel it. It seems to me there is certainly some distorted and complex moral enigma involved here.

From the time I first held a pair of dice in my hands and tossed them, when I was in the seventh grade, for pen-points,

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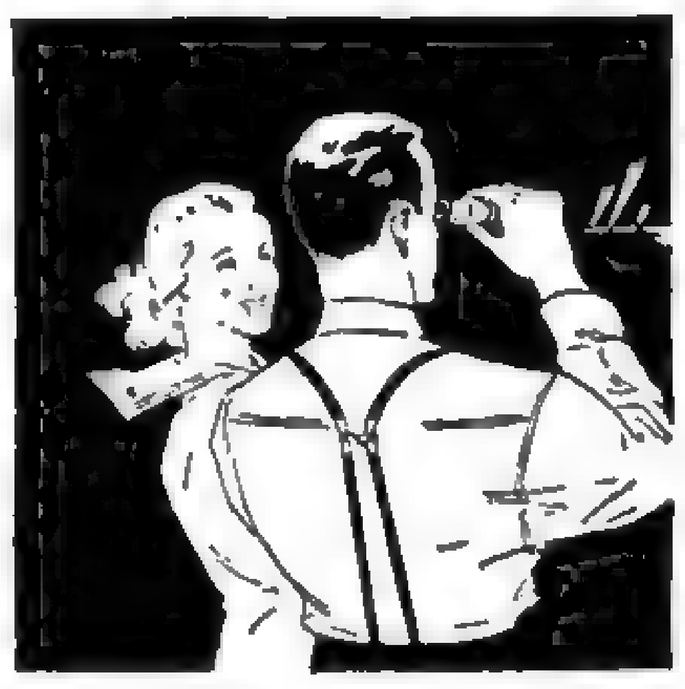
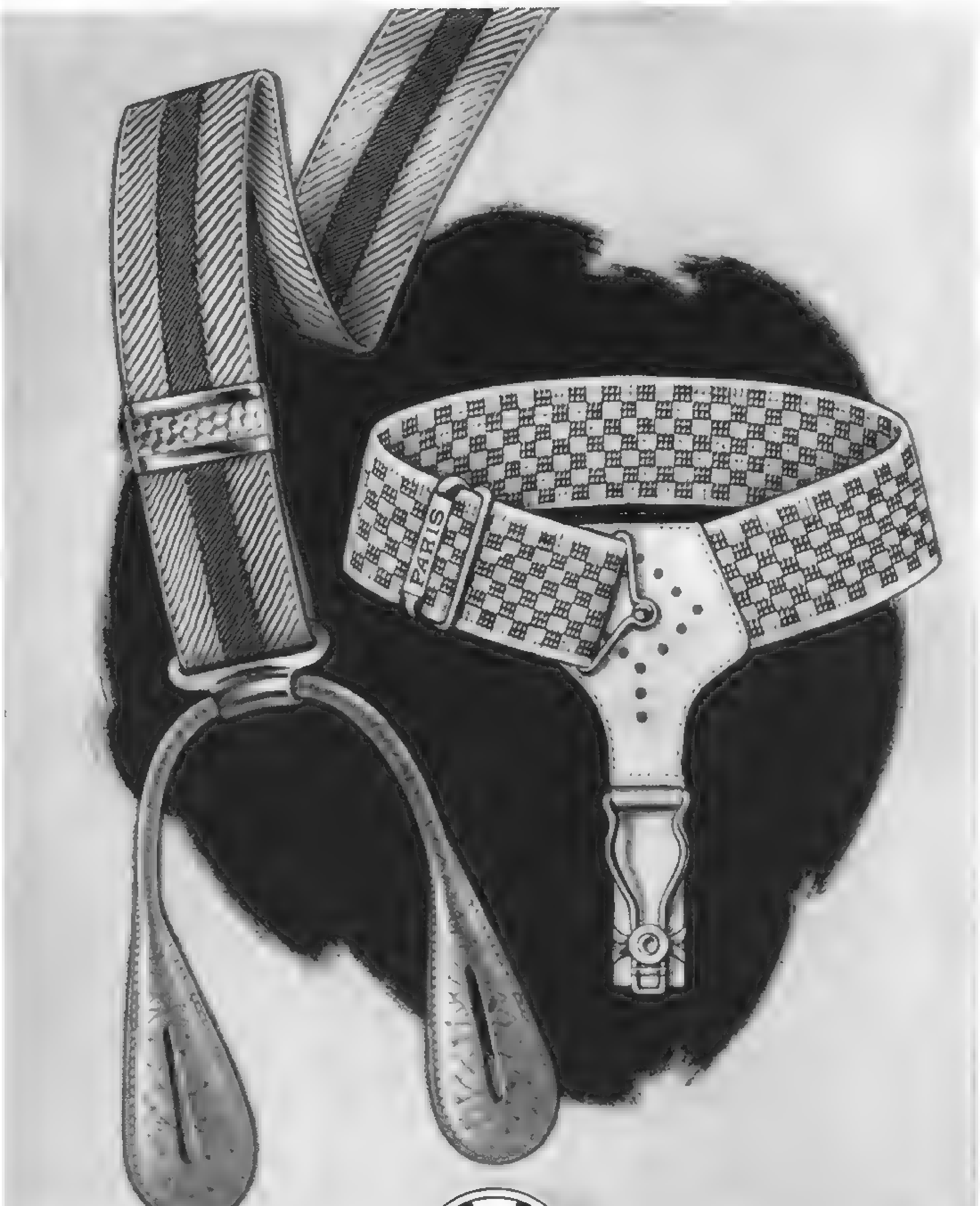
Wherever you go PARIS means Style





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I Don't Gamble

Continued from pages 27-115

matches, bits of wire and the other non-monetary contents of the average boy's pockets, to the time I lost over $150 in one night of stud poker—just before embarking on a new job at less pay—was a long haul. The dice of those Penrod days had, I think, been purloined by one of my raffish companions from a parcheesi board at his home. As we tossed them one day after school—with no clear conception of the simple rules of crap shooting—we felt very devilish. I've forgotten whether the contents of my pockets or those of my companions were exhausted first, but anyway I did not gamble again until I was in college.

College introduced me to penny-ante. My finances were so limited in college that to lose two or three dollars playing for penny stakes was as much of a blow as I was to reel under later when losses of fifty dollars or more, at limits ranging from forty cents to two dollars, were not infrequent.

I had my first introduction then to gambling insomnia, an enemy that was to haunt my nights at intervals for many years. My first of many experiments in juggling my finances came then too—the sacrifice of certain books, week-end trips home, and even sometimes my lunches for a week, all in order to satisfy dat ole debbil poker. Foolish? Of course. And I swore off—very often. But the only thing consistent about my no-gambling resolutions was the frequency with which I made them and then invariably broke them. The blandishments of poker were too seductive. I played and played, and before graduation I had climbed into the dime limit class, where I definitely had no business. As incorrigible as I was, I had not the slightest business dallying even with penny-ante.

Graduation, a job, and a slowly increasing income meant expanding stakes in my gambling. After office hours on pay day a crap game followed as regularly as night follows day. Sometimes I won, more often I lost. A few times I was forced to patronize the usury of loan sharks in order to meet rent and board bills. Did I learn my lesson? I did not.

When I married I really thought I was through with all gambling. (The month before I married I lost over half of the savings I had painfully accumulated for furniture and other household necessities, and I entered the state of matrimony in debt because of poker.) The nation was still hamstrung by the depression; my salary was small and demanded either sedulous adherence to a budget or shaking hands with disaster. And for over a year I did forswear the clattering dance of the cubes and the sibilant slap of the cards, except for playing strictly non-commercial bridge.

My reformation lasted longer than I expected, for secretly I knew how brittle were its bones. And again I tumbled, entering a game at a friend's apartment one night after an alumni meeting which, with its accent on lusty fellowship, brought back romantic—instead of forbiddingly realistic—memories of the gambling days. I won nearly a hundred dollars; poker had reclaimed one of its few deserters.

To the man who has every cent of his income apportioned before he even draws it, picking up a tidy sum in a few hours of card playing comes as an exhilarating windfall. And losing the same sum, of course, is a nightmare. The one spells a splurge of spending. The other spells a further carry-over of exasperating bills, anemia of the budget, and either advances at the office on one's salary or a reluctant trip to the bank. Or, worse, a visit to the offices of those unctuous and implacable firms which lend easy money at homicidal rates.

Gamblers are prone to rationalize their indulgences by exclaiming over and over—until finally they convince themselves—that gambling is an ineradicable part of human nature. Columbus took a chance, didn't he? And quite seriously they will argue the point of other exalted personalities—dictators, warriors, statesmen—who gambled and won or gambled and lost, some with lives, some with liberty, some with whole nations. Isn't all business, they ask, all government predicated, in a sense, on gambling?

Whether or not this sweeping generalization is true, the fallacy of it used as an argument in defense of a weakling's dissipating his salary, or gambling with men who can better afford it, is blindingly obvious. A man gambles when he changes jobs or strikes out in business for himself, but it is not the deliberate and surreptitious wooing of disaster under the guise of recreation or pastime. His family and friends know about such a business venture; they applaud him and wish him well. If he fails honestly he still retains their respect and co-operation. If he loses all in gambling, he alienates family and friends, and no amount of feeble rationalization will whitewash him or restore his self-respect. That may sound like a homily from Horatio Alger or the Frank Merriwell books. But bitter experience has established it, at least for me, as gospel.

Some people are, I am sure, what is known as "born gamblers." Some of those so born are "good gamblers," some are "sorry." The good ones are methodical yet daring, nerve-controlled and emotionally stolid. Win or lose they take it in phlegmatic stride. I was neither a born gambler nor a good one, but the years that at last taught me that were long and searing.

I learned that I couldn't take it—emotionally, temperamentally or financially. When I won, the world was a paradise and its inhabitants warm and congenial souls. When I lost, the world was a wilderness peopled only by the stupid, the drab, the grasping. Whether I won or lost, I became upset emotionally, which is definitely not a good thing. Sometimes when I lost heavily and was in the depths of melancholia, imaginings that to my bruised mind seemed almost psychopathic crawled therein. I knew I couldn't take it. I had no business trying to. Gambling was making a neurotic out of me, aggravating the introvert in me. I was no more the bold and nervy type of gambler, nor the cold and restrained one, than I was a prize fighter or a policeman. It simply wasn't in me. And at last I knew I had to stop.

Gambling had always been a threat to my economic security; now it was menacing my physical well-being. But it took one final and almost devastating blow to cure me—at least I hope, I think, I am cured. When I was at the lowest financial ebb of my adult life, deeper in non-gambling debt than ever before in my life, and in imminent danger of losing my job because of a disagreement in policy with the new boss, I bucked the most persistent losing streak in all my experience with poker. It cost me in one month more than double my salary for that month. I had started the play—at higher stakes than ever before in my life—in an effort to recoup. Instead I had made my financial plight infinitely worse.

I paid off. But it took me well over a year to pay off what I had to borrow to meet that incredible mountain of gambling indebtedness. The grind was merciless and with it, every step of the way, rode the mocking figure of Remorse.

I don't censure those who go in for "friendly gambling" who feel they can afford it. It's their business, not mine. I don't censure those who gamble when they cannot afford it, for I know that no one can censure them quite so bitterly as they censure themselves—when they lose, as they will. I haven't hit the sawdust trail against gambling, nor do I consider myself an exhibitionist, a reforming busybody trying to impose a new prohibition on people who, experience has demonstrated, will adamantly resist it anyway. I know—how well indeed!—gambling's magnetism, its tense thrill, its feverish allure, its (sometimes) lavish generosity.

I know, too, its hazards and ultimate cost. It's a cost measured in days of shattered peace of mind, of mute accusation in the eyes of one's wife as she shaves the budget and puts aside the bills, of the humiliation of putting off creditors.

The cost of ragged nerves, of sleepless and tortured nights, of a sick vacuum feeling in the pit of one's stomach. Of a debilitating and despairing Fear as one's private Mr. Hyde, one's companion and secret personality that rules one.

Yes, I know the cost of gambling. And it's just too much for me. #

Tricks in Street Fighting

Continued from page 41

can. This is a feint to make your opponent press your wrists together again, which is what you want.

Next tuck your elbows close to your sides, ball your fists, give your wrists a swift twist outward as you jerk your fists close to your chest and tug your body away. In this way you have the whole of your strength concentrated against the spaces between his thumb and forefinger. He can't hold you. You must do it with snap, though. Done slowly it's not nearly so good.

But suppose you have slipped, or been thrown. Hook a toe behind his ankle and shove his knee back with your other foot. Or grab his trouser-cuffs and yank toward you. The butt in the stomach with the top of your head is optional. Or you can grab his ankle with one hand, push back his knee with the other.

But if he's chump enough to let you play with him like that, you may as well get a leg-lock on him. Tuck his left ankle under your left armpit. The outside of his ankle must be nearest your body. Wrap your left arm under and around his leg and grip your own right forearm. Put your right palm on top of his shin-bone. Now lever that left forearm up against the muscles of his calf—but take it easy! This one tears, and badly.

A word of caution. If you practice these holds or attacks with a friend be sure that you warn him not to struggle or make sudden moves to free himself. It isn't enough that *you* be cautious. Once you have a lock on him, he may, by a sudden move, hurt *himself* before you can stop him.

For example, here's one that's painful if done carelessly. Suppose someone puts a palm on your chest to give you a shove. Clasp your interlocked fingers behind his elbow, pulling it toward you, and lean forward on his open hand, forcing the fingers back toward the wrist. He won't like it.

Perhaps you're wondering what to do if someone grabs you from behind, around the throat, say. Well, the first thing to do is to turn your head. This takes the pressure of his forearm off your Adam's apple, allowing you to breathe. Take a step backward. This puts your assailant off balance.

You can then either punish " 'im in a vital spot" as the cockney cab driver put it, or you can grip his arm firmly, crouch, and throw him forward over your shoulder. If all this is too complicated, just stamp hard on his toes. The shock and pain will make him

Continued on page 118

"Perspiration Odor has no place in any man's life!"

"And since a man can be guilty and never know he offends, I play safe with Mum," says Kenneth Caldwell of the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company!

"PEOPLE are an insurance man's career! Meeting new prospects and making new friends—winning their confidence and respect—that's the big part of his daily job. But if he lets *perspiration odor* creep in with his facts and figures, you can be sure his welcome won't last long.

"Perspiration odor has no place in any man's life—or business. The tragedy is that a man can offend and never know he's guilty—and no one is apt to tell him. It's so much easier for a prospect to let him go and dodge him in the future. That's why I play safe—and after every shower use Mum."

* * *

That's just good, common sense advice and thousands of men are following it. A dab of Mum under each arm after your shower takes only 30 seconds and you definitely veto perspiration odor for hours. Keep this in mind—a bath only cares for *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of odor to come.

Mum can't harm your shirts... won't irritate your skin... prevents underarm odor without attempting to stop the perspiration itself.

Your wife, your sister or your mother is probably using Mum right now as the safe, sure way of guarding against underarm odor. Don't try borrowing—get Mum at your drug store today. Carry into all your contacts—business and social—the confidence that you won't offend with perspiration odor.

MUM

takes the Odor out of Perspiration

[Socially or in business—Play safe with Mum!]

That glorious, bracing morning shower takes care of *yesterday's* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor to come—carries on where your bath leaves off.

The people you meet in business—and your family and friends—like you better when you avoid the risk of underarm odor with Mum. You even *like yourself* better!

MUM
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Here's a gift every man will welcome. Jockey's patented Y-Front construction gives mild, restful support, eliminates squirming. Convenient angled opening won't gap. No bulk, no bind, no buttons to rip off. Knitted to let your skin breathe. Shaped to fit the male figure everywhere. Two piece. A leg length, weight and fabric for every occasion. All cotton, rayon and linen-cotton mixtures. Contoured shirts to match. Start your Jockey underwardrobe now. Children's sizes down to 6 years.

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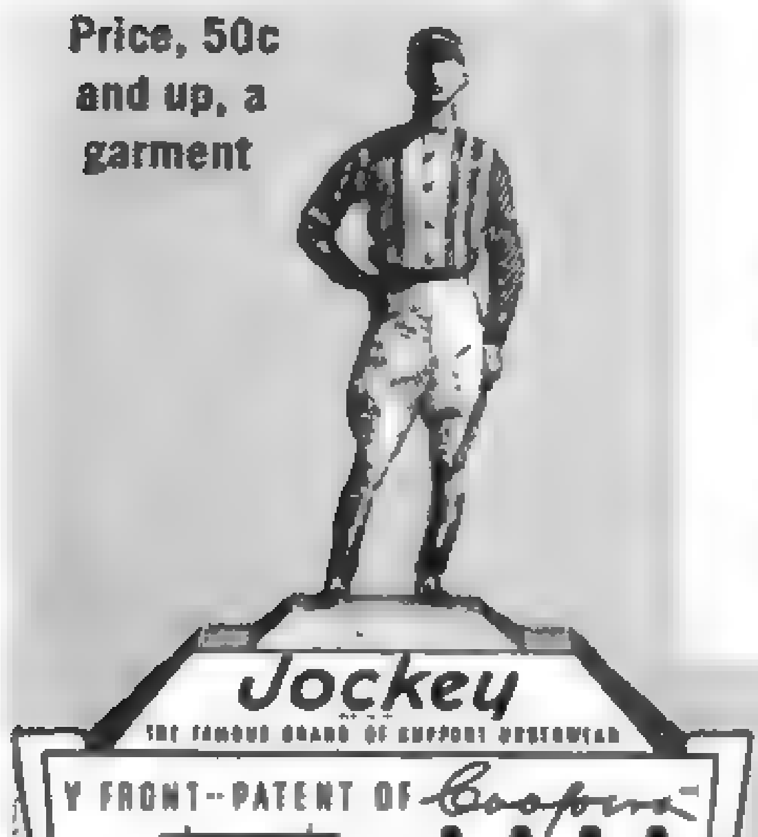

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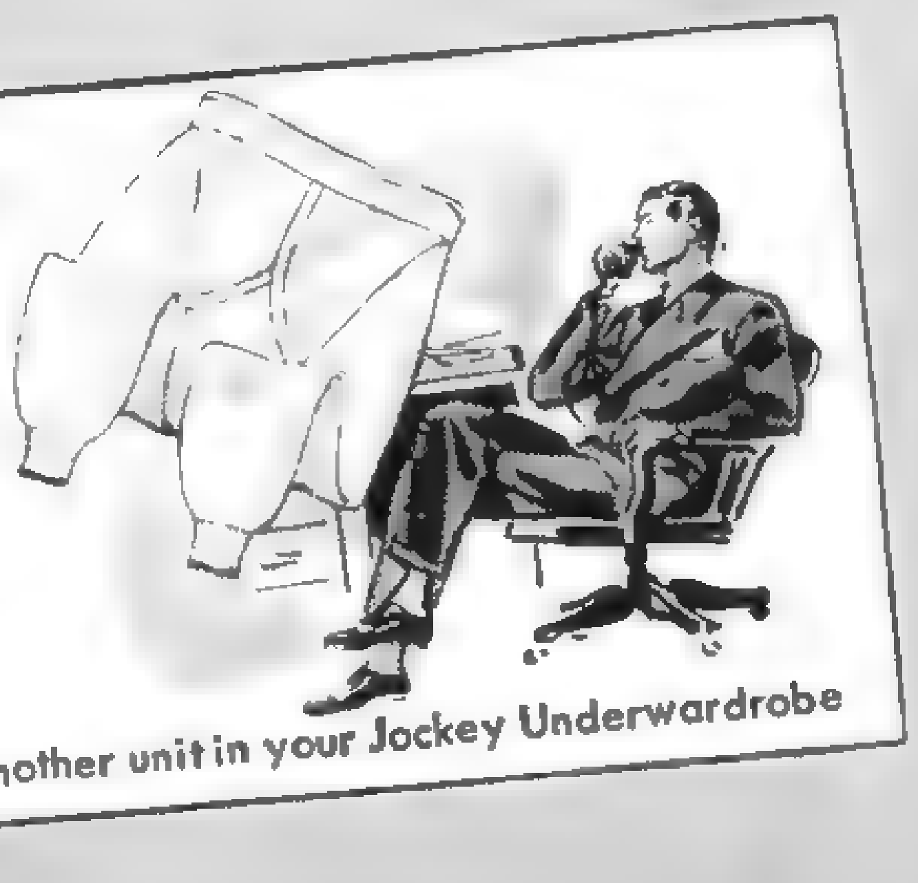
Stop "baggy knees" and protect trousers from perspiration with Jockey Over-Knee. Saves important dollars in cleaning and pressing bills. All Jockey comfort features, plus protection against scratchy suit fabrics. At your dealer's or write us. From 75c.



Another unit in your Jockey Underwardrobe

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Tricks in Street Fighting

Continued from pages 41-117

let go, or at least loosen his hold. You can then twist away from it.

Suppose your opponent menaces you with a fist shaken in your face. The back of his hand is toward you. Take his fist in both your hands, placing your thumbs against the back of his knuckles, your fingers curled around the edges of his palm. Press your thumbs away from you, drawing his wrist and arm toward you at the same time. Push slightly downward on your thumbs and pull slightly upward on your little fingers. Your opponent's fingers will open as you force them back against his wrist. Keep forcing your thumbs down until you have him off balance. Then with the calf of your nearer leg, kick his nearer leg out from under him from behind.

You get the general idea. The main thing is not to lose your head. If you will study your own body and list the sensitive spots you will have no difficulty in finding on your opponent's body some exposed point of attack.

"But," comes the inevitable question, "What if he has a knife?"

Now the odds are against you. It's up to you what odds you want to stay and tackle, or at what point retreat is not only advisable but seemly. Let's say, for purposes of this piece, that you *can't* get away. What then?

You might try cringing with your arms up, shrinking away, body half turned from the knife-stroke. Slam your heel hard into his kneecap. If your feigning has been convincing and you have taken him by surprise, you may disable him enough to make your getaway.

If you're afraid of missing his kneecap, you might try shucking your coat fast and holding it out in your hand, hanging suspended, as a shield. The knife thrusts will probably do it no good, but used judiciously, it may tangle up the knifer long enough for you to jump him safely.

If he has a gun, and knows how to use it, you're *really* out of luck. But if he doesn't stand away from you, or hold the pistol close to his hip bone where you can't grab for it, you can try a trick the cops use—grabbing the cylinder of a revolver, or the slide of an automatic pistol. But remember they've *practiced* this little trick. And while theoretically this is supposed to prevent the action from working, it'll be your heirs who'll have to sue me if you happen to pick a target pistol to try your luck on.

Against *two* assailants—but look, now, if you're going into this business as deeply as all that, you'll want to know that in Tokio, Japan, is a Dojo, or gymnasium, where a group of men who have made a life study of all sorts of offense and defense methods maintain a school for studying these very tricks. The name of this Dojo is the Kodokwan, and it was founded by the late Dr. Jigoro Kano, who assembled the best features of the old schools of jiu-jitsu into a modern adaptation called Judo.

Dr. Kano, who was at one time head of the Japanese educational system, was a true humanitarian, a thorough scholar and a profound philosopher. He saw in the wrestling tricks of jiu-jitsu a means of cementing friendship, not of fomenting hate and revengeful feelings. If there is one lesson that is hammered in at the New York Dojo it is tolerance. Students are warned over and over against using their new skill in a revengeful or aggressive way. The aim is to keep your opponent from harming you, but to cherish no grudge. And the boys live up to it—to a man.

And so, I'll say again, if you are anxious to go into this business of self-defense on a thorough scale, then Judo will give you everything on the subject known to man. But only after you've shown you're fit to be trusted with such knowledge as How to Make Opponent Unconscious in Three Seconds.

One final warning. There is one factor in street fighting that outweighs all others. Before it no tactic can prevail. It's called the Art of Getting Along with People.

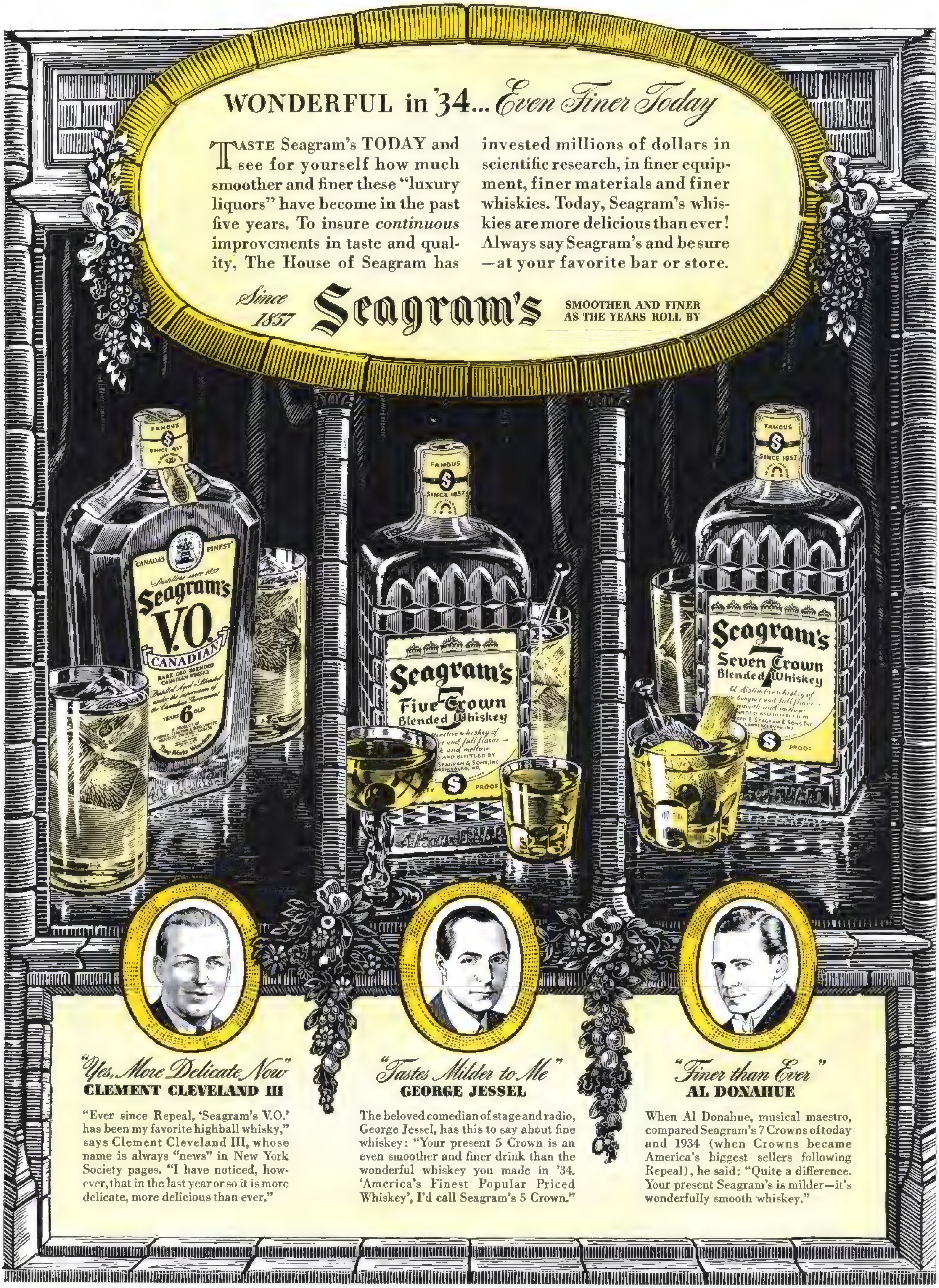
Suppose a stranger joggles your drink elbow in a bar. You can either turn and snarl at him or you can shrug and ignore it. If you're a weakling, jealous of your prestige, you'll probably do the former. If you're really sure of yourself, you'll do the latter, unless the jog was deliberate.

Let me offer a suggestion. If up to now you've made a practice of not letting anybody "put anything over on you," of standing up religiously for your "rights," and "telling people where they get off," make this experiment. The next time a guy tries to pull a fast one on you, wait and see, just for the hell of it, what he'll do next.

I blush to relate what happened the first few times I tried this. I had no sooner bitten back the swift crack that was rising to my lips when the supposed offender would turn to me in an apology so sincere, if belated, that I felt ashamed for having so little tolerance for my fellow man's slip. We all make 'em, don't we? And how often have you turned, with an apology on your lips only to have it vanish forever in the stream of vituperation from the one you unwittingly offended?

Such fury is the fury of the impotent. No one can equal the rages of a man who has no confidence in himself. For only confidence in one's self brings tolerance for others.

And if you are so unfortunate as not to have confidence in yourself—and no man can *always* have it—remember that this rule works both ways. For if you show tolerance, you will get confidence. Don't take my word for it, see for yourself. ⧺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TASTE Seagram's TODAY and see for yourself how much smoother and finer these "luxury liquors" have become in the past five years. To insure *continuous* improvements in taste and quality, The House of Seagram has invested millions of dollars in scientific research, in finer equipment, finer materials and finer whiskies. Today, Seagram's whiskies are more delicious than ever! Always say Seagram's and be sure—at your favorite bar or store.

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"Yes, More Delicate Now"

CLEMENT CLEVELAND III

"Ever since Repeal, 'Seagram's V.O.' has been my favorite highball whisky," says Clement Cleveland III, whose name is always "news" in New York Society pages. "I have noticed, however, that in the last year or so it is more delicate, more delicious than ever."

"Tastes Milder to Me"

GEORGE JESSEL

The beloved comedian of stage and radio, George Jessel, has this to say about fine whiskey: "Your present 5 Crown is an even smoother and finer drink than the wonderful whiskey you made in '34. 'America's Finest Popular Priced Whiskey', I'd call Seagram's 5 Crown."

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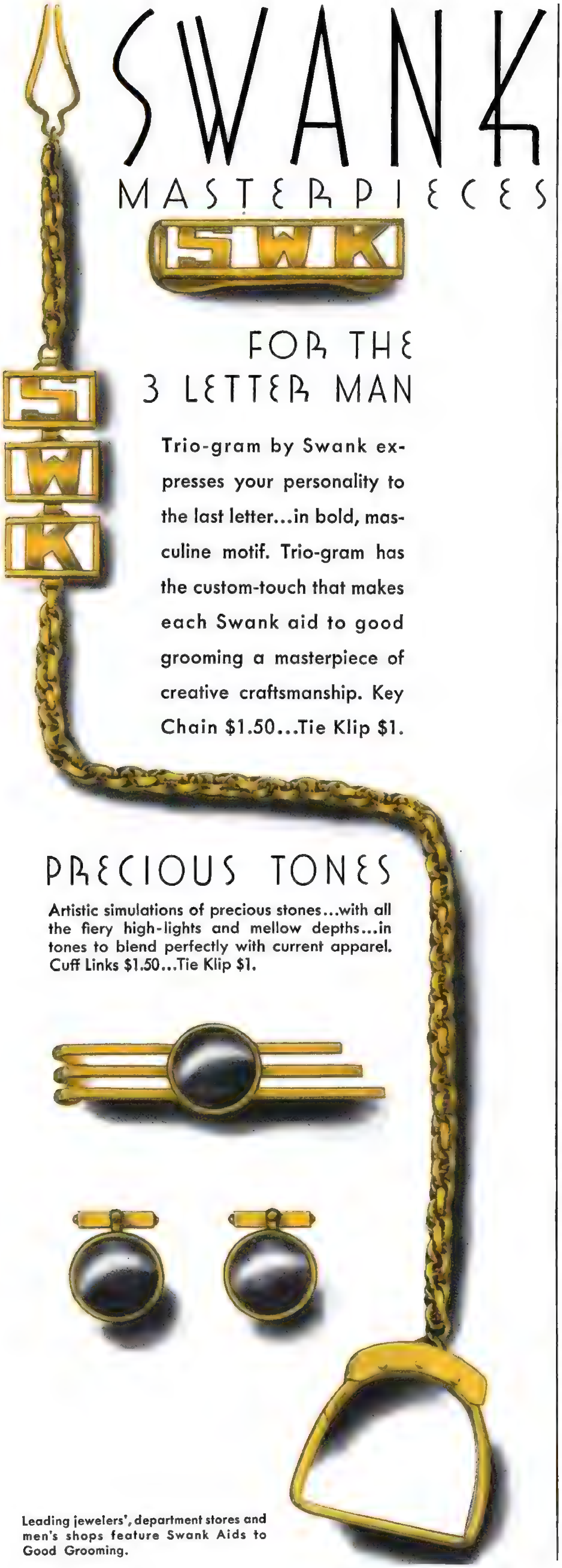
AL DONAHUE

When Al Donahue, musical maestro, compared Seagram's 7 Crowns of today and 1934 (when Crowns became America's biggest sellers following Repeal), he said: "Quite a difference. Your present Seagram's is milder—it's wonderfully smooth whiskey."

"SEAGRAM'S V.O." Canadian. Rare old Blended Canadian Whisky. 86.8 Proof. This whisky is 6 years old.

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old, 27½% straight whiskies, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old, 40% straight whiskies, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corp., N.Y.



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FOR THE
3 LETTER MAN

Trio-gram by Swank expresses your personality to the last letter...in bold, masculine motif. Trio-gram has the custom-touch that makes each Swank aid to good grooming a masterpiece of creative craftsmanship. Key Chain $1.50...Tie Klip $1.

PRECIOUS TONES

Artistic simulations of precious stones...with all the fiery high-lights and mellow depths...in tones to blend perfectly with current apparel. Cuff Links $1.50...Tie Klip $1.

Leading jewelers', department stores and men's shops feature Swank Aids to Good Grooming.

The Japs Have a Rule for It

Continued from page 49

official whom I had never seen before came to the counter from an inner office and said:

"I am very sorry but we have looked through all the regulations and find no rule for returning a deposit."

That was that. In the first flush of anger I was ready to set this down as an example of Japanese knavery and trickery, but as I got to know the Japanese better I realized that this was wrong and unfair. If the regulations didn't provide any procedure for returning a deposit, then there just was not anything that anyone could do about it. But I did attempt a final, futile gesture. It was then only a week or so before Christmas, so I wrote my Shanghai friend telling him the whole story and returning the card and suggested that he send me a Christmas cable which would cost a little less than a hundred yen. I thought it would be an interesting souvenir and I wanted to get something for my money. But it didn't work. The Japanese contended that the R. T. P. privilege had already been canceled and refused to receive the message.

The rules of censorship always make things difficult for foreign newspaper men, but there are compensations. With a little craft one can often elude the censorship.

And on big occasions such as the funeral of a royal personage or an enthronement, every detail of the ceremony is worked out so completely and carried out with such fidelity that the event can be written up completely and mailed to papers in New York and London in plenty of time for publication.

The Empress Dowager of Japan died while I was in Tokyo and it wasn't an hour until everyone in the city knew all about it although the death had occurred in a detached palace in another part of the country. We knew that there would be some kind of a police order to the *Japan Advertiser* about the way the news should be handled for the old lady had been inconsiderate enough to die outside the capital city, thus violating one of the rules of propriety which prescribes that royal personages must expire decently in their own beds. I was very curious to see how the censors were going to get around this difficulty.

It wasn't until late in the afternoon that we heard from the police. The message said nothing about the Empress Dowager but was merely a curt order that the word *death* or any reference to death was not to appear in the following issue of the paper. A good part of the copy for the next day was already in type and we had to read through many galleys of proofs to see that the forbidden word did not appear. Several prominent men in England had died the same day and we held over the Reuters dispatches about them. Of course we had a "jail editor," a Japanese whose duty it was to appear in court and take the punishment for the misdemeanors committed by the editorial staff. But he was also foreman of the composing room so we took no chances of losing his services for a few weeks. After we edited the copy so as to comply with the orders of the censor we made up the front page with a three column cut of the Empress Dowager and a long and eulogistic story of her life, under a two-column head, and turned the column rules upside down to give a funereal appearance and sent the paper to press. Anyone who even glanced at the front page could see that we had not been caught napping. We knew about the death, just as everyone in Japan did by this time.

The following day the body of the deceased was brought to Tokyo. A side of the Shimbashi railway station was torn out so that the imperial carriage could be driven alongside the train, and the public excluded from the station. Thousands of us watched the carriage arrive and then some time later saw it drive away to the palace with outriders at a gallop and the trumpets of the footmen blaring forth the glad news that the Empress Dowager had returned to her home. Within five minutes after the arrival of the carriage at the palace there was an official announcement of the death.

We thought we had been both clever and daring in the way we had handled the story. Every member of the staff could have been sent to jail for gross violation of the spirit and intent of the police order, but nothing happened. But the Japanese papers put our ingenuity to shame. We had received the official news of the death only a few minutes before the street outside the office was filled with the noise of the sleigh bells which Japanese newsboys tie to their girdles and jingle noisily as they trot through the street.

They were not selling the little handbill *gogais* but papers of the same size as the regular editions. We learned later that the editorial staffs of the Tokyo papers had worked during the night and had printed these lavishly illustrated special editions which were shipped to all parts of the country in sealed parcels and put on sale as soon as official news of the death was flashed. They had even managed to sell quite a lot of extra advertising for this edition. As a technical feat of journalism I doubt if this has ever been excelled, for people living in cities several hundred miles distant were able to read Tokyo newspapers telling of a death which, according to official announcement, had occurred less than ten minutes previously. A television news broadcast could do but little better.

The funeral did not take place

until about a month later and in the meantime every detail of the long and elaborate ceremony was worked out and the newspapers and correspondents were kept completely informed. No New York publicity organization could have done a better job. On the day of the funeral I covered the story for several London and New York newspapers without having to write a word or send a single telephone message. It was a long and tedious job for I had to start out at seven o'clock in the morning clad in the full official regalia of a tail coat, white tie and silk hat and keep an eye on the long and elaborate ceremony for almost twenty hours. All that I had to do was to verify the fact that things happened as they were predestined to happen according to the careful official arrangements. Everything went according to schedule so there was nothing for me to do. A few people in the huge crowd fainted, but that had already been anticipated as well as the efficient hospital care they received.

The high spot in the ceremony was the funeral procession itself which moved noiselessly over streets which had been covered with a thick layer of sand. In the vast multitude the only sounds to be heard were the squeaks in the spokes in the wheels of the funeral car, drawn by oxen bearing insignia showing that they had been elevated to the nobility in order to qualify them for this personal service to royalty. It was a weird and eerie sound, just as it was intended to be. The squeaks had been provided according to ancient specifications. I did not describe it, nor did any other newspaper man who was covering the funeral, for it had already been described in advance.

When the colorful procession had passed out of sight and the signal was given that we were privileged to leave the enclosure, I was ready to call it a long day and get back to my room at the Imperial Hotel. But that was not easy, for several hundred thousand people were all trying to get home at the same time and I couldn't get within a hundred yards of the elevated railway station. I had some sandwiches at a near-by restaurant and tried it again, with no better success.

The route over which the procession had passed led toward the hotel so I wandered back there and as the sentries who had lined the procession appeared to be gone I decided to walk back. It was easy walking in the packed sand and I had the whole road to myself. But I hadn't gone very far before I saw that there were a lot of soldiers in front of me and that I would have to pass them.

They were not at attention but there was a small group of them on each side of the road. I knew I had no business there and would have gone back, but I was afraid that this would attract attention. So I kept on, hoping that this was an isolated squad that I could pass without notice. But some lieutenant saw me and barked an order which made me shiver. The soldiers jumped into line and stood at attention. Other soldiers farther down the line saw them and followed their example. It seemed to me that there were miles of them, so I kept to the middle of the road and walked with an affectation of diplomatic dignity. And so I passed in very honorable fashion more than a half-mile of Japanese sentries before I got to the end of the line.

I was in constant fear of arrest but afterwards realized that I was perfectly safe. No Japanese army officer would ever think that anyone except a person of the very highest importance would have dared to walk along the route of the funeral procession.

About ten years later I was in Kyoto for the enthronement of the present Emperor; not as a newspaper man but in something of the capacity of a visiting fireman. Most of the correspondents who were covering the event were old friends from Tokyo who let me in on their parties so that I felt that I was also covering the story. As a matter of fact none of them did much more than I did on the day of the enthronement. Everything was cut and dried, just as the funeral had been; the difference was that this was a joyous instead of a mournful occasion. The sweet champagne which pleases Japanese tastes flowed freely and the newspaper men had a glorious holiday, and so did I. The stories describing the ceremony had been mailed long before and were in type before the Emperor set out from the great shrine of Ise to Kyoto.

There was only one slip in the carefully prepared plans. It had been arranged that at the moment the enthronement ceremony was complete the premier would step from the imperial enclosure, face the crowd outside and shout "Banzai!"

At precisely the same moment he would press a telegraph key which would send a signal to waiting crowds in all other parts of the empire, so that the shout of "banzai" would arise from millions of throats in one great cheer. Owing to the excitement of the occasion or the fact that he had not gotten the right cue, the premier shouted and pressed the key a minute too soon so that the cheers were not properly timed. It was the only sensational story of the enthronement but the correspondents all agreed to suppress it. They liked the premier and if this story had been broadcast there would have been but one thing for him to do—commit hara-kiri.

Elaborate plans are always drawn up for any Japanese enterprise, whether it be improvement in silk culture, the enthronement of an emperor or the conquest of China. There can never be any doubt in the mind of anyone—from the highest to the lowest—as to the part he is supposed to play. Perhaps the principal reason for

Continued at top of page 122

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The Japs Have a Rule for It

Continued from pages 49-121

this, as well as for the rigidly enforced rules of conduct, is found in the fact that beneath what appears to the outsider to be a solidarity of aims and opinions, Japan is beset by a thousand personal feuds and the rivalries of many interests. Before the restoration of the emperor to his ancient theoretical powers, Japan was divided between dozens of major and hundreds of minor feudal allegiances. The abolition of the feudal system ameliorated but did not destroy the old clan animosities. In the meantime the growth of modern Japan developed new ones, which are to be found in all sections and cross sections of the country. In every nation there is jealousy between the army and navy, but nowhere so intense as in Japan. The army may act as a unit so far as the public is concerned, but it is composed of numerous cliques which fight bitterly between themselves.

The capitalists—the few great wealthy families—are always in bitter rivalry. The whole political, social and economic organization of modern Japan is but little more than fifty years old and it is inevitable that it should not function smoothly. But when there is some important issue at stake there are many long conferences where difficulties are ironed out and compromises made and a program drawn up for everyone to follow.

If the plans happen to be important enough and their supporters are powerful enough they secure the approval of the Emperor. They then become *immutable* and are always referred to by that ponderous word which is supposed to strike terror into the hearts of anyone who would suggest a change.

In the meantime the general public is supposed to obey the rules without question. There seems to be a general belief on the part of the rulers of Japan that the whole country would go to the pooches unless the actions and even the thoughts of everyone were regulated by a multitude of rules and regulations. And perhaps it would. #

The Watermelon Kid

Continued from page 47

Bob Stack with 247. Just back of Stack was Billy Clayton with 246. The old men of twenty-one and over strung along behind them somewhere between 245 and the Pacific Coast.

That's the allbore, the big noise of the shoot.

And in that event the new champion, fourteen-year-old Dick Shaughnessy, was using a double barrel, 16-bore gun, which is supposed to handicap a gunner some seven or eight per cent in amount of shot, and another three or four per cent for the absence of the "spray nozzle," or compensator which is a part of practically every top-notch skeet shooter's equipment today.

Now in the sub-smallbore, Billy Clayton, who was then a veteran of one National and a mature lad of seventeen years, won first place.

Not to be outdone by the Oklahoma Flash, curly-haired Bob Stack gathered in the 20-gauge event for his very own.

This left only one event, the smallbore. And it was won by a gentleman from Texas, K. C. Miller, with the fairly unbeatable score of 100. At that time Miller was twenty-two.

The showing of the boys at the National that year was no flash in the pan, either. It was simply a reflection of what they had been doing around the country, in the sand lot shows.

Then came the 1937 National, and it looked as though the old men were at last coming into their own. For a time the adults thought they had finally turned the trick and got rid of the kids. It remained only for 1938 and 1939 to show conclusively that 1937 was the exception which proved the rule.

The only compensation for the kids in the 1937 shoot was that Bob Stack was second in the allbore, beating out two of the nation's best adults in a shootoff.

The title winners that year were veterans, men around twenty-five or even thirty. In fact, Odis Walding, the man who took the allbore, was thirty-eight. But he was shooting against his doctor's orders, for he was a sick man. Perhaps that was his compensation for being an adult.

The boys came back into their own again in 1938. Only one of the winners in the entire show was over twenty-one.

The Dedham Kid, Dick Shaughnessy, now a mature gunner of sixteen, won the 20-gauge. Right behind him was Bobby Parker of Oklahoma, age thirteen.

Winner of two titles, the smallbore and sub-smallbore, was a twenty-one-year-old Oklahoman who had been placed on the All-America skeet team the year before as a "boy wonder." He was Jack Lindsay.

In addition to his two titles with the peewee guns, he took the high over all for the entire shoot.

Winner of the women's title was seventeen-year-old Patricia Laursen.

It was in this shoot that everybody expected Bobby Parker to win several major championships, in view of his sensational shooting during the year. The kid had gone here and there and just picked up about all the titles available.

But, of course, there was the watermelon episode which broke into the normal run of things, and made it necessary to wait for 1939 for Bobby to come into his own. In spite of the 1938 watermelon

Continued on page 124

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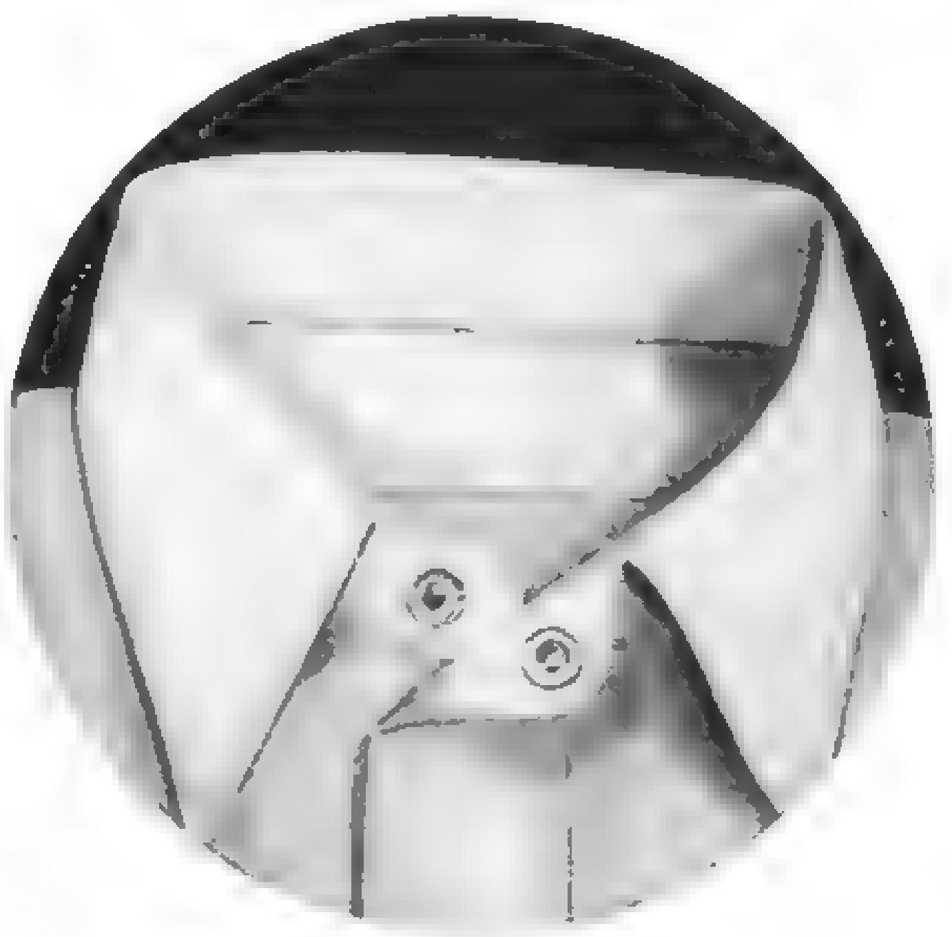

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The Watermelon Kid

Continued from pages 47-122

event, Bobby was placed on the All-America skeet team of that year.

When the grown men gathered some two hundred and fifty strong in San Francisco for the 1939 National they settled down to the job at hand and concentrated on trying to beat the boys, particularly Dick Shaughnessy and the Watermelon Kid.

They made a gallant stand, and emerged with some honors. But in the end the kids rolled up more than half the medals and took them home to show their mamas.

In the allbore, five shooters ended in a tie at 247 and one of them was Bobby Parker. In the first shootoff two men fell by the wayside. In the second shootoff a grown man, Walt Dinger of Oklahoma, actually won the event. In commenting on the fact that few people had ever heard of Walt Dinger, one reporter explained the situation. The reason Dinger hadn't won any titles, he said, was that he lived in the same state with Bobby Parker.

In a marathon shootoff with Joe Puckett, young Parker cruised along, breaking 199 out of 200 targets to come in second.

In the sub-smallbore another boy, Shaughnessy, walked away from the field and took the medal.

In the smallbore Don Sperry, an adult, ended in a tie with two others. One of them was the Dedham Kid. Sperry achieved the heights in winning the title.

Then he forever endeared himself to the brotherhood of grown men of skeet when he battled Shaughnessy to a standstill in the twenty-gauge, and then went on to win in the shootoff, an almost unheard-of thing.

In the women's shoot Pat Laursen, now eighteen, won the title for the second time in a row, scoring again for the youngsters.

When the counting was all over, it was found that Bobby Parker had emerged with the high score over-all, 534 out of 550, and hence was declared the All-Around Skeet Champion of 1939.

And that was only the half of it.

He took the junior title in his stride with 100 straight, the only perfect century of the shoot.

He teamed with Walt Dinger to win the two-man team championship. Then he teamed with his father to win the father and son event.

All in all, it was simply the Watermelon Kid's shoot, and there's no way of getting around it. He was the outstanding man on the field for all his fourteen years.

Thus, in brief, is the history of the National shoots. It has been just about the same in most of the state and district shoots. In spite of their insignificant numbers and comparative lack of shooting experience, the kids keep walking off with the medals.

So we wonder what kind of a game this is in which it seems that the main requisite for perfection is tender youth. Could you picture a similar situation in any other sport? Could you imagine a bunch of fourteen-year-old boys elbowing the veterans entirely out of the picture in golf? In tennis? In any other major sport?

You couldn't.

Of course a boy wonder will show up occasionally in some other sport, and they'll talk about it for years, as they did the winning of the Grand American Handicap in straight trap by Rufus King when he was a mere lad.

But apparently in this goofy game of skeet it's an event if the boys don't win at least half the titles.

I have probed around, trying to find some logical explanation of this sad state of affairs.

First let us take a look at the game itself. It was invented, as I mentioned, fourteen years ago. It has changed some since then, but the fundamental idea is the same —to shoot from a number of different stations so arranged that the flight of the targets will duplicate almost every shot a man will encounter in hunting.

Skeet is shot on a semicircular layout. There are two trap houses, forty yards apart and facing each other. One of them is the high house, with the trap about ten feet from the ground. The other is the low house, with the trap a couple of feet off the ground.

The semicircle is drawn from one trap house to the other, and along this semicircle there are stations, or points at which the gunner stops and shoots.

He stands first at the high house, receiving his first two targets. He holds his gun at ready, which in theory is about the position he would hold it in advancing to dogs on point. He calls "pull," or growls, or makes any other noise that suits him, and a little black disc of clay comes whizzing out of the high house, swinging away from him at a speed of about 120 feet a second. He has to shoot under it to hit it.

Then he calls pull again, and a target pops out of the low house. It's coming in his general direction, rising, and swinging slightly to his left. If he stops to use some of those formulas they gave him in higher algebra for charting the path of moving objects, why the bird simply goes on and he hasn't shot. Instant action is called for in this game.

The gunner then moves to Station 2, which is one-sixth of the way around the semicircle. There he shoots at two more birds, and there the angles get convex, complex and concave, all at once. The target from the high house is flying away from him, rising for a time, then falling. The gunner must take it at its tide, or it will begin to wobble, or will get beyond the range of his specially bored skeet gun.

He has to lead it from six to

ten feet, depending on where he shoots it.

The No. 3 birds are about the same, except here the bird from the low house is a creature of strange habits and no setup as the low-trap bird at Station 2 is supposed to be.

Thus it goes on around to Station 8, which is halfway between the trap houses and on a direct line between them. There the gunner has to shoot first and think later, for when he faces the house and calls pull that bird is on him like a cat jumping on a rat.

Then from Stations 1, 2, 6, and 7 the gunner shoots at doubles. When he calls pull, or grunts, two birds come out at once. He must break the one going away from him, first, then hit the other before it passes beyond the boundary of the field.

That, in general, is skeet.

The game is shot mostly with specially bored and fitted guns. The favorite weapon for the all-bore is a 12-gauge autoloader equipped with a Cutts Compensator on its nose, and, as the late Capt. E. C. Crossman said, this spray nozzle gun looks like a combination of a sub-machine gun and a flame thrower. But it gets the job done.

The shot used is No. 9. Some of the boys went to No. 12, which is a sort of lead dust. But they gave it up.

On the whole the game is one of specialized equipment, and is a pretty far cry from field shooting. Yet it is a very simple game. It may not seem that way to the average adult, who will labor long and hard to break 20 out of 25, and may never score a perfect 25.

It is, however, fundamentally simple. There is a natural stance, a simple swing with the bird, and the trigger pull. There is nothing particularly intricate about any of these processes, such as, for instance, a mashie niblick shot in golf, or almost any shot in billiards.

To illustrate this point I will cite the fact that a person who has never seen a gun before may step up and break six or eight targets in his first round. Those six or eight targets he breaks just as thoroughly and efficiently as a man who breaks all 25 of them. But imagine anybody making a good golf shot, or executing a first class forehand drive in tennis the first time he tries it.

This simplicity, then, means that a man will achieve his maximum proficiency in the game in a hurry. The chances are you will be almost as good in skeet after one or two years of shooting as you will ever be. You may steady down under competitive shooting and become seasoned, but you can conceivably become a crack shot in two seasons.

This is one factor in the rise of the youth.

But I believe the principal factor is this—the game is new.

A person to become a champion in any sport must have a natural gift for it, and must grow up with it. He must start when he is a boy. And the great majority of skeet shooters of today did not start when they were boys. They may have started shooting in the field, at ducks and geese, or quail. But the chances are they did not start at skeet.

The result is that the gunner tries to fit the game to a fixed style of shooting and to a body that is not so flexible as it once was, whereas the boy just fits himself to the game.

You can see the difference in watching a skeet shoot. The kids stand naturally, swing easily and are not cramped. The older shooters are likely to present a strange assortment of crouches in their stance, and their swing is cramped. This will cost them a bird in a hundred, or a bird in two hundred. That bird is the margin of defeat.

In trap, first cousin of skeet, the story of the championships bears me out in my contention. The top notchers started when they were boys. And no upstarts are going to beat them except at rare intervals.

It is the same with practically all competitive sports. The boy wonder shows up at times. But the human male reaches his perfection in sports at the age of twenty-one to twenty-eight or thirty, as demonstrated by the champions in the world of sport.

As to the future in skeet, one can only guess. And I hereby set down my own prediction, which may come back and smite me in the face some day.

I predict that within ten years the winning of a national skeet championship by a boy will be as rare and newsworthy an event as the winning of the Grand American handicap by Rufus King was.

I believe the kids have about had their day.

It is my theory that the little boys of today will be the champions of tomorrow. But the little boys of tomorrow will come in fifth, or sixth, or sixteenth, where they belong.

And I sincerely hope, for the good of the sport, that my prediction comes true. For things are rapidly reaching the point where the grown men are sick and tired of holding shootoffs to see who is going to have the honor of being runner-up to some grade school boy in knee pants.

Unless there is a drastic change, I am afraid these grown men will soon invent some other game in which boys are barred by law. Or they will arrange a veterans' skeet tournament, excluding all persons under twenty-one years of age.

They have been good sports about it, and have cheered the youngsters on. That is true. But a group of men who feel they are expert shots can't help feeling a bit silly when they watch a fourteen-year-old kid walk away with an ice cream cone in one hand and the National Skeet Championship in the other. It makes the sport look like some simple little child's game.

They think it ought to be their inning at the bat. And I believe the time is not far off. #

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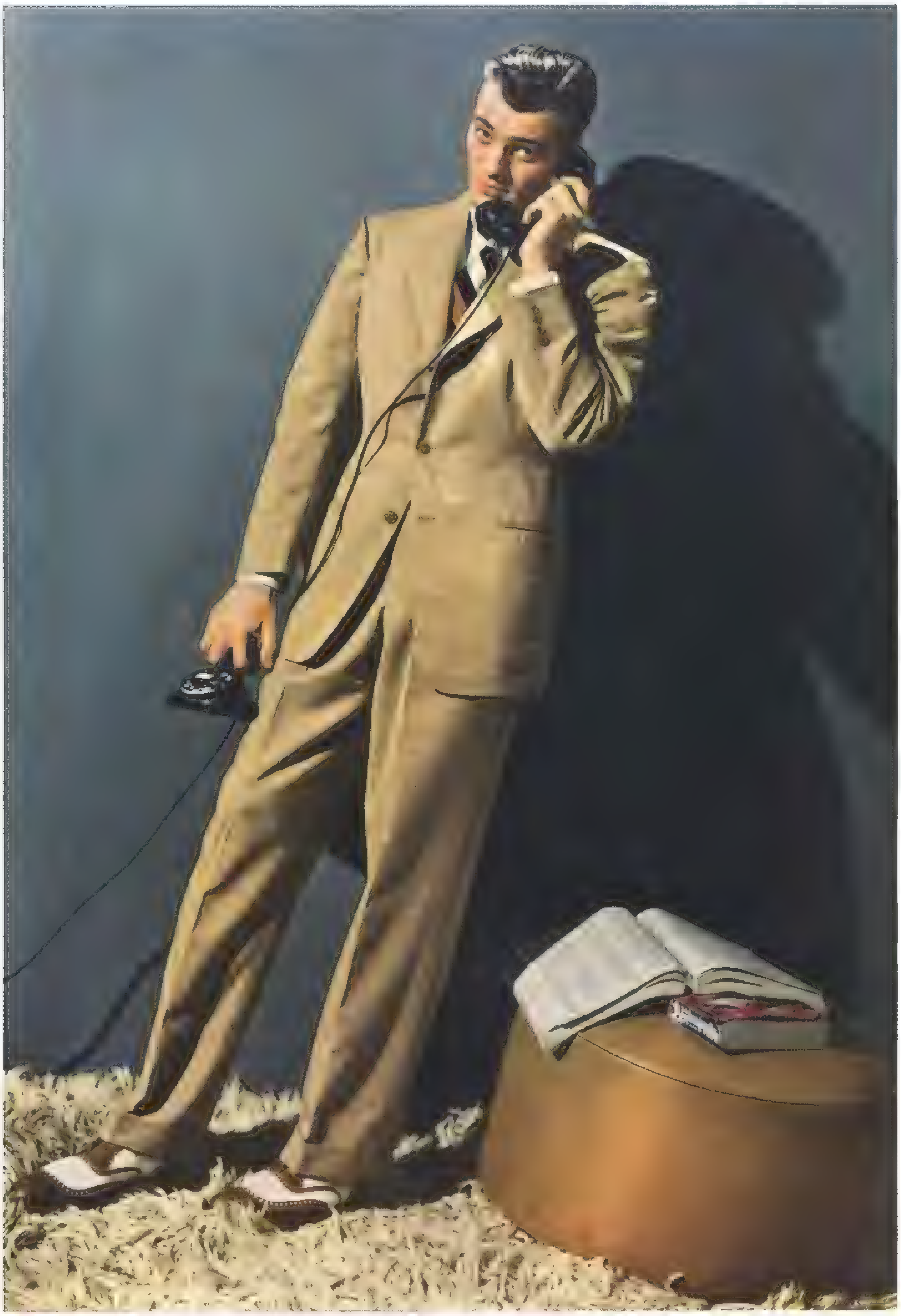
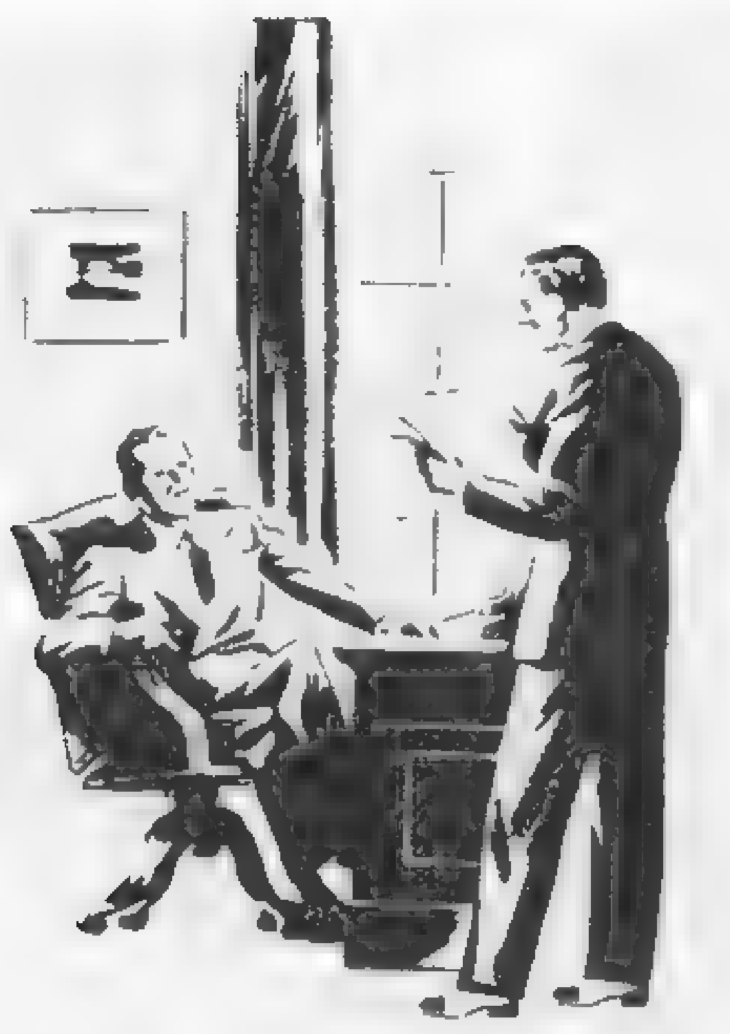


COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY HOYNINGEN-HUENE

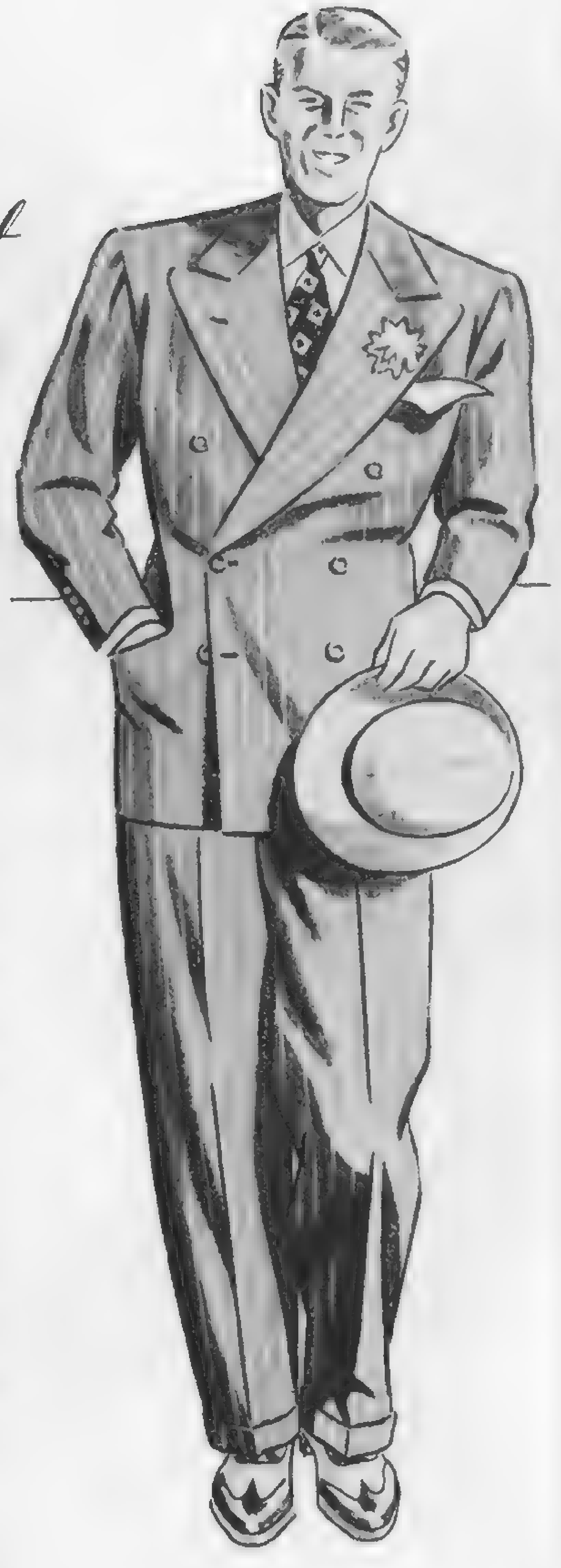
he lives, he breathes

We have always shied away from color photography of fashions on the hoof, depending more on the good right arm of Fellows, Goodman, *et al.* But here we show you an actual live model wearing actual clothes and, in the hands of Baron Hoyningen-Huene, we shouldn't wonder but what the telephone may not be symbolic—in other words, that this sort of thing is here to stay. We have been so over-awed by the mechanics of all this that we have barely space to inform you the living model is wearing a lightweight colonial tan suit, white oxford shirt, striped tie and white buck shoes with brown calf trim. This three-button single breasted model has been nominated as a favorite for summer.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



A BUSINESS MAN'S *Summer Suit* SHOULD BE MADE OF LIGHT WEIGHT WORSTED



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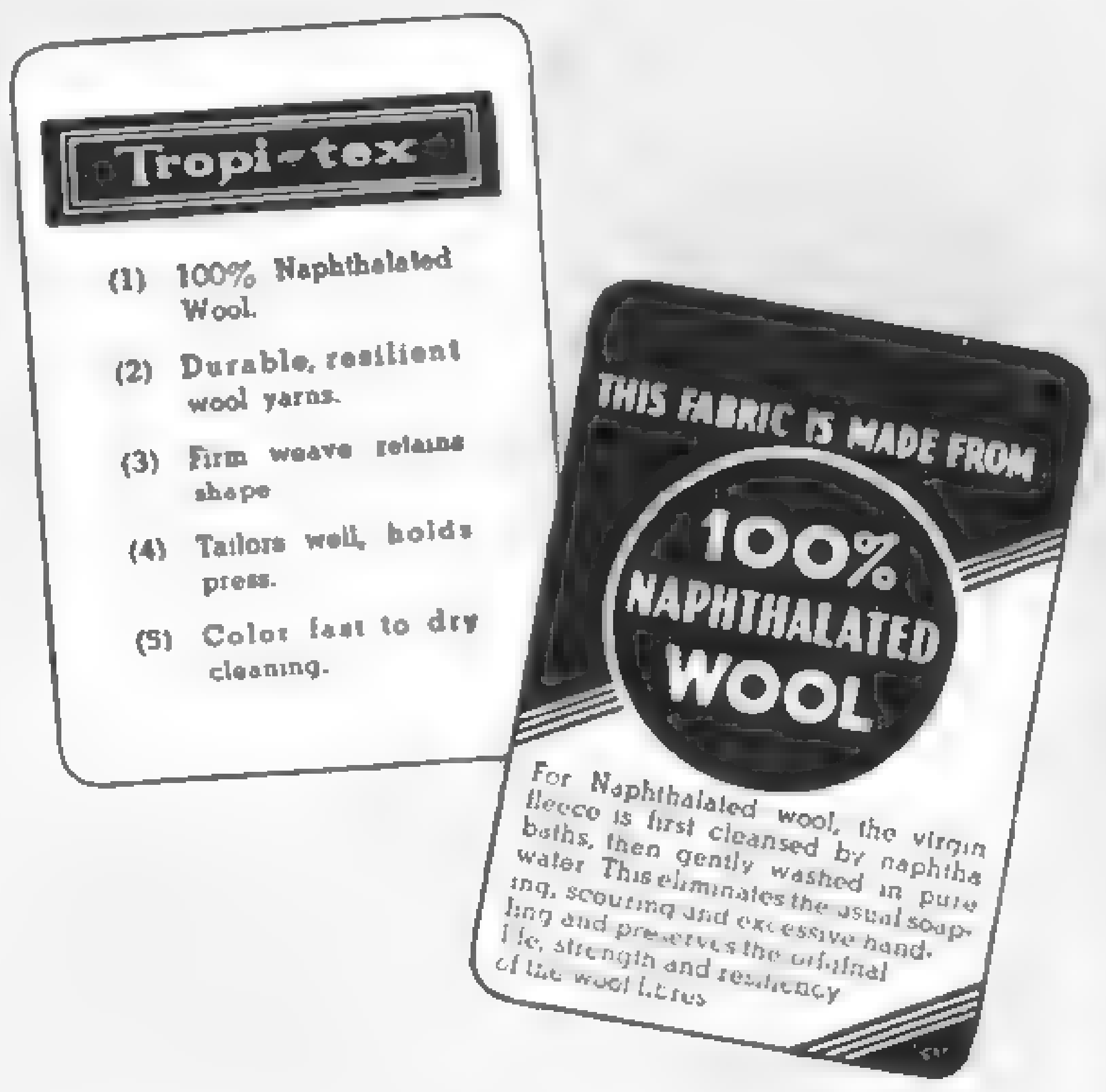
The price of the Tropi-tex suit is $27.50 and "Four Star" Tropi-tex $29.50. Sponsored by Fashion Merchandising Bureau, 401 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



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My Forehand for 1940

Continued from page 55

tennis. The critics and public decided that my marriage interfered with my game though this was very unfair as I will prove later.

Returning to California where I spend each winter Audrey convinced me that I had started on the right track in Milwaukee, and that having tried out John Risso's and my theory I had been proven wrong. So for the second time we put our heads together and I gave her my word I would at last stick to our original plan and no one was to know of her part in it, at least until it showed some merit. Being financially strapped, I combed Los Angeles and vicinity for work, beginning with department store job during Christmas Holidays and through the kind interest of Bill Henry, *Los Angeles Times'* crack columnist, I obtained work at the Santa Anita race track. Following this I became gardener and handy man at the Vista del Arroyo Hotel in Pasadena where I was permitted to practice at off hours. So for six weeks in all including my garden work I had to prepare for the 1939 season. My stroking improved and again though not as pronounced there was a pause and turning of the racket in the backswing. I added to my repertoire two extra tournaments in the hope of ironing out this defect. I won both tournaments and was much encouraged. The season as a whole proved I was on the right track; nevertheless, two glaring failures befell me. I, in representing the United States Davis Cup Team against Australia, won my match against Adrian Quist but failed miserably in the deciding match against John Bromwich. My forehand had no power that fateful day and combined with Sunday's lay-off, coupled with Bromwich's advance ballyhoo and knowing my match decided the issue, I couldn't seem to bring my game or tactics to the fore. The second failure came at Forest Hills. In fact this was not a failure, it was a collapse of my entire game. To alibi myself I would say my Davis Cup match had mentally scared me and coupled with a touch of flu, followed by heavy measures to rid me of it, left me weak and with no competitive spirit. This match was played against Gil Hunt who has the reputation of upsetting the best of us and he can and does play at times brilliantly, though this match considering my game as it stood was not a test for him. It was pretty much a pushover. The newspaper write-ups prior to Forest Hills gave me much credit for my change in forehand stroke and general comeback, and from rank No. 8 the year previous I rose to No. 2 in the national ranking.

Back in California, Winter 1939-1940, I began work for a business man in Pasadena who manufactures and distributes the machinery in the production of wire-bound Bruce boxes for fruits and vegetables and who allows me time off for tennis practice.

If you, dear reader, are still interested and willing to bear with me further, I would like to remind you again that the forehand I intend to use this coming Summer, 1940, is the same forehand with a change of grip, one begun three years back in Milwaukee. The grip you might term eastern—or what have you?—the four fingers firmly grasping the racket with the thumb overlapping the index finger, with the racket, wrist and arm in alignment with my shoulder.

The beginning of the stroke is started with the racket grasped firmly in my right hand, while my left hand cups the frame of the racket, which is held outstretched in front of my body. In our imagination we will stroke the ball as I have practiced it so many times since Milwaukee—shifting my feet in position sideways to the imaginary net and gauging the distance between my racket in contact with the ball which in the meantime is, in reality, motionless on its string, I swing downward keeping my left hand still in support for confidence and releasing it only after the down stroke is in progress and sense of touch tells me I am set, and back till my arm is in a line with my hip and shoulder, bringing the racket forward waist-high with as equalized a rhythm as I can manage (both forward and backward stroke).

To assist me further, each night in the living room, under the guidance of my wife, I go through the routine of swinging my racket smoothly and rhythmically to the music of our victrola. With this addition and my change of grip I feel a sense of improvement for 1940.

My forehand, which I do not advocate for general use, is tailored to my measurements and I will stick to the present forehand theory till I win the United States Singles Championship or bow out of the amateur game, due to unforeseen circumstances.

Whatever credit I may have gained from my forehand stroke, in the past two years and in future competition, goes to my wife, Audrey, in appreciation for her perseverance and patience with a player who is an old timer at the game and whose habits, tennisly speaking, have long since been formed. ⧺

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Meadowfield Sportswear by Sweet-Orr

The Old British Calm

Continued from page 33

these sudden uproars during the voyage had proved highly beneficial to many Far Eastern livers.

Civilians of generous girth lost weight daily and curry-faced reserve officers bit through the stems of Meerschaum pipes—regaining some of their lost youth. And always after these alarums and excursions there were repercussions felt in the bar that sent the Purser hurrying to his storeroom with an anxious face.

It has been already noted that Colonel Berkley-Bennett's smoking room companion did not see eye to eye with the commander of the *Aylmer Castle* in his desire to be prepared for submarine attack and this view was shared—though from another angle—by Alfred Ghilchick of *A* Deck. For, though, as we have seen, the Colonel's companion doubted the very existence of hostile undersea boats, the Steward objected chiefly to the methods employed to signal their supposed advent. A. Ghilchick being—as we have also seen—a snob, he considered the clamor raised by the gongs, the bugles, and the whistles vulgar and un-British.

He felt that in his capacity, as it were, of a shepherd to the upper class or *A* flock of sheep that a whispered warning would suffice—as one should say, "I beg pardon for interrupting—but I have run your bath, sir." Or "Madam" as the case might be. He brooded over this.

Bugles were all very well in their proper place, of course—to rouse the second-class, say.

And gongs and whistles no doubt would go down very well with the third-class. But for first-class passengers whispered warnings were in order, said Alfred to himself—for a steward, like a butler—has no real confidantes other than himself. And now, sympathizing with the worthy fellow as we gentlemen of the old school must, let us accompany him as he goes about his duties, for though by nature introspective, he never allowed his darker thoughts to interfere with his work. The place is *A* deck, the time half an hour before tea. Therefore everyone is smothered with rugs and fast asleep.

Breakfast has been eaten heartily—'Elevenses' swallowed with gusto—luncheon done more than justice to—and now the siesta—so integral a part of existence in the Orient—is being profoundly indulged in by one and all.

Moving deftly among his patients with a perfect bedside manner, we observe Alfred—here retrieving a novel dropped from a nerveless hand—there adjusting a snoring countenance and saving its owner from apoplexy and ultimately standing by the deck chair which contained Colonel Berkley-Bennett and brooding happily over that honorable gentleman.

For of all the worthy efforts being made on *A* deck that peaceful afternoon to achieve oblivion the Berkley-Bennett effort was the worthiest. It took at least an "Hon.," reflected Alfred, to sleep as nobly as that!

And then, suddenly, all the noises to which he objected so strongly smote the terrified ear.

Submarine stations! Jerked from the dreamless, the local population gave tongue in alarm. Female missionaries screamed; "Sahibs" snorted and members of His Majesty's Forces in general cursed unrestrainedly.

"And no wonder," confided Alfred Ghilchick to himself as he entered into the shepherd phase of his duties. "'Oo wouldn't forget themselves when woke up by an 'orrid noise like that?"

Moodily he began tying some of his less coherent sheep into their life jackets.

"*Please* stand still, mum"—"No, miss, you *cannot* wear a fur coat *over* a life jacket—"

And then the siren of the *Aylmer Castle* blew five times. Alfred knew what *that* meant! No false alarm this time.

Blimey, there was a submarine and no mistake. Mustn't alarm the sheep, though, but get them to stand by their boats. Women and children first, of course. "Steady does it—this way, mum—no, no, nothin' to worry about, miss. Oh, thank you, sir, if you don't mind takin' 'er other arm—lady's feelin' poorly—*There* we are—thank you, sir. No, no, mum, nobody's allowed to go below and fetch nothin'. Danger? Don't you worry about that—this way, mum. Yes, it *is* a lark, isn't it, sonny? That's right, George—get 'em to stand by their boats."

And in an incredibly short time it was done.

The *Aylmer Castle* was zig-zagging now under every ounce of steam she could lay on.

Everyone at their stations! The chief steward of *A* deck, wiping a perspiring brow, cast a gratified eye along his territory. And then that eye bulged in amazement.

For there, still in his deck chair—deep-sunk in aristocratic slumber was the "Hon."!

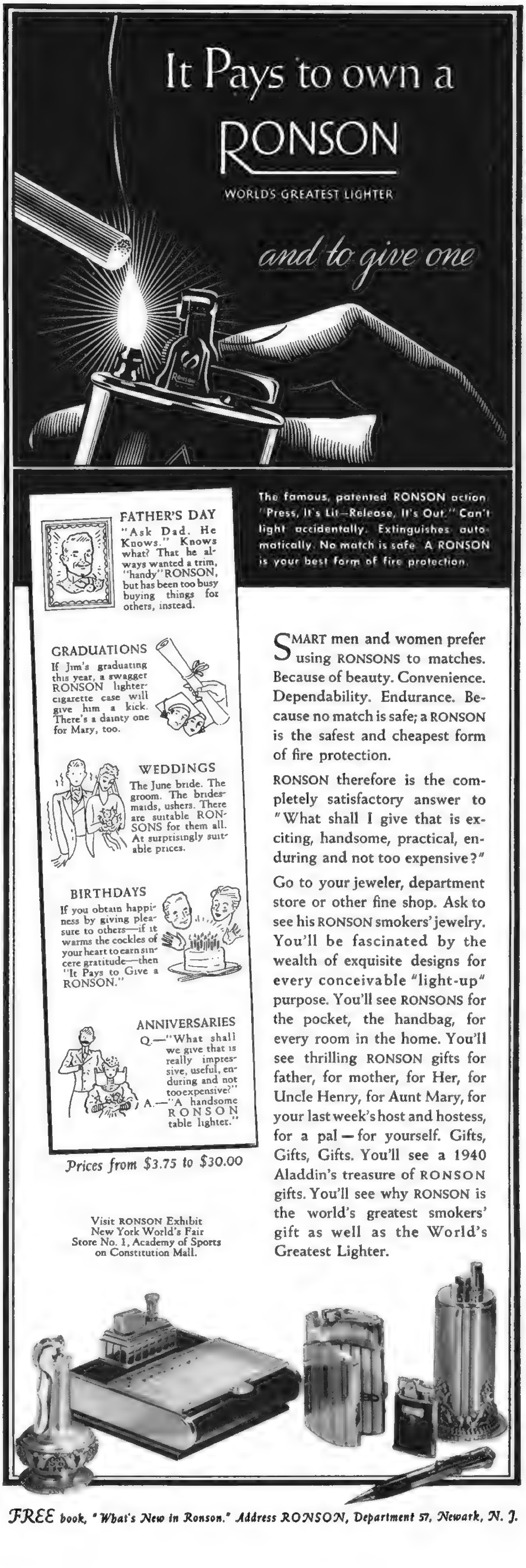
Alfred Ghilchick started towards him impulsively and then—slowed down to a dignified walk—Here—he suddenly realized was his moment—his and the "Hon.'s." With danger imminent there would be no vulgar noise—no fuss. Only the whisper!

Reverently—like a mother over her sleeping babe, he bent over the recumbent form; tapping its shoulder respectfully. The prawn-like eyes snapped to life.

"I beg pardon, Colonel," whispered Alfred. "There's a submarine on the port bow."

"No, thank you," gently replied the "Hon." and instantly resumed the reading of his mystery-thriller at the exact spot where he had left off. ⧻

Another sketch by Stanley Logan, ***Peace and Refreshment,*** *is scheduled for the July issue.*



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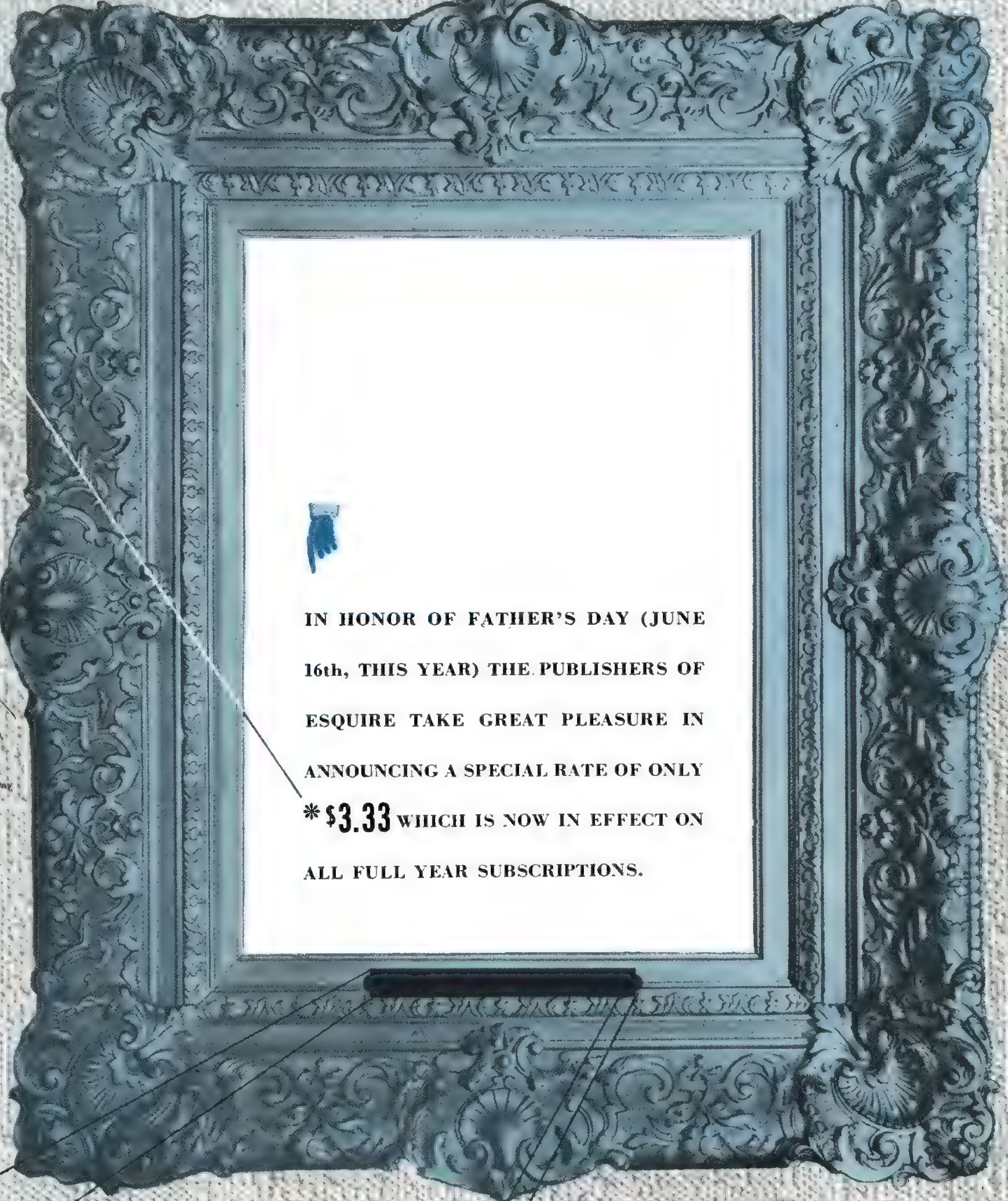

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PORTRAIT OF A BARGAIN

The City in the Sycamore

Continued from page 29

home. Theirs, however, was a colony in appearance only, for these were solitary mason bees who lived in burrows in the ground. These lone workers were the skilled clay masons of the insect world. Though doubtless appreciating the presence of others of their kind in the vicinity, the mason bees insist upon a solo existence, their instincts directly opposite to their cousins of the hive.

All spring the number of burrows on the parched hillside increased until the surface of the ground looked like the top of an enormous pepper box. Each of these burrows was the home of but a single bee. Several times Drona in passing too low over the village of burrows, engaged in sharp stinging arguments with one or more of the citizens, who would swoop up at her like flashes of flame.

Several times she narrowly escaped being devoured by a hungry shrike. She dodged in a swift double curve like an S, and went zooming on at top speed, which by the way is swifter than human eye can follow. Even that speed could not have availed her against a master wingman like the shrike, but when only a few yards separated the two, Drona dove instinctively through the low branches of a live oak and the shrike would lose track of her amid the light and shadow.

But the most redoubtable enemies of the hive appeared in late June when the many fanners stationed at the threshold of the hollow limb as well as the fragrance wafting from the heated interior told of waxen warehouses full of prime honey within. On a day of glaring heat a pair of hunting wasps, roving the hillside like trim black Fokkers on a war patrol, happened upon the home in the sycamore. The enmity between bee and wasp is age-old and so deep-rooted that no wild hive passes a summer without waging lethal warfare with some neighboring tribe of wasps. The wasp is as confirmed a honey thief as the bee is a honey forager. The wasp scouts went flashing home to their tribal nest and within an hour were back with an attacking army at their back. Giving vent to high strident battle cries they circled the nest in the sycamore, then swooped downward.

The bees, however, were in no wise taken by surprise. The strongest and most valiant workers of the hive were drawn up in fighting array just within the city gates, the Amazons of the guard, whose duty it was to expel all foes and, if need be, die to the last member in so doing. Ensued one of those displays of ferocity which, but for the small magnitude of the fighters, would be the most fearsome spectacles on the planet. So terrible was the onslaught of the enemy that within the first minutes of battle the picked body of the guard at the city gates were annihilated, being literally dewinged and torn to pieces by the greater numbers of the attackers. Automatically there was a mobilization from within the hive to fill the gap. From among the house bees, including the chemists, the capsule makers, the sweepers, the nursemaids, the bread makers and the fanners, a mixed army rallied and rushed toward the city gates in solid phalanxes. The wasps were the more formidable fighters, more armored and impregnable and more agile on the wing. The loss of life was appalling, amounting to hundreds on each side within the first two minutes.

At that hour many of the workers were foraging afield. As these returned they flung themselves fiercely into the fray. Drona was among these. The pollen baskets on her thighs were bulging, and this fact alone saved her. She flung herself fiercely upon the back of one of the black attackers with a force that pitched both fighters to the ground. As the pair struggled among the leaves a second wasp pounced upon Drona from above with drawn sting, but the point of his weapon became fouled in the bulging pollen bags on Drona's legs and it was he who died.

A few moments thereafter the attack of the black army ceased as abruptly as it had begun and the remaining wasps swept away at top speed. They never knew how close they had come to victory, for truth was within the hive preparations for the end were already being made—the group of chosen attendants clustered about the queen were already filling their crops with choice honey in order to possess the means to start a new city should the hive be taken and any be lucky enough to escape.

Great though the slaughter had been, the loss was not crucial at this time of year. The marvelous fecundity of the queen mother was adequate to repair almost any losses during the warm months. Daily scores of new born workers were emerging from their cocoon cells, where thousands of blue-white eggs still remained. These workers would be full-fledged members of the hive within a week's time. But along with all this birth of new life, the nursery of brood cells was likewise giving birth to death in the form of an insidious and unrecognized enemy within the gates. Like the young of the bees these enemies grew in the form of fat white grubs and their name was *Achroia*, or *Grisella*. They came from the eggs of a certain kind of moth which insinuated itself into the hive unsuspected and under cover of darkness and laid its eggs upon the combs. As soon as these were hatched they became ghouls and scavengers, crawling about the combs unseen, preying upon the very larvae of the hive in their own cells.

As summer drew on and the days grew tranced with heat, the swarm in the sycamore, despite all losses and misfortunes, had grown

Continued on page 132

VAT 69

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The City in the Sycamore

Continued from pages 29-131

to the limit of its power. The citadel in the hollow stub filled its confines and was filled to capacity with eggs, honey and active citizens.

Now was the time of new unrest. Nectar-giving flowers had become scarce, and for all the swarming numbers, work was becoming less plentiful. The queen, after her prodigious egg-laying, had been reduced to a long slender shape well fitted for flight, and flight, in fact, was what she now craved. The heat within the hive caused by increasing numbers made her restless; likewise the young future queens of the hive were now beginning to issue from their cocoon cells—royal princesses whom the queen could foresee would soon be disputing the throne with her. That knowledge filled her with a murderous jealousy, and as the days passed her agitation rose till it reached a sort of delirium. A hum of excitement ran through the hive as this frenzy was communicated to the workers. All knew that another migration was at hand; the old queen was going to evacuate, for unlike human parents, the old among the bee people abnegate all they possess for the good of the young—the city they have built with such excruciating toil, even the golden wealth of their honey store itself.

Scouts were again sent forth in all directions and daily a great assembly of those who were to accompany the queen rose and spiraled in the air in humming anticipation. Drona, as it happened, was not among those chosen to accompany the new flight. Again it was no royal order, simply the unknowable spirit of the hive that so ordained. To Drona, the old foundress of the hive had been both queen and mother, the pivotal point of all existence. Yet she wasted no time now in grief or disconsolation, simply went quietly about her duties. It was her place to be as loyal to the young brood left as ever she had been to the old.

Truth was, Drona had passed her prime. The life of the worker bee is dependent upon the amount of labor performed and the degree of zeal with which it is carried out, and Drona's zeal had ever been greater than her strength. Now she was old and of small account, racially speaking, in the ruthless, far-sighted economy of the hive. Her coat which in spring had been bright gold and soft as velvet, had become worn and draggled, her body thinner and polished in places from her labors. Her wings were frayed at the edges. In a few more weeks at best, the worn out little engine of her being would come to a natural stop. But the old fire of boundless achievement flamed as fiercely as ever through her nerves and would continue to until the very moment of death.

The migrating swarm finally left and less than two-thirds of the former population of the hive remained. Very few drones had accompanied the flight, and now hundreds of these burly, slothful fellows overran the hive, carousing along the galleries, reveling on the choicest of the stored honey, fatuous, wasteful and emptily pompous. They harbored never a suspicion of the cold, deadly scorn and disgust with which the workers regarded them. The daily round of existence for them consisted of nothing but eating and sleeping and picking only the sweetest, richest honey for their feasting.

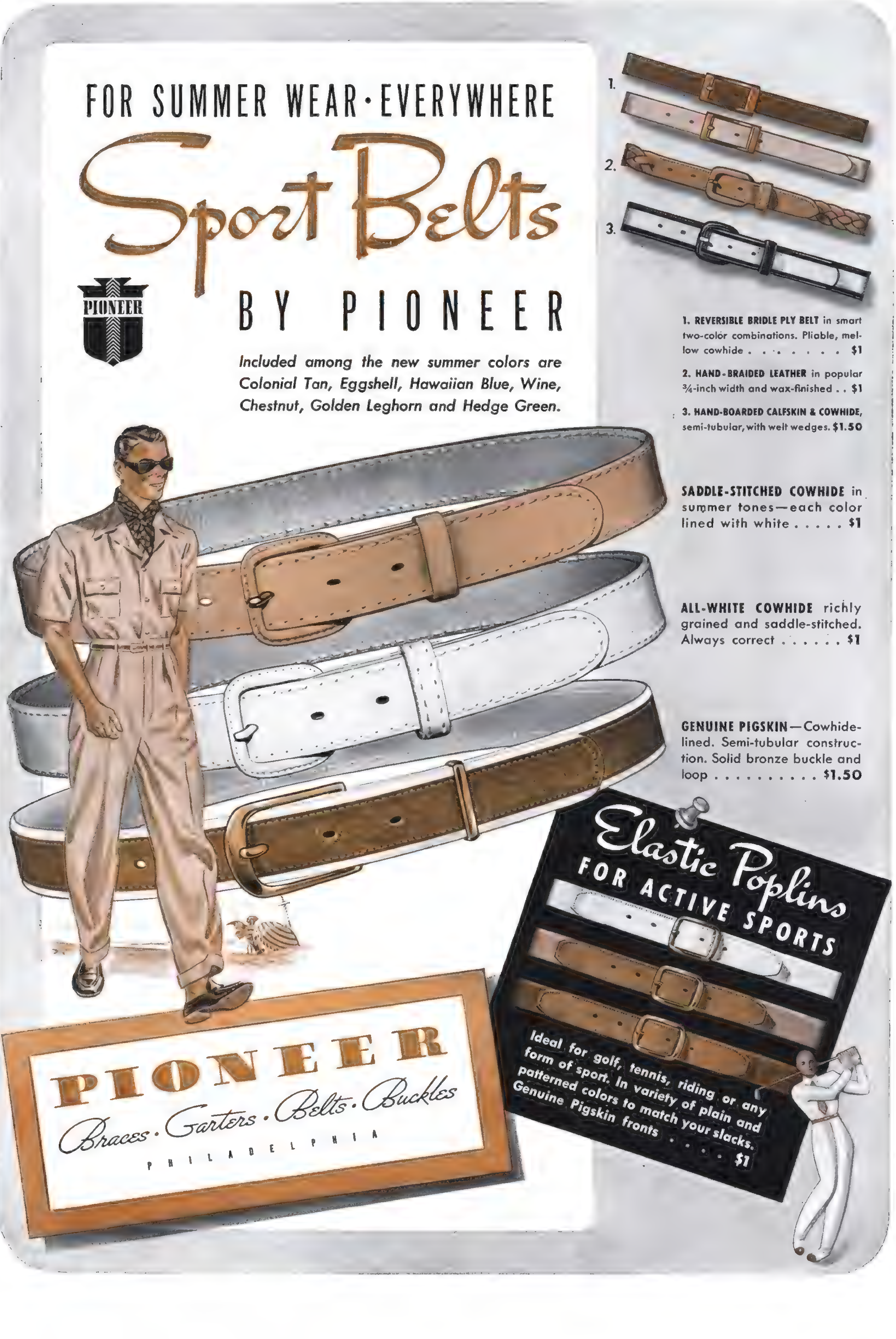
But as August drew on there came a change. The young queens from the royal cocoons attained their maturity, were impregnated by some chosen member of the drone army and were given their liberty, conducting in turn other smaller swarms on migratory flights abroad. On the day on which the last of the young queens took her leave, never to return, the fate of the idle army of drones was sealed. All summer the self-sacrificing workers had been servants and providers for these useless fellows, watching them consume without any advantage to the public, a great portion of their precious honey. But now the long-suffering patience of the workers suddenly broke, giving place to a deadly fury which communicated itself throughout the hive.

Soon the long-awaited command went forth. Hundreds of workers dropped their tasks, turned into executioners and a scene of carnage was staged within the citadel. The great drones lazing about the hive were suddenly torn from their slumbers and attacked by the drawn stings of an inexorable army of wrathful virgins. In their amazement the dull-brained creatures scarcely put up a struggle and those who did found it hopeless, for they were vastly outnumbered. Sounding their vibrant war cries the attacking Amazons chased their victims in every quarter, tearing off their wings and burying sword-like stings again and again into the unarmed bodies of the giants. The dead and dying alike were dragged to the threshold and flung furiously out of the hive. So great was the antipathy of the workers for the race of males that they destroyed at the same time all the drone eggs within the hive as well as the newly hatched larvae.

This tableau left the hive diminished to less than a quarter of its midsummer population. It likewise marked the culmination of the summer symphony of activity. The dwindled populace went on about its work of collecting honey and pollen, but it was more habit now than necessity. The great festivals, the great dramas, all were over for the city in the sycamore.

Now was the time when Drona and her sister workers left with the parent hive were entitled, if so they willed, to the one brief holiday of their lives. They might have roamed free and reveled away their closing days, feeding on the rich stores within the hive. But one and all renounced it. In

Continued at top of page 134



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SET UP
PINAUD

The City in the Sycamore

Continued from pages 29-131-132

their single-track minds existed no sportive instinct; all who could still do so, continued the ordered round of their daily tasks as if a growing population depended on their efforts.

By mid-September Drona was growing visibly older and more draggled. Yet during the hot weeks when the last of the eggs were being hatched, she took her place in the rows of diligent fanners stationed in the hive entrance. By the time the last of the larvae had emerged from the cocoon, her wings had been worn down to mere tattered stubs on which she could scarcely lift herself in flight. The fire of her life was dying low, her gamut nearing its end. But all this was in the order of things. Within the hive there were no more eggs. No more grubs to rear. No queen to serve. Nothing was left to live for.

But there *was* something at that—one more thing, and Drona accepted it gladly. She had flown forth on a last wavering flight, to await the end, for the hive was a home which permitted no repose or illness, nor in the end would even accord her a grave. Her lopsided flight carried her no more than thirty yards when she pitched sidewise into the grass. There a pair of hunting hornets spied her and came hurtling down.

A final flare of that passionate love for the community that had been the driving force of her life took her, and deliberately she drew the attack of the robbers upon herself. Heavily and with great effort she took off again and went winging away in top-heavy flight—away from the hive! The hornets took the bait and came ranging one on either side of her, humming their triumph. Twice she pitched downward and was up again, but finally she let them pull her down. Her passing like her living, was a dedication and a sacrifice. But she had lived to the fullest and found it good. ⧻

The Girl Who Wept Pearl Tears

Continued from page 36

and I was ready to do everything I could to make him happy. I have tried my best and you know I have. But what do I get out of it all? Yes, we have a roof over our heads and three meals a day. But on bread alone one cannot live. A woman needs a few little extra things. They mean so much in her life. I could weep myself if it would do any good but what good would my weeping do? But if you only felt a little sorry for me, just a little—only a thimble-full, then . . . I could have a mink coat and I would love you so. It would be your little present to me."

And so Mary thought of Snow White and all the other sad tales in her memory and she wept out a full long mink coat for her stepmother. And she also wept for her father so he could get himself a new car. And then she cried some more and they moved into a new house and soon they had an oil-burner and servants and lace curtains and crystal and silver and even stainless steel in the kitchen. Everyone loved her, she saw the movies every night, her picture was printed in magazines together with the glamorous movie stars. She was famous. And she was so happy.

But alas! It became harder each day to weep a single tear.

Yes, the girl who wept real pearls was famous throughout the land. This was an accomplishment brought on by sorrow which no other girl seemed able to achieve. And for some it was indeed bad when they heard their mothers say: "And you! Why should you be so happy? What have you to be gay about? If you only wept a bit then perhaps we too might have pearls."

But the weeping seemed to grow harder and harder and the pearls grew fewer and fewer.

"If she does not cry," exclaimed her father, "then we are ruined. We have payments to meet on the mortgage and we have other obligations to meet. In a whole month she has wept only two miserable pearls."

And so they cast about to find things which would make her sad. They tried to get her to read Dickens for there are pages in these volumes filled with pearls. They tried Russian authors and even bought records of very sad music for her. But all this did little good. Those ducts that once opened so freely now seemed dry. She could not even weep at the movies for she had seen so many since the day the pearls began to flow.

Neither fire, famine or flood could bring tears to her eyes. And the sad tale of the good little children lost in the snow had no longer an effect upon her.

"It looks as though we are ruined!" cried her father.

"Oh! I could be so happy," she exclaimed, "if I did not have to be miserable." And on this she wept a few more pearls.

"Weep some more, my child, for it is so true; we could all be so happy if you did not have to be wretched. But the wretchedness, the misery, the sorrow, grief, deep sadness, all these and nothing else could give us joy. If your heart could break, just a little, then we could meet the new obligations which we took on due to our good fortune."

There were many suitors for the hand of the little girl who could weep tears of pearl. Many looked deep into her eyes and said that they loved her. But none would dare say that he wanted to make her happy, for happiness seemed the ruin of all things.

"Would you love me for myself

alone?" she asked dramatically.

"Yes. I worship you."

"And would you love me if my tears turned fluid again or if I began to laugh and laughed until the end of my days?"

"I love you as you are. I would want you no different. Laughter would not become you."

"But I can laugh. And if I choose I will laugh and I will laugh as much as I please because . . . Because the simplest things in the world have become the most complicated. Because the things I most wanted: Fortune, Fame and Love, have proved so shallow, so cheap. The fortune needs payments to prop it up and keep it from collapsing. Fame has made me only a freak and brought abuse to other girls who were unable to weep pearls. And as for the love it brought me, the love is just what you see it is. A dry, cheap love without happiness. It is all a mad contradiction."

"Oh Mary, we could be so happy if you would let well enough alone."

"Good-bye," she replied.

And as a rejected suitor went out of one door, another suitor came in through another door. And she would again ask the same questions.

"Would you love me for myself alone? And would you love me if my tears turned fluid and if I laughed until the end of my days?"

And she would receive the very same replies each time.

"Yes, I worship you. I love you as you are and want you no different."

"Good-bye, good-bye," she said to each.

No heiress could have had more unworthy fortune seekers than the suitors who pressed for the hand of the girl who wept tears of real pearl.

One day she announced to her father and step-mother that she could weep no more.

They were pale and trembling.

"No more?" inquired her father.

"No more. Not even one more pearl can I squeeze out."

"The soul of a woman should have tenderness, compassion, sympathy. Her capacity for grief and sadness should be limitless. The well should be deep and bottomless. Humanity is bleeding from every pore and you stand before us and tell us you have no tears, not a one for anything! Have you become a shameless hussy? And that smug smile that hangs on your lips—can't you wipe it off?"

"No, father. I must smile because I can't help it. Life is so sarcastic and the well of compassion is very shallow in me. Humanity may be bleeding from every pore but our pearls have brought us nothing very real. The pearls were real enough, but the fortune they brought was artificial, the fame was foolish and the love unnatural. I hope to heaven I never weep again."

"A woman should have a good cry now and again," said her step-mother. "It does her heart good. Take a little rest, my child, and perhaps next month or the month after something will pluck at the strings of your heart and you will burst into a good honest sob. At least let us hope for something."

"No. It is no use. I know I shall never weep again."

"Parents are much too indulgent these days," said her father. "In my time, when I was a boy, my father would have taken a birch whip and thrashed me within an inch of my life and left me black and blue . . . The idea of rejecting so simple a request! If I had refused to cry when I was asked to cry, my father, as much as he loved me, would have punished me with vigor, with all the energy in him. Think of it! A big girl. We feed her, we bring her up. We buy her nice clothes, we give her a home and wait on her hand and foot. And then comes the time when she could make a slight return for all the kindness and love which we bestowed upon her. What does she do? She stands up before us and laughs in our faces!"

"How should I return all your kindness and love?"

"You could weep a little."

"Should I weep for you or for myself?"

"Weep for us a little more," replied her step-mother. "The little tears will cost you nothing and they will mean so much to us."

But no persuading, no coaxing and no pleas were of any avail. The girl made up her mind that there would be no more tears, for tears are themselves not breeders of sorrow and a string of real pearls is not worth as much as a ripple of laughter.

Time has left its little tarnish on all things. The oil-burner now needs repair. Her step-mother's mink coat looks a trifle mangy, her father's beautiful car is quite shabby now and will bring very little in a trade, the servants' jackets need mending and even the beautiful indestructible stainless steel in the kitchen is badly scratched and needs a good polish. Time has cast its mellow tarnish over everything—everything but her smile. That alone remains radiant. She has not wept once in ever so long.

But her parents live in hope. They hope and pray that some day she will be overcome and torrents of tears will break loose and she will sob and sob while they hold buckets before her. They live and hope for the day when her inner dykes may break and the flood be upon them.

In the meantime the girl who once wept tears of real pearls seems content and happy. She seems ready to hold out until the end of all time.

Each night before she goes to bed she kneels and says a prayer: "Dear God, make me a good girl and if I must ever weep again give me back my worthless watery tears. Or, if that is too much to ask, then, please God, make the pearls artificial, for there is real happiness in things that are worth nothing. And the very joy of living springs from nothing. I will try to be a good girl. Amen." ⌗

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Pine Box People

Continued from page 61

jeans which he had long ago laid up against the time of his burial. The big room of the cabin reeked of mothballs.

From the hill country roundabout, neighbors had come in to "set up" with the corpse, and to mourn the passing. Since the Widow Brown was not present to hear, she having been taken to the cabin of a neighbor for the night, in accordance with the custom, the mourning of the sitters was flavored somewhat with criticism.

"Far be it from me to speak harm of the dead," Old Aunt Het Wiggins began, her sharp little eyes shifting from face to face as she prepared to launch her indictment. "Far as Beeswax was concerned," she went on presently, "there wa'n't a mite of harm in him. But there's other things in life besides being harmless, let me tell you. There's the knack of perviding, for one thing. Something Beeswax never had very strong to begin with, and which he didn't have none at all after," with a nod, a scornful nod, toward the shiny coffin, "he got that fool noshun in his head. What was wrong with Beeswax," she ended triumphantly, "was he went and got ambishous—and ambishun ain't bein' for them as can't afford it!"

The heads of all nodded in complete agreement with Aunt Het's sentiments. Ambition, they agreed, was a fearsome thing, and apt to get the better of anybody who was foolish enough to harbor it.

"Seemed like all Beeswax thought of, after ambishun taken holt on him," offered 'Coonskin' Howard, "was to spend time and money on rigging up a fancy box to be buried in. Well," he ended, with a gesture toward the coffin, "I hope that he's satisfied at last!"

"Wonder jest how satisfied he'd be," Ella Barnes queried the group, "if he could set up whilst he's being hauled to the graveyard, and take a good look at pore Rildy, trudging along behind in them ragged shoes and her worn-out old alpaca? Wonder if his feathers wouldn't fall in a hurry then?"

"Ain't it the truth!" Wildcat Evans applauded, then offered something of his own: "What puzzles me a heap, folks, is how in the name of time pore Rildy Brown managed to stay so fat, seeing there was times when she didn't have nothing in the house calculated to lay on fat?"

"Beeswax had good neighbors," Logger Burns offered in explanation. "I reckon there ain't a one amongst us all that didn't, some time or another, drop in on Rildy with a sack of meal, a side of meat, or mebbe a bag of beans. Some of us even brung coffee and tobacker. That explains why Rildy kept fattened up."

"Well, it don't explain how come Beeswax to git so lean, does it?" Nettie Bell queried.

"Ambishun explains that!" Aunt Het declared promptly. "Nothing in this world, child, to lean a man down like ambishun!"

"Speaking of good neighbors," Sawyer Austin harked back. "Do you all mind how, come the first breath of winter, Beeswax always got took with that mizry in his back? Jest barely able to hobble around? And do you mind that all us men folks would git together and snake up enough wood to run him ontel spring?"

"Yes—and can anybody here recall ever seeing Beeswax cutting one of his own bee trees?" Fayette Moseby wanted to know. "You bet yore boots he never did! When he had a tree to throw, that same mizry always hit him a crack the night afore. And some of us neighbors done the throwing—whilst Beeswax bossed the job, and got the honey! Yet, for all of that, Beeswax was as harmless as a gourd of springwater, and I'm right regretful that he's gone."

Then Aunt Het remembered the solemn character of the occasion, and raised her piping voice in one of the chosen mourning songs.

* * *

"Beeswax! You, Beeswax Brown!"

The lank figure stretched on the dew-wet ground in front of the cabin jerked with an indication of returning consciousness.

"Do you hear me, Beeswax?" Rildy Brown insisted from the doorway. "Get up from there, you old sot!"

The body of the bee hunter jerked as though a spasm had caught him, and he sat erect, eyes wild and face frightened. He looked about as though he had expected to find himself in an utterly strange place, and could hardly believe in the reality of the familiar things he saw. He shook a bit, too.

"Have you slept off yore jag yet, Beeswax?" Rildy yelled scornfully from the doorway, "or air you going to snooze out there all the rest of the day?"

"Is—is that you, Rildy?" Beeswax quavered thinly.

"Well, lissen at the man!" Rildy exclaimed in astonishment. "He's had nothing much else to look at, day and night, for over twenty-five years—and now he asks: 'Air it you, Rildy?' Of course it's me, you old simpleton!" she assured him with emphasis. "And I'm telling you something. If you want any breakfast cooked this mawning, then you better hump yoreself and git me some dry wood for my stove. Laying out there won't git it—and you ain't due to eat until it's got!"

Again Rildy slammed the door as an emphasis to her ultimatum.

Beeswax, knees trembly, head befuddled, throat scorching, got shakily to his feet. For a long moment he hesitated, then risked a glance backwards, still fearful of what might be revealed.

All was well. The coffin still rested on its trestles, shrouded in the tattered tarpaulin—and he wasn't in it!

A few minutes of concentrated mental recapitulation claimed Beeswax, and then he ambled off toward the hollow in which he had hidden his axe.

Fifteen minutes later, Beeswax entered the cabin by way of the kitchen door. His arms were heavily laden.

"Here's some dry wood for yore stove, Rildy," he announced as the sticks thudded in the box.

"You was a sight of time gitting it, I'm bound to say!" Rildy complained waspishly. "The only time you don't lag is when I yell for you to come and eat. Then you moves fast enough!"

She bent over stiffly, took up a stick of the wood—and stood as though suddenly frozen. Then, after a time, she was able to find speech.

"Why, Beeswax—this here ain't firewood!" Rildy exclaimed. "It's pieces of yore coffin! Land sakes alive!" she cried, her voice jumping into the higher scale as she turned upon the bee hunter. "Do you mean to stand there and tell me that, after you done spent 'most five years rigging it up, you done busted that coffin all to pieces? Beeswax Brown, you've shorely lost yore mind!"

Beeswax Brown shook his head in an emphatic negative.

"No, I ain't lost my mind," he denied. "You see, Rildy," he went on solemnly, "I been doing a right smart of deep thinking and I come to a conclusion. It air this. We all air just plain pine box people, so what's the sense in being laid away in a lot of fancy fixings? It shorely wouldn't be becoming in me to rise above myself, and heap up shame on my neighbors." #

All Over Hell's Acre

Continued from page 56

cannon loose on 'em that shot buckshot.

"We'll win this fight with this kind of a gun," says Pa.

"Did the Hillmans ever fight their kinfolks?" I ast Pa.

"Never in my lifetime, Son," says Pa as he opened fire with hulda at the beech grove. Pa jest talked like nothin had happened and kept shootin. "Never in my lifetime, Son. We respect our own people. We've had little fist fights among ourselves but they don't amount to nothin."

"Gee," I says, "that's fine!"

I jumped out of the hole and started over the bank. I think every Sturgin's gun barked at the same time when I hit the open field bent over half-double runnin. The bullets hit all around me. They wheezed over my head. One went through the elbow of my coat sleeve.

"Take kiver," Pa hollered. "Have you gone batty? You'll git shot again."

"I aim to end this damn war," I says.

I leaped over the yellow clay bank safe from the flyin bullets. I can't tell you how I felt. I took down the hollow to Kam Sturgin's farm. I took down the hollow behind the winter-fern kivered bluff. I was safe from their battle lines. I could still hear the guns boomin over toward our house. I walked down the hollow with a pipe of terbacker until I come to Kam Sturgin's big log house. I'd allus wanted Effie Sturgin. I would get her.

The hound dogs run out to the gate and started barkin through the palins at me. The palins were tall and the tops sharpened so a body couldn't climb over the fence. Kam was fixed fer us so we could not attack his house. I was goin to make an attack in a different way.

"Howdy-do!" I hollered. "Is there anybody at home?" I could peep through the palin cracks. I could see eyes peepin from the winder glasses at me. No one dared to come outside the door.

"Kam Sturgin and his men have been whopped," I hollered. I thought that would bring somebody out'n the house. It did bring somebody out'n the house. It brought Effie Sturgin out'n the woodshed. She walked out with her sleeves rolled to her elbows. She looked like an angel to me.

"You might says Pa is whopped," says Effie, "but I don't believe it. He will never be whopped by the infernal Hillmans and their click. They might kill 'im but they won't whop 'im. Is that you Adger Hillman?"

"Yes mam, this is Adger Hillman," I says. "This is all that ain't been shot away by Sturgin bullets."

"What are you doin here?" she ast.

"I've throwed my gun down and quit fightin," I says. "I'm tired of fightin."

"Have the others quit fightin?" she ast.

"Hell, no, Honey," I says. "Can't you hear the guns crackin? I'll tell you what is wrong with the Sturgins. They can't shoot."

"They can shoot," says Effie. "They are good marksmen."

"They couldn't hit me," I says. "I was runnin fast as a rabbit."

Effie looked at me and I looked at her through the palin fence.

"I've got to get back to washin clothes," says Effie.

"Let me hep you," I says.

"I can't let you come in here," she says.

"Yes you can," I says.

"Ma would take the top of the house off if she's to see you come in at this gate!"

"Ain't there another way around?" I ast.

Effie stood and looked at me. She shivered in the February wind. She stood a minute before she answered me.

"I don't believe you are up to a trick, Adger," she says. "You

Continued on page 138

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All Over Hell's Acre

Continued from pages 56-137

know we ain't on good terms with your people."

"I'll cross my heart," I says, "that I ain't up to a trick."

"Jest don't let Ma see you slip behind the woodshed," says Effie. "There's a trap door there. I'll open it. Come in from the backside."

Effie walked back in the shed as if nothin had ever happened. I slipped along beside the palins. I slipped up behind the woodshed. Effie opened the door from the inside.

"Thank you, Effie," I says as I walked into the shed. "I've come to see you. I have something to tell you."

"What?" Effie ast.

"We can stop this war among our people," I says.

"How can we do it?"

"Get married," I says, "if you love me enough."

"You've ast me too suddenly," says Effie.

"Honey, we can," I says. "You know we can. All that's ever kept us apart has been our people. Your people hast nearly got me four different times. You see me limpin don't you?"

"Yes," says Effie, "what is the matter?"

"Your Pa filled my leg full of buckshot."

"Pa did?"

"Yes, your Pa did," I says. "Kam Sturgin shot me."

"I can't hep it if he did shoot you," says Effie. "You was out to get Pa."

"You can hep it," I says. "You can kiss me for every buckshot that went in my leg."

Effie didn't answer me.

"You know kinfolks don't fight each other here," I says. "We won't fight our kinfolks. Do you fight yourn?"

"You know we don't," says Effie. "You know that kinfolks don't fight each other here."

"Then we can stop this war."

"Yes."

Effie put her arms around my neck. I helt her close. I kissed her and she kissed me. We jest let the washin tub of clothes stand. We loved and loved in the woodshed. I'll tell you she's the purtiest woman I'd ever seen. Her tiny white wrists was just about the size of my middle-finger and my first finger put together. Her eyes was green like a cat's eyes. Her lips were clean and purty and red with bloom as the petals on a spring pink. Her teeth were white as grains of corn when the shuck has just been stripped off. She was nearly as tall as I was.

"I can't love you all atternoon," she says. "I've got to get my washin out on the line."

"I never washed clothes in my life," I says, "but I'll hep you. I'd rather wash clothes than carry a gun and fight all the time."

I couldn't wash clothes very well. I washed them the best I could. I'd work awhile then I'd hold Effie in my arms. I washed clothes and loved Effie all atternoon in the Sturgins' woodshed. It was the best way to end a war I'd ever seen. I jest wondered why I hadn't thought of it before. I'll tell you it was a pleasant way to end a war. Effie wondered why she hadn't thought of it before. I never even thought about my brothers, cousins, Uncles, brother-in-laws over there layin in the broom sage on the frozen ground on their bellies and poundin away over an acre of land. I didn't even think about Pa in the hole under the cedar tree drinkin coffee and chewin terbacker fer his nerves. They could all fight and be damned. If it did or it didn't stop the war—I was marryin Effie Sturgin and takin her out'n the mess and gettin out'n it myself.

"You'll haf to go, Adger," says Effie. "It will soon be dark and our men that are alive will be slippin home through the woods. A lot of them will never slip back. Pa has been shot seven times. He's still alive and fightin. Uncle Charlie was shot in the leg. He's got white swellin in his leg now and he hast to drag it along. Cousin Eif, Charlie, Bill and Van sleep on the hill—brother Cy and Mort sleep beside of them. Uncle Dave, Uncle Martin, Brother-in-law Did kilt—nearly all the men hast been shot sometime or the other—or they've been skint with bullets."

"We ain't been shot up that bad," I says—"I've lost one brother, four cousins, one uncle and a brother-in-law. They are buried on the hill jest across from the hill where your people are buried."

"What kind of a place is it where they are fightin?" Effie ast me.

"You've got your pasture fence set behind the line fence five acres deep and ten acres long," I says. "We've got our fence set back the same way. We're losin fifty acres of our best land. You're losin fifty acres of your best land. Our bull was shot through the brisket with a stray ball behind our lines. We've had two calves and a cow shot. We're fightin on it for one worthless acre. Look at the money spent in the courts and look at the men kilt and plugged. Look how our neighbors air gettin ahead of us over behind the ridges. They are raisin terbacker and corn while we are raisin hell. When we marry Effie, it will be ended. We'll all be kinfolks then."

"Give me time to think," says Effie. "You know I love you Adger. I've allus loved you. I've been afraid to go with you. I hate your last name. I'll allus hate the name of Hillman. It's a mean name. It's the name the Devil wants it to be. You must come and see me. Come when you can. Give one long whistle. I'll leave the door unfastened to the woodshed. Don't let anybody see you. You must go now."

"I'll see you," I says.

I pulled Effie close to me. I

Continued on page 140

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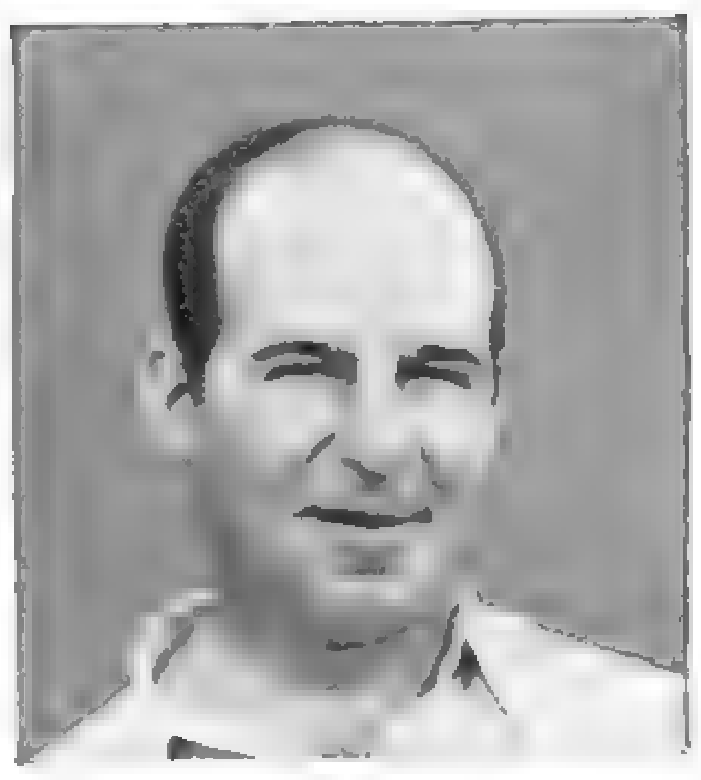

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All Over Hell's Acre

Continued from pages 56-137-138

kissed her purty face over and over. I was fightin a different kind of war now. I loved this kind of war.

"Goodbye, Honey," I says. I grabbed my cap and I went out at the trap door. I hit the road runnin with my cap in my hand. I took up the crick the way I'd come. I heard people talkin around the bend in the road. I jumped over the bank and hid behind a rock. I hadn't more than got behind the rock until I saw about a hundred men comin down the road with their guns on their shoulders. The men in front were walkin fast and a-cussin the Hillmans.

I heard a man groanin and hollerin. Four men were carryin him. Two men walked behind and carried a leg a-piece. Two walked in front and carried an arm a-piece. They had their muskets strapped around their shoulders. The man's head was bent over with his face turned toward the sky. He would groan when the men shook him. His long red beard stuck out from his chin like the handle of a cane. The wind moved his beard as the men walked. His clothes around his waist were red with blood.

"Oh my side," he would groan.

"Don't go on so, Kam," says one of the men. "We can't let the Hillmans know you've been plugged again. It gives them a fresh start. They'll be right over on our side of the fence tearin up the dirt."

"Oh, if you'd been plugged through and through like I have," Kam moaned, "you'd groan too. You know I'm tough. I can take it. This is eight bullet holes I have in me. I'm plugged through and through and that silk handkerchief feels sorta funny in my stummick."

"It's in place though, Kam," says a short stocky Sturgin carryin one of Kam's arms. "I know it is fer I pulled it through the bullet hole and tied a knot in each end so it couldn't slip out. Take it easy. We'll soon have you home. We can give you some hooch and you'll feel better."

"Hooch hell," Kam mutters—"I'm hurt. Old Tarvin Hillman plugged me with a rifle. I know he plugged me. I saw a cloud of smoke under his cedar tree the second I's plugged."

I was glad when that crowd of Sturgins got past me. I changed my path. I went over Sturgin land to the acre of land we'd been fightin over. It got a little dark before I got there and I got afraid. I thought I might meet the spirits of the dead men that had been kilt by Hillman bullets. I'll tell you the trees over in Sturgin's pasture field clear back to the second fence was riddled by our bullets. The bark was all skint off'n the trees. It was a ugly dark field. You could feel empty cartridges all over the ground with your feet. You could find holes dug out everyplace. I had sad thoughts as I dragged my numb leg across the pasture field of brown broom sage in the moonlight.

It was before daylight when Pa took his men and went to the field to shoot at Sturgins across the line fence. I stayed behind to hep Ma feed the hogs, milk the cows, carry in water. I made up my mind not to go to the pasture field anymore and shoot across the line fence at the Sturgins. When I thought about the Sturgins I could not hate that name. It was a good name to me anymore since I'd seen Effie Sturgin. I could see her cat-colored eyes looking at my beardy face. I could see her purty hair and her purty white teeth. I could feel her soft hair in my hand and her tall body clost to me when I loved her. Hell, I didn't want to fight anymore. I'd had enough fightin. I wasn't a-goin to get kilt over an acre of old poor worthless land when there was a girl in the world as purty as Effie Sturgin.

As I set on a milk stool and milked Old Roan, I could see Effie Sturgin in a little house. It was fur away from our pasture field. It was out'n the range of the bullets. It was over in Hog Hollow. I could see her washin her clothes and my clothes under the shade of a big oak tree in our yard. I could see hollyhocks bloomin by the door of our shack. I could see geese, pigs and chickens about our door. I could see some little Hillmans runnin around loose in the yard—free as the wind that blows. That was what I could see when I looked over our barn lot and zigzagged two streams of milk into the three-gallon zinc bucket.

"What's the matter with you, Adger?" Ma ast, "that you ain't goin out there anymore and heppin your Pa fight the blasted Sturgins?"

"I'm on furlough," I says, "and it's goin to be a long furlough too. It's goin to be forever. I'm through."

"What's the matter?" Ma ast, "hast the color of your blood turned from Hillman red to Sturgin yaller?"

"Nope," I says, "my blood is still Hillman red but my heart has changed."

"Who's the gal?" Ma ast me.

"Effie Sturgin," I says.

"My Lord," says Ma—"A Sturgin—"

"Yep," I says—"a Sturgin."

"She can't come under my roof atter I've lost a boy by the Sturgin guns."

"They've lost more than we have," I says. "They are crippled up. Old Kam Sturgin has been plugged eight times. He's still alive and fightin. Look at me, Ma! I'm a cripple fer life if some feelin don't get back to my leg."

"A Sturgin gal in the Hillman family," says Ma as she reloaded her pipe and lit it with a match. "You ain't standin by us, Adger."

"I'll end this war," I says, "and it's right now time it was ended. The trees hast started gettin green. You know what that means. It

Continued on page 142

The sculpture "Day" from the New York World's Fair shows "a speeding figure carrying the sun."

RARE IS THE MAN WHO HASN'T A LITTLE WOMAN IN HIS HOME !

TO THE FEW LONE MALES who still maintain a rugged bachelorhood, our respects and a broad hint about leap year. You, dear sirs, will never know the sweet but firm influence of the little woman in the home . . . the gentle but penetrating hints about a new suit or new shirts . . . the subtle but nevertheless effective promptings to go out and buy some new socks.

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All Over Hell's Acre

Continued from pages 56-137-138-140

means bush-whackin, of course."

I couldn't hep it. I jest set the milk bucket down in the barnlot. I jumped over the fence. I never said another word to Ma. I left her talkin to herself in the barnlot. I'd been goin to see Effie a month now. I'd been slippin like a fox when he goes to get chickens. I had to come back in the dark. I had to dodge the Sturgins all the way. They'd be comin home carryin their dead 'r heppin their wounded. I could allus smell their terbacker smoke and hear 'em cussin Hillmans before they got nigh me. Now it was my last trip.

I whistled fer Effie behind the palins. She come to me. Effie looked like a queen when she come through the trap door of the woodshed. We didn't do any talkin. We jest helt hands and run like two turkeys up the road. We walked five miles to town and got our license. We walked six miles back to Brother Tobbie Bostick's and jumped the broom.

"I'm glad to see this," says Brother Tobbie, "fer I believe it will end that fightin over there. I've heard guns over there jest like a field of men huntin rabbits. I've preached the funerals of both sides. I've prayed a lot over that trouble. I hope this will end it."

"We haf to be goin," I says to Effie. "We got work to do."

We left Brother Tobbie prayin over our family troubles. We took up the sand-rock path, and over the cow-path hill to the hollow. We could hear a gun now and then. We slipped up behind the Sturgin lines.

"You'd better holler, Honey," I says, "to one of your men. We might get shot."

"Oh Pa," Effie hollered. "This is Effie. Please don't shoot."

"Take kiver youngin," said a coarse voice. "What air you doin here, nohow? This ain't no place fer wimmen folks!"

Jest somehow the guns stopped barkin on our side of the fence. Guess our men heard a woman's voice and bad as they are to shoot they'd never shoot at a woman. We didn't take cover. We walked up in the beech grove.

"Papa," says Effie.

Effie walked toward Kam Sturgin. He was propped up behind a big beech tree smokin his pipe and givin orders to his men. He had bandages and plasters all over 'im.

"What brings you here?" Kam ast, "and who might that young man be?"

"My husband," says Effie—"Adger Hillman!"

"My God," says Kam—"you married a Hillman!"

"Yes," says Effie—"I married a Hillman. We want you to stop shootin right now. We want this war ended."

"Atter I've lost this much blood," says Kam, "I'll lose the rest of my blood or win this fight and my acre of ground."

"How about dividin that acre of ground, Pappie Kam?" I ast.

"Don't Pappie me," he says. "I'll plug you on the spot."

"No you won't," says Effie.

"I'll Pappie you too," I says.

"Stop your men from fightin," says Effie.

"We'll stop the Hillmans," I says. "We don't fight our kinfolks. Ain't that a rule among you?"

"Come to think about it that's the rule among our people," says Kam. "I jest hate to be licked."

"We ain't licked," says Effie.

We turned and walked down the hollow. We heard two short whistles. We didn't hear any more guns.

"That's our signal fer retreat," says Effie.

"Let's hurry and get to the other side," I says.

We run down the beech grove hollow. We hurried to the top of the yaller-clay bank.

I gave Pa two short whistles. Pa answered me with two longs. We jest walked over into Pa's headquarters. He was makin coffee.

"This is my wife, Pa," I says.

"Son, wasn't you afraid to bring her out into the open? Don't you know what is goin on here?"

He had his musket pinted between the sand rocks. Pa didn't pay us no minds.

"We ain't afraid," says Effie. "There won't be any more shootin from the other side. It's all over."

"I thought something funny," says Pa—"We heard a woman's voice down there awhile ago. I signaled my men not to shoot that way. Then the guns stopped. Who might your wife be, Adger?"

Pa turned and looked at me. He twirled the corners of his mustache with his big fingers.

"Effie Sturgin," I says.

"A right purty gal," says Pa, "but I don't like that name, Sturgin. Child you've changed it fer a better one. And this is the reason Adger, you've been layin down on the job since last February—right when we've been doin the hardest fightin. We lost three of our best men last month. I know Sturgins lost five men last month."

"Pa you'd better give a signal fer the men to come in," I says. "The Sturgin men have gone home. We don't fight our kin-folks."

"You air right, Adger," says Pa, "but what air we goin to do about that acre of ground?"

"Divide it."

Pa give three long whistles again. Not a man stuck his head up out'n the broom sage.

"They will come," says Pa.

Pa give 'em seven long whistles. Effie didn't know what it meant. It was our victory signal. Men popped up all over the field. They started talkin. A lot of our men limped as they walked toward the cedar tree. They looked beardy and tired. Effie was afraid when she saw their muskets.

Effie put her arms around me. We loved and loved above the coffee pot. We could see the long line of men trailin around the path fer home. I could feel the life comin back to my own leg now. #

Schooling Your Dog

Continued from page 83

will let him out frequently. And by frequent I mean at least ten times a day for a young puppy—and four or five times for a grown dog, at fairly regular intervals, even though he doesn't avail himself of the privilege each time. The earlier you can get him out the first time in the morning, the better for everybody.

Of course, the trouble with such advice is exactly the same flaw we all find with all the other instructions for dog training: it's all so obvious and trite. Unfortunately, there's nothing new in canine pedagogy; nothing startling or dramatic; no short cuts or labor savers; no progressive school technique. It's just tiresome work, persistence and patience—which is precisely why so many of us fail at it!—and it can all be summed up in these few fundamentals:

1. Don't tire a young dog with teaching; keep your sessions down to 15 or 20 minutes. Review each lesson often.
2. Keep at it; it takes time. Anywhere from four months to a year may be required to make a dog really accomplished. The famous Seeing-Eye dogs get a three to five months' course, plus four weeks' training with their new masters. It takes two summers to get a shepherd dog beyond the apprentice stage in handling sheep.
3. Have only one teacher, preferably the person who feeds the dog.
4. Maintain a balance in your voice between kindness and authority.
5. Give the puppy his early lessons when nobody else is around.
6. Never use the leash as a whip.
7. Don't train right after feeding—or feed right on top of a heavy workout.
8. A whiplash with an ominous crack is an excellent and humane disciplinarian.
9. Never deceive your dog or trick him with kindness into coming within range of punishment. He'll know you for a skunk from then on and will never trust you.
10. There is no real reason (except the teacher) why an old dog can't be taught new tricks.
11. Remember, finally, that no professional trainer ever saw a dog who "couldn't be taught." Such dogs belong only to impatient amateurs. ⧺

Frantic Fishing in Tuamotu

Continued from page 81

paling coral shapes underwater, and stalking imaginary opponents. Although at college I had earned some distinction as a swimmer, it took me many weeks to master a two-minute session underwater at great depths. I won't take the time here to relate all my errors, the countless coral cuts I received, the withering tongue-lashings from Amo, and some amazing foolhardy escapades. But it all came under the heading of "harsh experience," which benefited me later on.

My most vivid memories below the surface of the lagoon at Mauroa were the encounters with monsters of the deep, spirited jousts which almost ended tragically for me.

One afternoon, while pulling myself along a coral ledge fifteen feet deep in the lagoon, I saw a green moray, or giant conger eel (*Lycodontis funebris*), called *puhi*, or *tunga*, by the Tuamotuans, and remembering the Tuamotu version of Adam and Eve, in which an eel and not a snake caused their banishment from *Edeni*, I couldn't resist the temptation to try out my marksmanship on it. I should have known better than to bother this devil of the south ocean, and, certainly, Amo had told me sufficient tales of the incomparable ferocity of the giant eels to make me cautious. But when I came upon the eel suddenly, rounding a coral hillock, and saw its ugly head protruding from the entrance to a grotto, I couldn't forgo a thrust at it. I had been doing so well with this underwater sport that I didn't anticipate any alarming consequences. The cruelty of over-confidence! Its head was in profile to me, immobile, reptilian, alert for any prey that came within striking distance. The flat-boned, wide skull, with the small glistening eyes, was inconceivably repulsive. Although its head was small, its body was the girth of a young boy's. This eel must have been all of eight feet long, but, as I had seen Amo kill a few successfully underwater, its size did not over-awe me. The bigger they are, the harder they fall, as the saying goes!

The giant eel suddenly spotted a large fish approaching and fixed its horrible eyes upon its unsuspecting victim, which afforded me an awaited opportunity to move closer. Then, just as it was about to streak out of its lair after the fish, I struck with my spear. In the instant I thrust, fear rippled coldly up and down my spine. My timing was wrong! The eel in its pulsating, corkscrew movements had shot downwards so as to come up under its victim and bite into its soft belly. My spear-point grazed the stiff quills on its back. Startled and enraged at my attack, it flicked its flat tail and turned swiftly in undulating convulsions, fixing its malevolent eyes upon me. I dodged quickly into a small coral ravine. The fish frightened away, the giant eel made ready for an attack on me. Its first savage rush brought it within a foot of my retreat, and, in passing, its mouth opened wide, revealing the long fangs and needle-like teeth. I was panic-stricken. My goggles were cutting deeply into my eye sockets, and the plugs in

Continued on page 144

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Frantic Fishing in Tuamotu

Continued from pages 81-143

my ears were being pressed hard against my eardrums, filling my head with a maddening, roaring sound. The pressure of the water was also causing my sinuses great pain. I swallowed hard a few times to obtain momentary relief.

The eel had shot out of sight, but when I protruded my head warily from the coral crevice, I saw it poised above me, rippling with shuddering spasms. Again it flashed down at me, jaws open, eyes gleaming. Just as it came abreast, I desperately extended the spear, and the point caught it just back of the neck, inflicting a deep gash. But it flicked its tail and jerked free, wriggled away a short distance, then turned sinuously and made ready to attack again. I was ready for its rush this time, my spear distended far out, hoping the eel, in its mad, convulsive movements, would impale itself on the spear point. But the green slimy monster evaded it skillfully and shot low to come up under it and strike. Using the shaft for a club, I struck it away, just as it was about to flash in and bite. It retreated only a short distance again, then came back with astounding swiftness. This time it rushed me wildly. My spear caught it just back of the neck, and the strong force of the impact threw me violently against the back of the coral ravine, knocking the shaft out of my hands. But the point had pierced through its neck, and the giant eel was writhing like a huge, crushed worm to a lashing, wild death below me.

You can be sure I lost no time in striking out for the surface. I was weak and shaking, my body feeling as if it had been squeezed in an immense vise. My nose was streaming blood. I crawled into my outrigger canoe, floating nearby, and lay in the bottom in a state of utter exhaustion and misery. Although I had been trapped below less than two minutes, it had seemed an eternity. This experience laid me up for three days, and rest assured I gave giant eels a wide field thereafter.

Then there was the morning I tried to spear a barracuda. This dangerous monster, justly called "wolf of the sea," is even more deadly than the giant eels, and will attack with lightning speed, without warning or provocation. It never circles its prey cautiously; it rushes madly in, to tear and maim. Some of the barracuda at Mauroa reached a length of seven feet, and, with their slender, projectile bodies and dirty grey coloring, they were the speediest monsters in the lagoons, whizzing through the water like comets.

Amo and I were on our way to the coral reefs to spear bonito, when I saw the killer in the clear water below me. I was over the side before Amo could stop me. The day before I had speared two small lagoon sharks, and now I was anxious to try my hand at wilder adversaries. The barracuda saw me coming and began moving up swiftly to attack. I circled away and got below it hurriedly, and, with a quick spurt of speed, came up quickly, my spear extended, pressed hard against my right side. The single spear point caught the barracuda just back of the gill clefts. But it wrenched free, thrashing savagely, and pulled the shaft out of my hands. Then it whirled around to mangle me, the spear still dangling from its body. Although the barracuda was handicapped by the added weight of my spear, I was only able to reach the surface a scant few feet ahead of this four-foot devil. Quaking with fright, I was hauled quickly over the gunwale of the canoe, just lifting my feet by inches out of the killer's powerful, bulldog jaws.

"Some time I think you go too far!" Amo sputtered peevishly. "Maybe you sick in head and no care live no more, huh?"

Yes, I had to use common sense in the kind of fish I speared, not only because of their formidable size, but for even more important reasons. Some of the fishes in the lagoon of Mauroa were poisonous.

But much more important was the vigilance I maintained in not impaling fishes held sacred by the natives of Mauroa, and as such came under the protection of a *tapu* (sacred restriction).

One day, just as I was about to dive after a small blue shark, Amo grasped my shoulders and held me back, shouting anxiously:

"*Aita, Viri, Aita! Mako tapu!* No, Willie, No! It is a sacred shark!" His voice was tense and his eyes nervous. "Blue shark very nice shark."

Amo explained to me that the great blue shark was not considered a man-killer by the Tuamotuans, as it was held to be the spirit of the good god Tinorua, Lord of the Vast South Ocean, and its young sharklets were the messengers for Tohu the Artist, Tinorua's assistant.

"Blue shark help people of Tuamotu if they drown in storm in angry sea," Amo told me earnestly. "My gran'fat'er tell my papa that he fall in sea far from Mauroa and nice blue shark take him on back and bring him like hell back to Mauroa. My gran'fat'er drink booze like damn sailor, but I no think he talk with *roro-maamaa* (crazy brains)."

The *mahimahi* (dolphin) was

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held in reverence by the natives of Mauroa, as it was believed to be the spirit of an unfortunate relative or friend lost at sea. If one were accidentally caught and maimed, a ceremony of atonement was performed over it. The remarkable change in color which it underwent while expiring was supposed to be the manifestation of the spirit, which possessed the dolphin's body, leaving it on a slow flight to the *Rohutu-noa-noa*, or Flowery Paradise.

The *fai*, or small sting rays, which I saw frequently underwater, winging over me like grotesque sea hawks, Amo declared were the swimming shrines of the supreme god of the Tuamotus, Tangaroa. The *temahoehoe*, a sluggish fish resembling a jewfish, was held to be the spirit of the god Hau, the Tuamotuan sea god who brought peace into the poisoned hearts of mankind. One afternoon, while swimming below the surface, I saw a huge monster cruising below me, and was in the act of launching my spear, when Amo darted around a coral fan and struck my spear up, deflecting my aim.

When I came to the surface, spluttering with chagrin and indignation, Amo patiently explained to me that I had been in the act of harming a sacred *temahoehoe*.

"I think more bettah you thank me blentay much for not let you spear him," he cried. "If you hurt *temahoehoe* long, bad curse fall on you and your family."

I decided that I should for once and all make a serious study of the fish in the lagoons of Mauroa, so as to distinguish the sacred fish from those which were safe to spear.

Amo took me out in the lagoon one morning early and carefully pointed out to me, through the water box, the fishes which were under a *tapu*. The *au*, or billfish, was the mobile brain of Tute, a maniacal god of *Po* (Hades). The *urua* (cavalla), the *papahi* (sun-fish), and *atoti* (remora) were the sharp-eyed messengers of the kindly gods of the Tuamotus, who reported any evilness perpetrated by the natives. One of the most sacred fishes in the Mauroa lagoons was the *pataaroa*, a small striped parrot fish, which was the swimming seeing-eye of the supreme god Tangaroa. It was astounding to observe with what fanaticism the natives abided by this belief. Frequently, while swimming underwater, I would see the spearmen stop, break in confusion, and flee when they encountered this specie of parrot fish. And if flight or concealment were not possible, they would become abjectedly humble in the presence of this blue and green parrot-fish, hang their heads sheepishly and pretend to be gathering pearl-shell, as if ashamed to be spied by Tangaroa's wandering eye poaching in his sea god's vast domain.

When I dived for pearl shell, I had to inspect each one carefully. The purple-cockled pearl oysters were under a sacred interdiction. These curiously tinted shells were said by Amo to be used by the cooks of the great god Tangaroa to scrape the souls of violators of *tapus*, the parings of which were used to sweeten Tangaroa's *poe* (pudding), when he made a tour of inspection in *Te Po* (Hell).

You, no doubt, might wonder what fishes were left for me to spear, considering the many which were under strict *tapus*. However, the lagoons of Mauroa swarmed with every fish indigenous to the South Pacific, so I didn't feel under any irksome restraint by respecting the sacred fish of the Tuamotuans. Of the innumerable fishes not under sacred security, the grey tiger shark (*galeocerdo tigrinus*) was the most hated by the natives. This killer-shark was believed to be the sliding spirit of the mad god Hirotu, who caused the Great Deluge.

Although I am inclined to think the killing propensities of tiger sharks have been exaggerated, nevertheless a swimmer can never be sure what one of these brutes will do, purely out of curiosity and accident. A shark does not have the sharp eyesight of most fishes in the sea, and, therefore, is forever blundering into trouble. Through experience it has learned to use its razor-like teeth instantly, when colliding with another swimming object, tearing and rending savagely. I have never seen a shark go out of its way to attack a human being. If given a fair chance it will turn and flee. In the pearl diving atolls there are fatalities with sharks every season, chiefly because the sharks are constantly crashing blindly into the divers underwater and by instinct bite with their obsidian-like, serrated teeth with horrible results. Once, while underwater, I was grazed by the hard, sandpaper hide of a tiger shark, and when I came to the surface I saw that my entire side was bloodied, raked as if with a huge rasp. Another time, I rounded a coral forest and came face-to-face with a ten-foot brute, and, while my heart pumped violently and my muscles became taut with panic, it stared at me fatuously with its horrible dead white eyes, gulped spasmodically, revealing layer upon layer of inclined, finely-notched teeth, then circled off, permitting me to shoot to the surface. Another time, a small lagoon shark ripped off a portion of my *pareu* (red and white figured loin cloth), which had become unwrapped and was dangling from my waist. Its bite, which yanked me below the surface, missed my limbs only by a few inches.

I never passed up an opportunity to kill a tiger shark. I don't fear them, but neither do I trust them. They are the dastardly gangster-hoodlums of the deep.

My skin breaks out in goose pimples even now, when I recall the afternoon in the sea off the barrier reef of Mauroa that I was determined to spear a giant manta with my three-pronged spear. I had become so cocky with my

Continued on page 146

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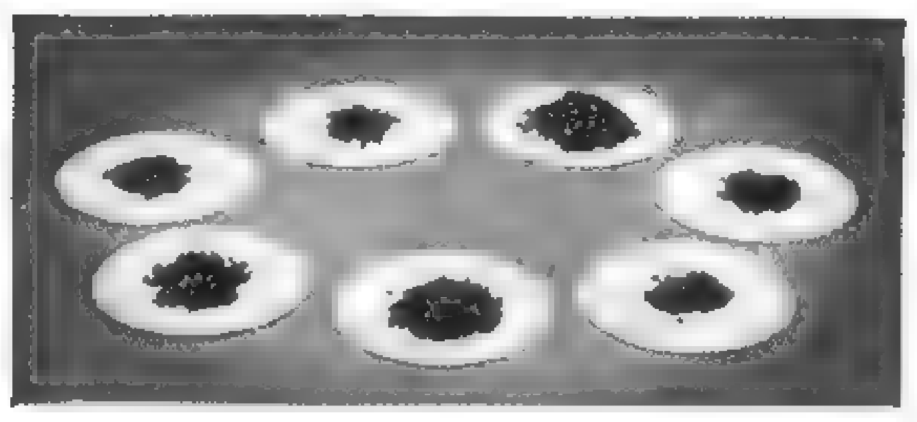

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Frantic Fishing in Tuamotu

Continued from pages 81-143-145

fish spearing by this time that I was ready to try my hand at harpooning killer whales. We had been scouting the sea for *honus* (green, edible hawks-bill turtles) in the outrigger canoe, and were paddling back toward the reef-pass, when I saw the two mantas. It was a sight which has not since been equaled. Two hundred feet from our canoe, two gigantic mantas (*manta birostris*) were frolicking about in an area of the sea more than two hundred feet in circumference. Around and around they swam, occasionally turning completely over on their backs with loud splashes. Their antics made the water boil in a wide radius.

They were indulging in a common practice of mantas, ridding their flippers of sea-lice which tickled and irritated them. They were thirty feet broad and twenty-five feet from maw to the tip of their whip-like, spiked tail. Creamy-white, with black stripes across their body and "wings," the mantas presented an awesome spectacle.

"I'm going to get a crack at one of them!" I yelled to Amo, who was paddling in the stern. I quickly selected a stout, wooden-shafted spear, saw that the coconut rope attached to it was free from snagging, and then stood up in the canoe, biding my time until one of the devilfish came closer. Suddenly, there was a strong impact of a paddle against my rump, and I fell forward across the boom that bridged the gunwales of the outrigger canoe.

"Willie, in sight of the true God and in Christian faith, I give you big bang on head, if you no sit down!" Amo whispered hoarsely at me. He plied his paddle strongly to put distance between the canoe and the giant mantas.

Later, on the beach, while dragging the outrigger canoe up under the coco palms, Amo told me of the treacherous deeds of the great mantas, rivaling the ferocity of any marine monsters, and then I appreciated why he had given me a push with his paddle. The natives of the Dangerous Isles will not attack a giant manta unless in a large sailing canoe, or schooner's long boat. Mantas have been known, when harpooned or speared, to sink an outrigger by charging it, rising like a bird slightly from the surface, and, with its forepart, envelop the outrigger log, dumping the occupants into the sea. Then, catching a native under its body and strong flippers, sink to the floor of the lagoon and remain there until the hapless victim is drowned.

Early one morning, I swam below the surface of Mauroa's lagoon into a school of what I presumed were small red tropical bass. Instantly, I felt countless burning stings on my limbs, arms and chest. Glancing in amazement at my arms, I saw that they were oozing blood in many places. Instantly I realized my predicament. All about me were darting, rushing cannibal fishes, with gulping mouths, needle-like teeth flashing. I had blundered into a shoal of now almost extinct voracious fishes! I shot swiftly for the surface and scrambled into my canoe. My body in places was covered with deep bites which were now bleeding profusely. I was fortunate, however, for had I dropped down into a larger school it might have been disastrous.

Spearing octopuses underwater was a decidedly loathsome undertaking. I shall never forget the time I came upon a small one ensconced in a coral crevice at the bottom of a submerged ledge, and imprudently launched my spear into the grey, writhing bulk. I made a perfect hit, but, as the octopus is a boneless, soft mollusk, I was seized with acute revulsion a moment later, when this gorgon of marine life began crawling in convulsive spasms down my spearpoint and along my shaft, enlarging the hole pierced through its revolting body, and plastered its hideous, sucking tentacles around my arms, neck and chest. Luckily for me, it was not a heavy octopus. I floundered desperately for the surface, blinded by the sepia it was discharging and shivering from its awful embrace. Amo, from the outrigger canoe, reached down and peeled the damnable creature from my shoulders. But for many days thereafter I carried the red kisses of the little demon's tentacles on my arms, chest and neck.

Exploring underwater coral caverns was a dangerous, though fascinating pastime. One afternoon, I found a ship's bell, encrusted with coral growths and barnacles, and when I had scraped it clean of its coral crust and sea-water tarnish, I found on it the name of a large trading schooner that had been wrecked on the coral reefs of Mauroa during the devastating hurricane of 1906. The schooner's bell, no doubt, had been dragged into the cave by an octopus. In another huge cavity of a coral ledge underwater, I found some human bones, telltale signs of a native's unfortunate and fatal meeting with a killer monster. Then I'll never forget the morning I peered into a semi-darkened cave twenty feet below the surface and saw two large octopuses entwined on the bottom. A long tentacle snaked out viciously for me, and I shot, as if catapulted from a cannon, to the surface.

I was to receive an even more excruciating shock than my close combat with these giant octopuses, when the trading schooner finally stopped at the atoll for me. The first letter I opened, of the fat bundle the skipper had brought me from Papeete, Tahiti, informed me crisply that, while I had been blithely chasing marine monsters under the lagoon of Mauroa, my insurance policy had lapsed! #

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On the Day of Days

Continued from page 67

and sandwiches—corned beef, salami, tongue, pastrami—extended friendly invitation. Men and women milled around the table.

"Eat! Drink! Be happy, my friends," cried Sidney's father. "Such a day as this we will never see again. More! Take more! Plenty more where it came from. Take even more than you want. Take home for the children. Everybody should be happy on such a day!"

And his friends responded with good cheer and a mighty will, until there was not an unflushed cheek in the room, nor a quiet voice, nor an eye that had not been wet with tears of happiness.

They pressed around Sidney. They shook his hands, pounded his back. The women stroked his head. They kissed him on both cheeks. They patted him. They laughed and shouted good wishes at him.

"Noo, *boychik*," they cried out. "How does it feel to be full-fledged? Complete? A finished product? How does it feel to be at last a regular doctor?"

"How does it feel to be finished with the years of slavery? Pretty good, eh, *boychikel?* Pretty good, I bet!"

Sidney's moustache quivered with pleasure as his mouth spread into a wider and wider happy grin.

"A first-class A number one doctor! Hahahaha! Don't I remember him when he was in his diapers? Didn't I hold him on my lap when he wet me? Don't I remember him when his pants was always falling down?"

They shrieked with laughter.

"Don't I remember him when he was as big as a grasshopper?"

Flushed faces, sparkling eyes, the air thick with happiness and good will.

"No more slavery, eh, *boychik?* From now on the life of Riley!"

"Who ever heard a doctor lives the life of Riley? A doctor gets up in the middle of the night. A doctor . . ."

"Noo. For what is a doctor? To help humanity, no? So what is it if he gets up in the middle of the night to help humanity?"

"A specialist, Sidney. A specialist you got to be. Today, everybody is a specialist. Then you lead the life of O'Riley."

"Riley, not O'Riley."

"So let be Riley."

"So when he was in diapers who would think he would be standing here today a full-fledged, A number one doctor, complete?"

Sam Aaronberg slapped Sidney's father on the back. "Noo, you old rooster, my friend! So crow! So let me hear you crow like an old rooster on a day like this."

"Ah, Sam," cried Sidney's father, drunk with happiness, "I will crow on this day. I will crow so loud that they will hear it in Brooklyn. I will crow so loud the roosters in the Catskill Mountains will think the sun is coming up and they have overslept. Listen to me crow." He bent his head back, opened his mouth, and crowed.

Everybody was doubled up with laughter.

"I should live to see Benjamin Berenstern *shikker!*" howled old Sarah Ginsberg. "That I should live to see him drunk with mine own eyes! Oh! Oh! . . ." She pressed her dry hands to her breasts and howled with delight.

Sidney's mother was pressing through the crowd with a tray, urging food and drink on the people. "Here, take. Be healthy. Take more. Take, it's good for you. Eat. Drink. It's a day for joy."

Sam Aaronberg put his arm around Sidney's father. "Noo, the way you crow, Benny, it does my heart good to hear you. It is music to my ears." He nodded reflectively, and sighed deeply. "Who would think, eh? Who would think when we came over on the boat forty-three years ago that we would be standing here in this fine office with all our friends around us, and the laughing and eating and drinking, and a doctor for a son! Who would think, hah?"

"It's a long time, Sam," nodded Sidney's father. "God has been good to me."

"A son like Sidney is pure gold," said Sam. "Of the purest A number one gold!" His arm tightened around his friend's shoulder. "Would they believe it in Russia? Ha? Would they believe it that little Benny Berenstern, the son of the village tailor Chaim Berenstern now has a son who is a doctor, a M.D.?" He grinned with delight. "They wouldn't believe it. They would say it is impossible. They would say: '*A doctor?!* Go, go! Joke with somebody else, don't bang tea kettles in my head!'"

"Yes," said Sidney's father. "America is a great country. We didn't find gold in the streets, and we worked in the sweat shops, but in America a man can stand in his son's office on a day like today. Yes. It is worth everything."

He paused for a moment, coughing. Then he said, eagerly. "Look, Sam . . . You saw the diploma? You saw where it says Sidney's name, and 'doctor of medicine'?"

"So what do you think I was looking for right away the first minute I came in?" smiled Sam.

"Beautiful, hah? It's a beautiful thing, no, Sam?"

"Beautiful like a sunset. More beautiful even. Beautiful like Kol Nidre. More beautiful than the

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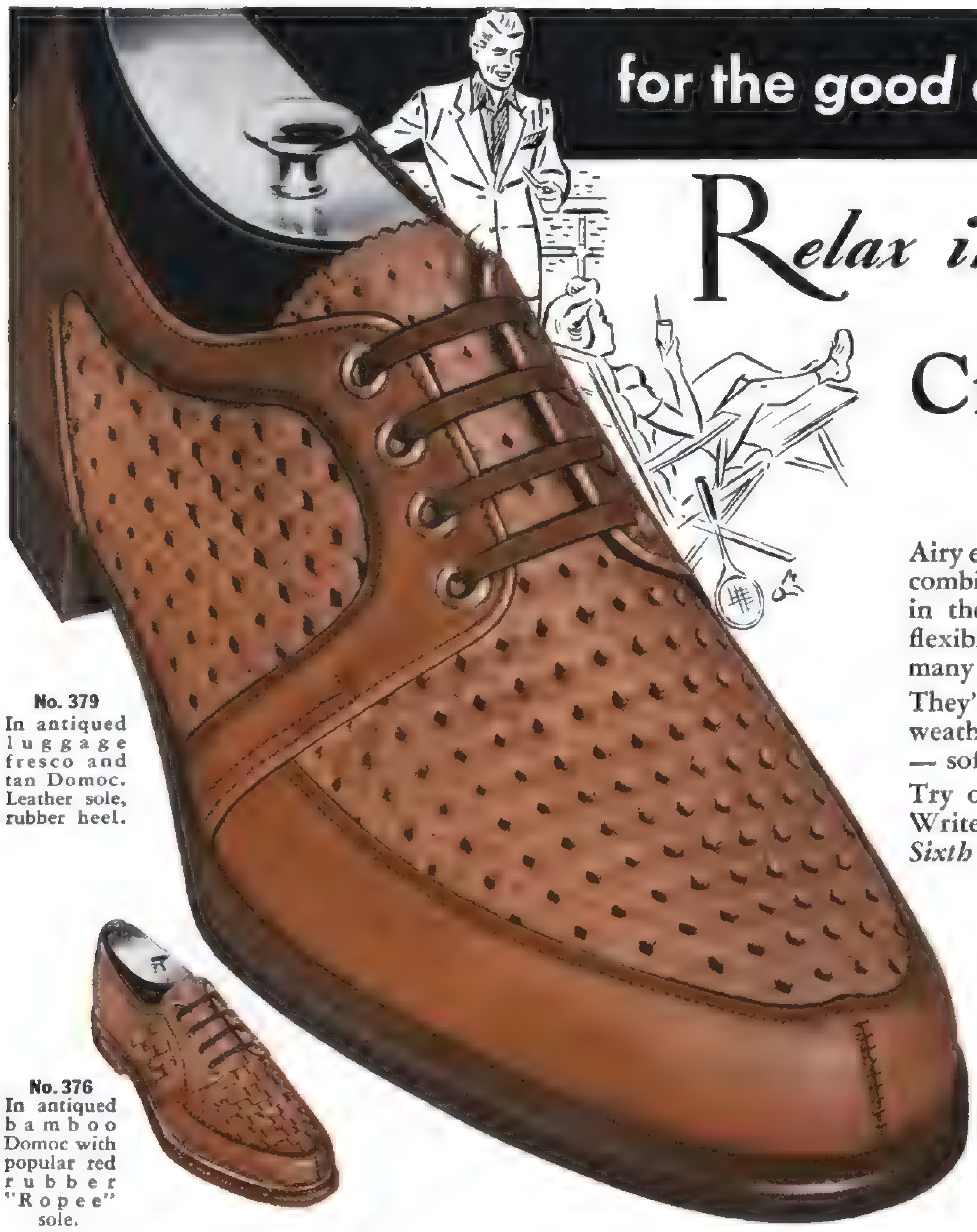

No. 379 In antiqued luggage fresco and tan Domoc. Leather sole, rubber heel.

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most beautiful painting. Even a Rembrandt, he never made something more beautiful."

Sam patted his friend's hand.

"When I looked on it when I came in it was so beautiful to me that I couldn't help crying. See? My handkerchief is all wet. Just like a baby."

"It's all hand-written," boasted Sidney's father. "See? Not just printed like a ordinary, common diploma from college. Special made on genuwine sheepskin! You see it's not paper, Sam? You see it's sheepskin?"

"On plain paper they should print such a thing?!" ejaculated Sam. "Pure gold would not be too good. Genuwine sheepskin! Noo, sure. It's taken for granted."

"Sam," sighed Sidney's father, "I'm telling you I never in mine whole life saw something more beautiful than this diploma, believe me."

"So don't I know?" said Sam softly, his eyes misty with tears.

Bella came up to them, glowing, her eyes two hot sparks beneath the dark brows, her skin moist with perspiration. "Noo," she laughed. "Take something. Some *schnapps.* A senvich. Take. It's good."

"Take," beamed Sam, pushing the tray at Sidney's father. "Eat! Drink! Who's got a better right on such a day!"

Suddenly Bella's eyes filled with tears.

Benny Berenstern looked at her tenderly. "Noo," he said gently. "What's to cry? What's to have tears for on such a day?"

"Who's crying?" said his wife, quickly drying the tears. "I got it something in my eye, that's all."

"It's all right," shouted Sam, gulping a glass of the fiery *schnapps.* "Cry. Cry all you want. When the heart is squeezed with happiness it is right you should cry! Such tears are sweet like honey! Sugar tears! God's tears. So cry."

The tears flowed freely from her eyes, and this time she made no attempt to stem them. She stood there quietly, the laden tray in her hands, unashamedly crying, a smile of happiness on her lips.

"What you went through," nodded Sam thoughtfully. "What you both went through before you could stand here on this day . . . Who in the whole world has a better right to cry?"

The first few weeks went quickly. Sidney had only three unimportant calls, but he expected things to be slow in the beginning. The novelty of coming into his office made each day an adventure for him. He would leave the dark, small apartment where the Berensterns had lived for twenty years, and his heart would beat fast as he walked the four blocks to his office. He would stand on the corner, breathing deeply, squaring his shoulders, assuming a stance of dignity, and then walk austerely to the yellow-brick tenement, his eyes flashing as they jumped to the neat little sign: Sidney Berenstern, M.D.

He spent his time arranging and rearranging his books, polishing his instruments, reading the medical journals. He would sit at his desk, humming a tune, a grave look on his face, and make careful notes of the reports in the journals. He felt very serious and responsible. He remembered the Dean saying: "Your work is just beginning now. Medical knowledge isn't stopping just because you've got your degrees. Keep studying. Otherwise you'll be hopelessly outdated in a few years . . ."

After six weeks the novelty began to wear off. Sidney's heart no longer skipped a beat when, coming up the street, he caught sight of the sign: Sidney Berenstern, M.D. He no longer checked over his instruments each morning. He read the journals with less and less attention, no longer taking notes. More and more he found himself wandering to the window, looking out for long minutes at a time, as if by the very intensity of his gaze he might bring someone in.

Christ! If only someone would come in! Anyone! Just to take out a splinter, even! Free of charge, even. God! Sitting here day after day after day and the door never opening.

The telephone would ring. His body would tense, his heart start pounding. At last! At last! Thank God!

Exerting all his will to control his voice he would answer, in a dignified tone, "Dr. Berenstern's office."

And then his excitement would collapse, his body sag, his voice sink into a dull monotone.

"Yes, momma. Everything's all right. No. Nobody yet today . . . Of course I'm sure. I didn't leave the office for a minute!"

Then he would force the note of annoyance out of his voice, and make it gentle and confident, try to get a smile into it, as if he were feeling swell. "Well, what do you expect, darling? Sure, it's slow at first . . . What's six weeks? You'll see. Soon it will start, and then I'll be so busy I won't have time to breathe."

His mother would step out of the phone booth in the candy store, pain in her eyes, but a bright smile on her face. "I was just talking with mine son, the doctor." The people in the store would look at her with respect. "Mine, mine, he is so busy in his office. Tsk. Tsk. He don't know what to do. Must be he's a good doctor, hah? You know mine son, the doctor? . . . his office is around the corner on 169th Street." She would shake her head from side to side. "He's so busy! But sometime if you maybe need a doctor, go see him. Tell him his momma told you. For his momma's friends he's always got it time . . ."

At the end of two months Sidney had given up reading the journals. Every now and then he tried, urged by a pang of conscience. But his dull eyes refused to accept the words: his tired mind, every day sinking lower into hopelessness, refused to understand. So he would sit, motionless at the window, his head framed between the

Continued on page 150

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On the Day of Days

Continued from pages 67-149

curtains, above the panel which bore his name, watching the kids play on the street, watching the housewives walk slowly back and forth to and from their shopping, watching the mothers rock the baby carriages.

He would watch the automobiles pass, and suddenly find himself hoping that an automobile would strike someone, hit someone hard so that he could rush out, break through the anguished crowd, crying, "Here! I'm a doctor! I'm a doctor! I'll take care of this!"

And maybe, O, Jesus, maybe that would start things going.

Then he would shudder, and wipe his hot forehead with the back of his hand, as if to erase the terrible thought.

When the telephone rang during these days he felt no leap of excitement. He went to it slowly, lifted the receiver deliberately, and said at once;

"Hello, momma."

On a Monday afternoon two and a half months after the shingle had gone into the window, Sidney was watching the boys of the block playing stickball against the Freeman Street team. He heard the clear, high sound of their excited voices. He watched them as they exhorted their teammates, cursed their opponents, jumped up and down in their passion. He watched them as they scrambled aside at the last moment when a car drove down the street, shouting mockeries at the driver, and then flowed back into the street, back to their positions, and took up the game as if nothing had happened.

A tall, thin boy held the long, narrow stick in his hands. He held his tongue between his teeth, his lips parted; squinting his eyes at the pitcher; swinging the sawed-off broomstick from his shoulder in short, tentative jerks, his breath coming in quick gasps. From all sides came cheers of encouragement and answering razzberries.

"Kill it, Slim!"

"Knock it to Bronx Park!"

"Pooh! Couldn't hit the side of a barn!"

"Yah! Yah! Yah!"

There was a man on second. The Freeman Street team had a one-run lead.

"C'mon Slim! Even the score! A hit means a run!"

"Sock that pill, boyoboyoboy!"

"Yah! Yah! Yah!"

The pitcher eyed Slim malignantly, deliberately. He pressed his lips tightly together, drew back his arm, and threw the ball. It came in low and bounced to one side.

"Straighten it out! Take the coive off!"

"Wait 'im out, Slim! Wait 'im out!"

"'Atsa ole eye, kid. 'At's sizin' 'em up!"

Up the block, in front of the grocery store, little Herby Schwartz was playing outfielder. His legs were spread wide apart. His knees were bent. His fingers grasped his thighs nervously as he leaned forward tensely, in a half crouch, flexed on his toes, ready to spring forward or back or to either side at the crack of the stick. He seemed oblivious to everything but the threat of the batter. His eyes were glued on the ball as it passed back and forth, from the pitcher to the catcher, past the thin stick that refused to swing at it.

Then suddenly Slim shifted his body. The ball was bouncing up at him. He twisted far around, and then seemed to uncoil, the stick whizzing around in an explosive arc.

The ball zoomed up, higher and higher, until it was a tiny speck against the blue sky.

"Yours, Herby! Yours!" shrieked electric voices. "Get it! Get back! Get under it!"

Herby was racing up the street, head twisted around and upward, his eyes glued to the speck, coming down now, growing larger and larger.

"Yow! Yeeeeah! Get it, Herby! Get it! Get it! Get it!"

Then suddenly the voices shrilled up, clanging with panic.

Sidney, at the window, stiffened, half-rose, hands clutching the windowsill tightly.

Shouts were filled with hysteria. "Look out!" Screaming: "Herby! Watch it! Watch out!" A high wail, like a strained siren; and a desperate, explosive shout: "Herby!"

Sidney dashed out, grabbing his black bag. He pounded up the street toward the open cellar door.

He pushed his way through the terror-stricken crowd, through the thick cluster of pale kids, and the wide-eyed, panting women.

Mr. Pinto, the owner of the vegetable store was standing at the edge of the cellar opening, trembling and frightened. The excited sound of the crowd, brittle voices rasping with anxiety and fast-beating hearts surged in mounting waves of shifting noise.

Sidney had to shout.

"Wait! Wait! Don't touch him! I'm a doctor! I'm a doctor!"

"A doctor! A doctor!" The crowd took up the cry as a thankful prayer. "A doctor!"

"Oy, God bless him!"

"May he live a thousand years! A doctor!"

"Thank God. Thank God."

And piercing voices. "Who is it? Tell me! It's mine Abie? Tell me! It's mine Abie?" Hysteria sprang like flashes of lightning through the crowd.

"Who is it? In the name of God, who is it?"

"Oy, *Gott in Himmel*, my Izzy! It's my Izzy!" Izzy's mother fainted, and her body fell heavily beside Izzy who was frantically shouting: "Jesus, it ain't me! Jesus, can't ya see it ain't me! My gosh! My gosh!"

Later, in the quiet of his office, Sidney held the dirty little hand

Continued on page 152

#5 of a series on the Readers of Esquire

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The 88.7% (or 389,150) of you who carry life insurance average a face value of $13,700, which is *six billion* dollars altogether in life insurance.

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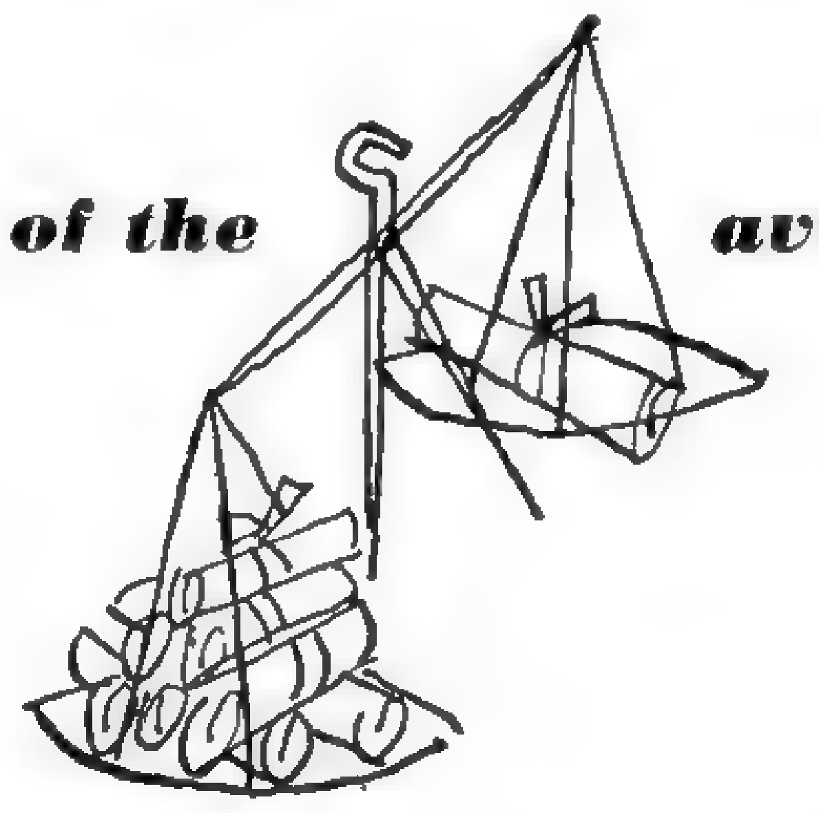

The Association of Life Presidents estimate that the face value of the average U.S. policy averages $1,718. If you are the average reader of Esquire, you carry $13,700.

256,500 of you plan to retire at an average age of 59.5 years

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You will be glad to know, club members of Esquire, that—if you are an average reader of this magazine—you're something of a bear-cat when it comes to saving and building an estate. Sure, you're open-handed with money for the good things of life. Primarily, of course, because you make much more than the next fellow. You're an anomaly—that's what you are. Because with you, unlike the common garden variety of pocket-burners, big-spend is not at all incompatible with big-save. Proof? Well, that recent independently tabulated study of all of you revealed that, in the 450,000 immediate Esquire homes, there are 389,150 Esquire policy holders, with their life policies averaging *8 times* the value of the average U.S. policy. Moreover, you readers average an ideal (to life companies) age of 34 years. And so far-sightedly prosperous are you that 92.5% (or 428,400) say you will be prospects later on both for more insurance and initial policies. Yes, you're the answer to an insurance man's prayer. If he's praying for action, not day-dreams.

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On the Day of Days

Continued from pages 67-149-150

of Herby Schwartz, and said to the boy's mother: "He'll be all right, Mrs. Schwartz. He'll be all right."

"Oy, doctor," sobbed the old lady, pushing a wisp of gray hair off her wrinkled forehead, "I don't know how to tenk you. I don't know how to tenk you enough!"

Her voice choked. She took Sidney's hands in hers and bent her face to kiss them.

He was embarrassed and ill at ease. He shifted uncomfortably, keeping his eyes on the bandaged head of the boy.

"God will bless you," the old lady cried. "For what you have done for me God will bless you. Your days will be fruitful, and wherever you are the Lord will make the sun shine for you."

Sidney sat there staring at the boy. Inside himself he felt a vast relief. This was his break. Now the dam was broken. They all knew about him now, and the word would spread like wildfire as the story passed from mouth to thirsty mouth. Soon the whole neighborhood would know about the new, young doctor, the one who fixed up Mrs. Schwartz's little boy, Herby.

"A doctor?" they would applaud. "I'm tellink you, good like gold! Oy, such a doctor, God bless him, he fixed up Herby good like new. And Johnny-on-the-spot, right there. Mine, mine. Just think where would little Herby be if he wasn't there, such a doctor, good like gold. Tsk. Tsk. It was a terrible thing. For such a doctor we got to show appreciation."

They'll come to see me now. They've got to come to me now. Sidney smiled, and a warm feeling spread through him. I can get on my feet now. This is the beginning. I can rub away the pain from momma's eyes now. Thank you, little Herby Schwartz.

But they didn't come. One or two, with minor complaints, entered his office, but most of the day there was nothing for him to do, and his telephone did not ring, and his door did not open.

Day after day after day, and the spark went out of him again.

He would sit at the window, his face an impassive mask, and his mind would slowly grind over the same stream of thoughts. The days of idleness had brought a pattern to his thinking, and his bitter resignation had robbed him of the energy to vary it. It was like a phonograph record, automatically played over and over again, and the listener too sullenly listless to step across the room to change it.

I was a slave all those years. The fight of college, with the hot breath of fear blowing into my eyes, the fear that my marks wouldn't be high enough. Higher than the others needed, the ones who weren't Jewish. Some schools won't take a Jew at all. None takes more than ten per cent. Joe Aryan can get in with an eighty average, but me, I need at least a ninety, and then it's a prayer. Sweet Jesus!

Sweet Jesus! those nights. Spring nights, fall nights, winter nights. With the air cutting into my gut making me want. Wanting to be out of the room, away from the books, walking with a girl, out touching a girl's hand, hearing her say something, watching her eyes. Hearing some music, maybe, or dancing. Feeling alive, belonging.

Me, I took out Hegner's Zoology. I held hands with the insides of a cat. I looked into the eyes of —a dogfish. When they were cheering in the football stadium I was calling out the formula for ethyl acetate. That's the only Ethel I ever had time to know.

Grind it out, boy, time for living later. This is Get-Ready time. Sleep with equations, boy, women come later. Hit the physics, hit the math, sock the quant, dig into that organic, hop a hunk of physical chemistry (the med schools like you to have it), love that comparative anatomy, love it boy like it was the sleekest blonde you ever saw (it's the guts of the whole works, love it, make it a part of you, put it in your heart, know it like you know your own name).

I didn't let myself say I was missing something. I just said I know what's important and what's not. My head's screwed on right. Let the others say: "What's the sense of spending your life getting ready to live and never getting around to living?" I called it jerk talk and passed it by. Now see what's passed by me.

Had to sock a homer. Too much depends on it not to. Mom and dad and a candy store on the corner and the way they slave in it. The word is slave, mister. That's a word's been used too much, lost its meaning. It means working in a candy store from seven o'clock one morning to one o'clock the next, seven days a week, on your feet trying to make it go. Penny profits.

We have a son, God bless him, we don't want him to have to go through what we went through. With God's help he'll be a doctor, maybe.

That will be a day of days.

So if in my guts I wanted to throw the books away and cry out and run into the world for my share, while I was young and needing it with all that bitterness, how could I do it? It wouldn't be right.

And that was only in college. When the glory hallelujah died down after I was admitted to med school I found that what I had been through was a picnic, a vacation, a song and dance. They had another axe over our heads. You had to get an interneship in a good hospital if you ever wanted to be anything. That meant maybe a hundred fellows fighting for one open spot. A good hypo to put the sting in a man.

Only twenty-four hours a day. Sweet Jesus, it can't be done! But it was done. Eat it. Sleep it. Dream it. Walk it. One animated med book. Daze of sponging up facts. Sponge 'em up. Soak 'em up.

But who, who is a machine that has a heart and a mind, and the desires of youth? The smell of formaldehyde is strong, but not strong enough to overcome the smell of a spring night. The cold, unyielding muscles of a stiff underneath a moist hot hand aren't the same as the feel of soft, maybe blonde hair under my fingers. Are they?

Well, hell, don't think about things like that, then. Four years of don't think about it, and then two years more in the hospital. Another glory hallelujah about getting in, and then the Grind again. Twenty-four-hour Duty—. Cigarette money once a month for a month's pay. But I am thankful for the chance, of course. Of course, we are all thankful. We will work to the bone for you, haha. Why should you pay us, after all? Who the hell are we, the internes? Who's handing out the breaks around here, you or us? You are, sure. Sure you are. Thank you.

Then the great day!

Day of days! Mister, make that shingle as big as Radio City. Mister, paint that up and let them see it. Paint it in gold and silver. Paint it in platinum. Set it with rubies and diamonds. Put the rainbow in it. You're painting dreams on that shingle, mister—dreams and hopes, repressions of centuries, yes, blood spilled, doors closed . . . put the stars and stripes on the shingle, mister, for the opening door at last.

Listen, I've got a father, name's Benjamin Berenstern. Could you maybe get his name on that shingle? I've got a mother, name's Bella Berenstern. Could you maybe get her name on that shingle, mister? There's a candy store where the pennies came from that are buying that shingle. Could you maybe sketch it in, background sort of, just to give credit where credit's due?

Put lights behind it, mister. Put lights in front of it, and all around it. Give it the best of a band when you put it up. Here I come! Get drums to boom, and bugles to blast me a march, and set banners to blow out in the wind for me.

At last my weary days are over. At last the sweat can be wiped away, the eyes relax their vigil, the blood run free. This is thaw. Crack the ice! Listen, set that ground in hard concrete, and spread roses over it. I'm putting my feet on the ground at last!

Jesus, the streets are beautiful. Look at the trees and breathe that air. Even the tenements are beautiful.

Four and four are eight and two is ten. What a jail sentence that was, boy! But now stretch, yawn, relax, grin.

Get me a haircut, get me a shave. Put on that new blue suit. Polish up those shoes. Make 'em shine. Fresh white shirt and crisp blue tie. Dress me up, boy, 'cause this is the day I make my debut!

Rehearsed plenty long . . . O, God, long enough in anybody's language. Ready with that curtain now! Ready with that curtain? Light the stage! Let the floodlights pour on it like the World's Fair at night!

Boom! Lift it! Here she blows—opening day! Take it away!

The telephone rang. Sidney turned slowly from where he was sitting at the window, and looked at it with cold, empty eyes. He got up and went over to it. He touched the cold receiver. He lifted it and put it to his ear. He brought the mouthpiece to his lips.

"Hello, momma."

"This ain't momma," complained an angry male voice. "And I'm calling you on the telephone so you can't see me coming up the street and make believe you ain't in when I come for the rent!"

"Now, Mr. . . ."

"Never mind!" interrupted the thick voice, anxiously. "No soft soap this time! No sir. Final! You hear me? This is final! I'm telling you now once and for all I get my rent tomorrow or you go out on the street, doctor or no doctor, if I have to go personally to court and bring the sheriff back with me myself! Final!" There was a click and the instrument was silent.

Sidney went back to the window. He sat down quietly, carefully placed his elbows on the window sill, rested his face in his hands, and looked out on the street.

And there were so many other things to learn that I never had a chance to find out about. God, how right they were. All I know . . . a few things about medicine. I was wasting everything, I was so busy getting ready for it, now I'll never have a chance to live. What do I know about music, art, how many books have I read? Not one book in all those years. To appreciate such things, and have a home, a wife, kids, and these things, that's human, that's what a man should have and that would be good, a good and holy life that a man would be satisfied to live.

Can I? How can I? Twenty-eight years old already, and just starting. Wet behind the ears. In diapers.

Rent money. Rent money. There *isn't* any rent money! Then out we go. Then out we go. London bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down, London bridge is falling down, and out . . . we . . . go.

Sidney turned and stared at the telephone.

His eyes glared at the instrument hypnotically. In his head a chant was growing. "It's got to ring. It's got to ring. It's got to, got to, got to ring."

Over and over the words tumbled in his mind. His body grew tense, his fingers twisted into white fists, he bent forward toward the telephone, breathing faster, taut with the pressure of his will.

"It's got to ring. It's got to ring. It's got to, got to, *got* to ring!"

But the telephone did not ring. ⌗

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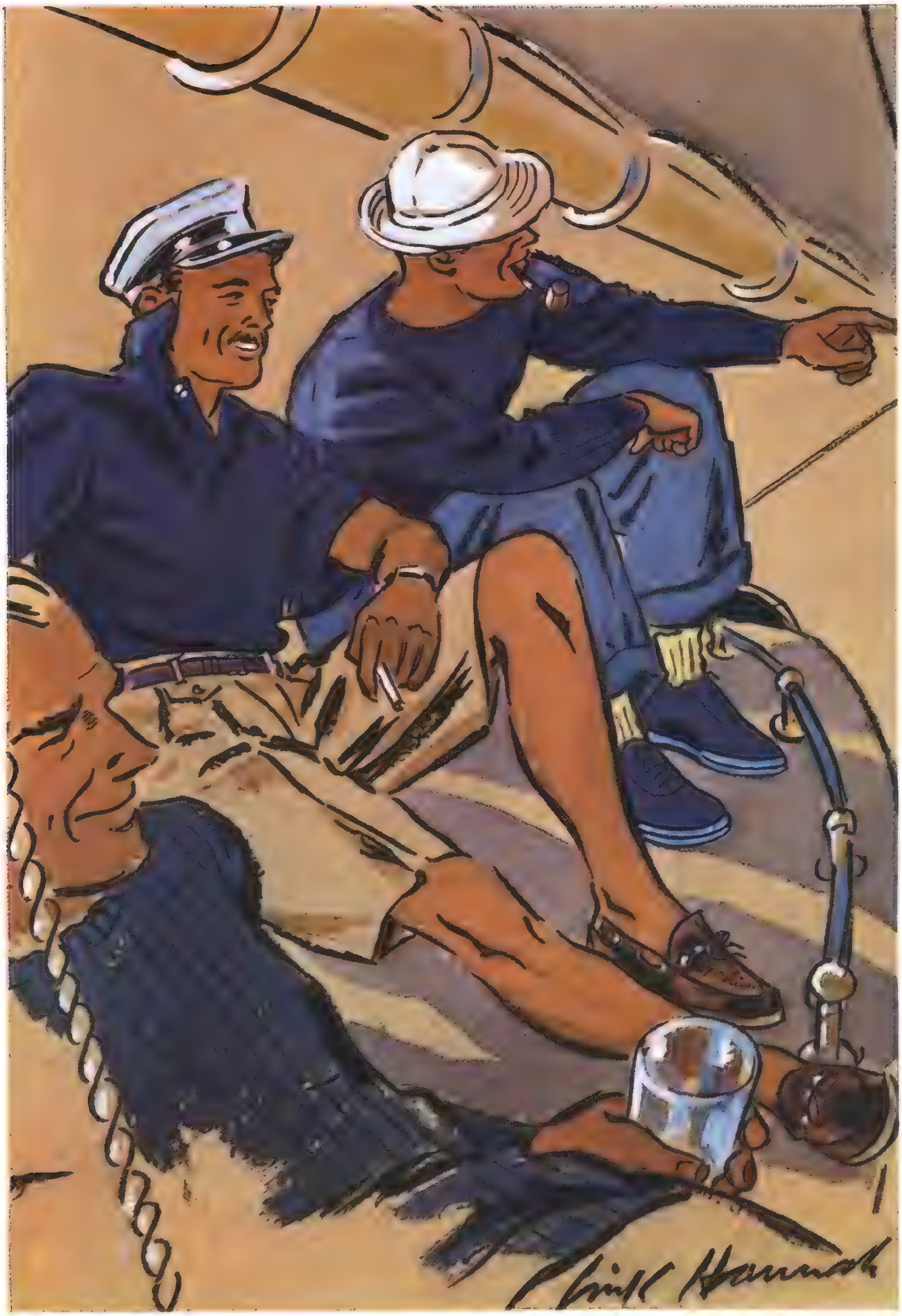

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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

WE, THE PRODUCERS BACKSTAGE WITH HEATTER

From a behind-the-scenes point of view, Gabriel Heatter's "We, The People" is undoubtedly one of radio's most unusual, nerve wracking and interesting programs.

It's the type of program where people write in from all over the country and are brought to New York to face the microphone with all expenses paid by the program sponsor. And that involves a lot of travel, not all of it of the usual kind. One man came all the way from Texas on roller skates and another man, past sixty years of age, drove his car—vintage 1903—400 miles to New York. A particularly odd guest was a recent auto salesman who asked if his script could be printed in red. "You see, I'm color blind," he explained. "I read green best and red appears to be green to me, and that's why I would like the script written in red."

Over a thousand letters come into the program producer each week and from these a staff selects six or seven guests who will be interviewed on the air, after a nationwide field staff of researchers checks the facts of the story. Gabriel Heatter's cohorts then have to telephone the selected guests long distance to make sure that their voices will be understandable over the air. Because of this, Heatter is one of the telephone company's best customers with a bill running between four and five hundred dollars a month. Backstage activity shifts to high speed when the guests arrive in New York and are subjected to an intensive two-day rehearsal. Our natural, every day speech is so careless, that Heatter estimates for his guests who have never seen a microphone, it usually requires six hours of individual rehearsal to read a two-page script creditably. These guests are given leisure time too, and they frequently start meandering around town. Some of them have had the producers of the radio show wild-eyed, showing up about a split second before the broadcast goes out over the air. One man got lost around Wall Street one evening and had to hire a Western Union boy to steer him back to the broadcast studio.

Heatter won't soon forget the truck driver that appeared on the program several weeks back. The script was a humorous one and most of the lines depended on the truck driver sounding just like a truck driver and talking typical New Yorkese. The first day or two of rehearsal he was terrific, but the night before the program he got inspired and went to an elocution teacher. By the time he got on the air he sounded less like a truck driver than Ronald Colman. Another recent crisis in "We, The People's" unusual career occurred when a 119-year-old colored woman appeared on the program. Completely illiterate, she finally succeeded in memorizing her script after patient coaching. During the actual broadcast, however, she fell sound asleep and when the time came for her interview and they woke her up, she had completely forgotten what she had to say and the resultant interview was one of the most garbled in the history of radio.

Not only do illiterates occasionally arrive for the program, presenting as it does a wide cross-section of people, but Heatter has even occasionally had to buy eye glasses for a guest. Another time recently a man stood at the microphone and read his script with all the clarity of a muffled meat chopper. No one could discover the trouble until Heatter finally hit upon the solution, took the man out and bought him a set of badly needed false teeth.

Heatter maintains a large staff to conduct the program because he can never tell when an emergency is going to arise. There was the night that Jim Thorpe, the great Indian athlete, didn't show up by air time. Immediately the staff was dispersed to all Times Square movie houses screaming "Is Jim Thorpe in the house." He was finally located in a neighborhood movie and rushed to the playhouse. He made the final two minutes of the program.

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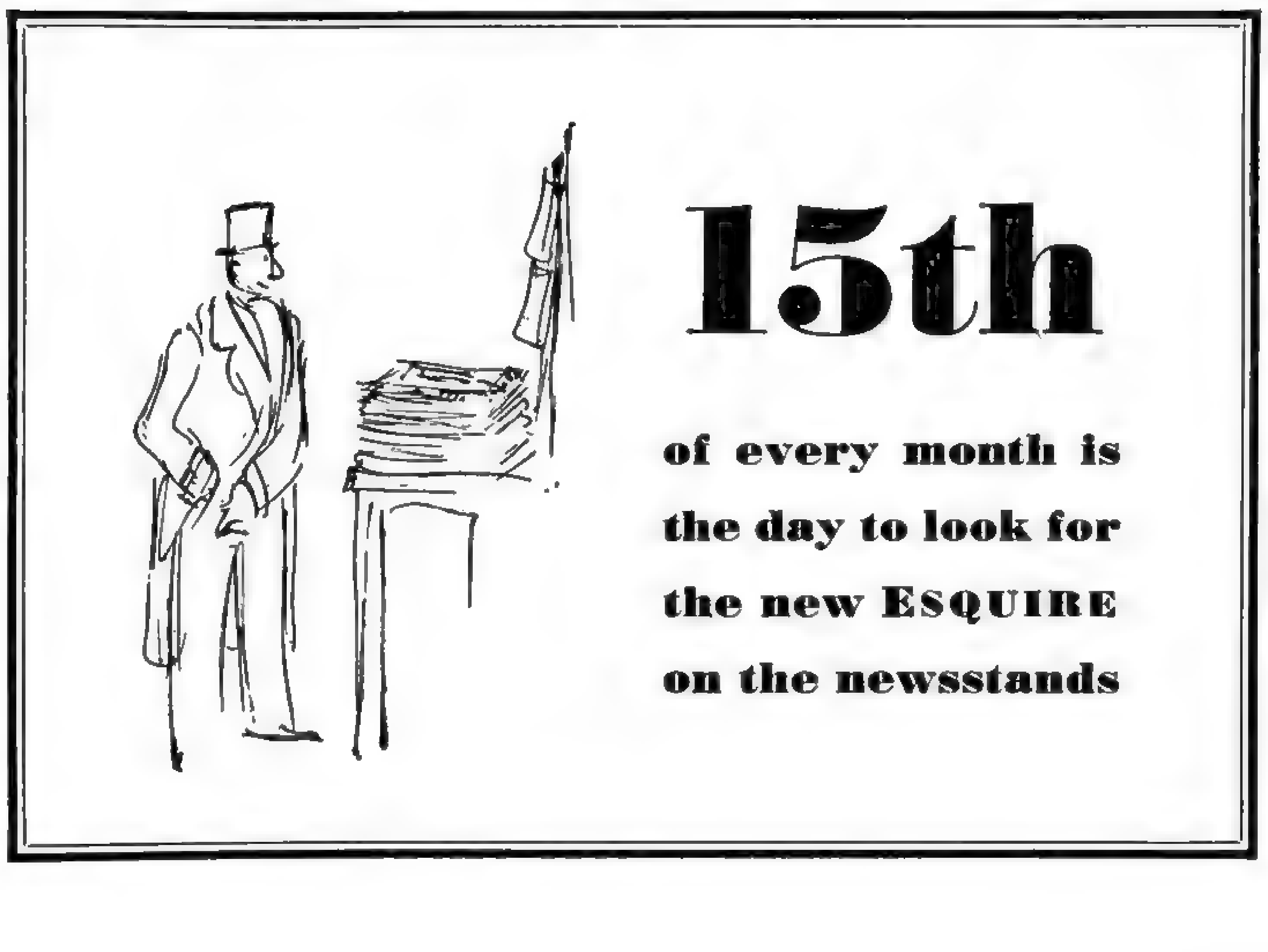

15th

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Who's Running Away?

Continued from page 92

the movies and the radio which please the masses, haven't done much of this sort of suspense, except when the radio does a Buck Rogers serial. The typical daytime serial of radio, the fifteen minutes in which a plot moves forward a fraction of an inch, rarely places its people in desperate situations. Will Emma discover that Wilfred is an impostor (or, conversely, her long-lost husband) in time, or will she not? Listen to tomorrow's installment . . . Will Lancelot seduce Guinevere (I'm only kidding), will Johnnie get the money to go to college, will the nurse poison the doctor's mind against his wife . . . Make them up for yourself; better still, listen an afternoon, critically, to discover the tricks of the trade, the professional skill which puts them over.

By these serials, critics say, millions of women escape from their world into a world of unreality; that's the usual explanation.

But the world in which men flee from OGPUS and Gestapos is far more unreal to me than the world of the doctor's wife is to the listening farmer's wife. (If the Aldrich family is unreal, what has become of boys in this world?) The emotions of the serial's character are fancied up a lot and sentiment spills over and trivial things are inflated into matters of life and death, and each fifteen minutes gets you out of a crisis and back into it—but in the end, the people and the situations correspond to the common experiences of life much in the same manner as a shadow or a reflection in water corresponds to the object.

In the trade, especially in the branch which investigates “listening habits,” the process of following these serials is called “going through the wringer.” There are, as you know, about a score of these serials an afternoon, if you count all the networks and the local stations which may create new serials or repeat versions of the others. An ardent researcher couldn't believe that women would put themselves through the vicarious agonies of more than one or two of these a day; he discovered that they “went through the wringer” of despair and love and fear and all the other emotions, every fifteen minutes, turning from one to the next, selecting from station to station—and they weren't boasting. They knew the precise situation at the end of today's installment in each case—and what's more, they worried greatly over Betty and Wilfred and Junior.

These women were, in effect, escaping from their own trifling sorrows into greater sorrows still. It is true that we always have the strength to bear the misfortunes of our friends (French maxim), but this all-day, day-by-day suffering through the imagination is something new in the world. It is so new that I don't think the twenty-year-old “escape mechanism” will cover it.

(By way of professional dope, I can inform you that the writers of these serials call them “soap operas,” as a tribute to the sponsors of a vast number of them; they call the daily output not serials, but strips; and in stripland, they say, there is no god but Crossley. The Radio Writers Guild, a branch of the Authors' League, held a dinner and the price was “$1.25—or a reasonable facsimile.” The pay for serials varies. The method of writing is to establish a set of characters and a general idea of situations; then the actual writing is farmed out to any number of reasonably reliable workmen. One day I went into the control room of a studio, after a serial had gone off, and found a script. A line of stage directions read: “She is less angry than before. More so, if anything.”

I was completely baffled. Later I met the director who explained that in version one of the script she was less; in the final version she was more; and the typist had failed to copy correctly. Nevertheless, the ease with which a character changes from more to less, or vice versa, impressed me. Characters in more adventurous scripts will do anything if action leads to a good sound effect. The bigger folk in the business, however, take themselves very seriously. I have seen the headman of a childish adventure script cry for silence, pose as The Thinker, and come out of the silence with a great decision—to use the chirp of crickets, indicating summer night in the country.)

I put in a few of these comic aspects of the serial because it needs to be laughed at and it also needs to be seriously considered. A few highbrow women announcing a boycott isn't going to solve the problem; perhaps a good psychologist would be of more use here than anyone else. What is it, exactly, that offends the clubwomen; is it precisely the same thing that attracts the less critical?

Can a serial be written which will please everyone—or a reasonable facsimile?

I fancy that any student will start with the idea of escape. What are the housewives escaping from? And why? And to what should they escape, if not to these serials? The alternative I have suggested is the true literature of escape—the story of the fugitive from evil. It seems to me to be one of the most striking features of fiction today (another being the romantic historical novel which is probably more false, more escapist than any serial).

Perhaps no one will bother to say which form of illusion and entertainment is better; but we might find out whether they stem from the same source—and answer the same needs. ⧻

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WILSON BROTHERS
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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 104

enough to be listening in on this talk, here is the very simple recipe of oyster stew:

> Clean the oysters; strain and preserve the oyster liquor, and put oysters and liquor with butter, salt, pepper, and paprika into a saucepan, and simmer gently until the oysters curl up at the edges. Add some milk and rich cream, together with a few drops of Worcestershire sauce, and quickly bring it to the simmering point.

To wind up the fishy soups, I must speak of Bouillabaisse; however, a poet (I am sorry I don't know his name and can't give him credit) with culinary ambitions, or perhaps a chef with epic ambitions, did it much better before me, so I merely quote him:

> "This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is,
> A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
> Or hotch-potch of all sorts of fishes
> That Greenwich never could outdo;
> Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffern,
> Soles, onions, garlic, roach and dace;
> All these you eat at Terré's tavern
> In that one dish of Bouillabaisse."

This is not a very complete recipe, I suppose, on account of rhyme. For instance, the Marseillaise, who make the best Bouillabaisse, put in some sea weed; a bit of sand from the bottom of the Mediterranean is also said to improve the flavor. One thing is certain: after a plate of Bouillabaisse I can't eat anything else. It is filling, satisfying, and a healthy dish. In a New York midtown delicatessen you can order Bouillabaisse in cans or jars—or Sturgeon Soup, Lobster Bisque, and Terrapin Soup for that matter—because these good people have made up their minds to gratify every whim of capricious gourmets; they like to deal in out-of-the-way soups, but usually make them by special order.

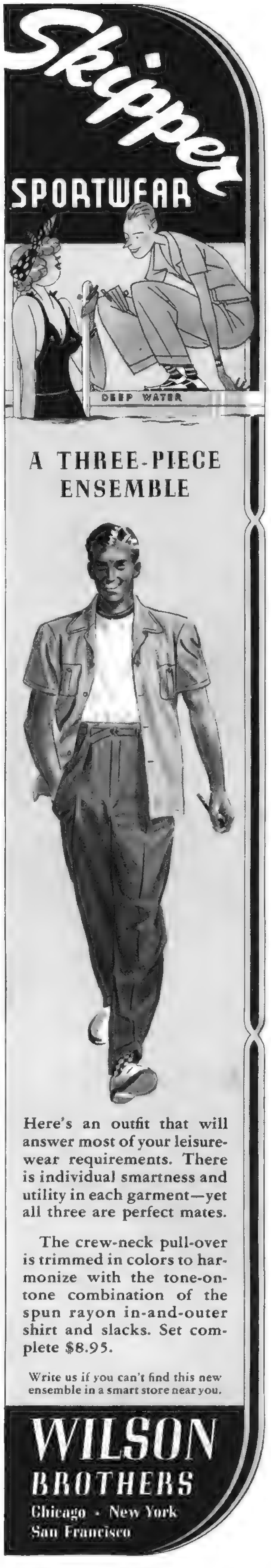
An out-of-the-way soup was Corba or Cherbah, an Oriental soup that I ate and greatly enjoyed in Bucharest. It had a piquant taste, and it was made of either fish or mutton, tomatoes, onions, pimientos, dried apricots, a sprig of mint, and lemon juice. But as I strain my memory, I seem to remember eating chicken-ragoût Corba soup once too. Chicken-giblet ragoût soup is a Sunday feature all over Central Europe; it is a sign of respectability in middle-class households, but the best is to be had in restaurants, where they need not be stingy with the gizzards, livers, hearts and necks that lend the delicate flavor to this soup. Many soups are better in restaurants than at home, the reason being that soup must be made in great quantities, often with the aid of stocks, with huge chunks of good meat and a whole botanical garden thrown in. Then you have to baby soup along, and get it eaten exactly at certain hours. For example, in the old Vienna you had to eat your soup at exactly twelve o'clock noon; if you came late, you were simply out of luck. Not that there wasn't any broth left in the caldrons. Probably there was. But the waiter just would not dare to serve you "stale" soup at one or two p. m. This Viennese soup was superb; you received a plate of lean beef with it (called "tellerfleisch") and if you looked closer and ate deeper, you also discovered some boiled chicken. There was a marrow bone on still another plate, with a still-life of steaming boiled vegetables around. You positively could not feel sorry for having had to sit down to lunch so early. Some sly fathers of families went to a restaurant at noon for just a plate of broth, for they knew that they could not get it so good at home, and their wives were apprehensive when they saw the men eat nothing but a goose drumstick, a bit of white meat, and a piece of cake or two. Paunches grew, spirits rose, and the fathers went to Marienbad or Carlsbad in the summer, to drink the water in the morning, and play cards in the afternoon, and to lay off eating and laughing for a while. The gay past is nothing but a legend today. . . .

The soup I have in mind and am talking about at such length is not a legend, however. It still exists. It has only moved away to a healthier climate. There is a Mrs. Nagy in New York—Frances to me—who alone can duplicate the famous Vienna broth. Mrs. Nagy cooks in a back kitchen, all day and all night; I have never seen her sitting down or not cooking. A small room she has in front (East 79th Street, near First Avenue) is packed every night to capacity. I am indebted to the old lady (she might beat me up with the spatula for this remark the next time she sees me) for the following recipe of her famous "Rindsuppe":

> Soak some short ribs for one hour in cold water. Then boil them in water. When it comes to a boil, skim the foam from the top, and put in some marrow bones. Add some salt and a whole fat hen. Also whole black peppers, carrots, parsley, kohlrabi, celery, two potatoes. A half-hour before it is ready, put in a whole bunch of unchopped parsley. The meats take only two hours to cook; take them out, and put them aside, for the soup takes another hour. While it cooks during that extra hour, take the handsomest carrot out of the soup, chop it up terribly fine, and put it in a pan with a bit of chicken fat, adding a teaspoonful of sweet paprika; stir it, and do not burn it. Put this in the soup, boiling together for five minutes. Let the soup stand for ten minutes. Strain it through a napkin, then add noodles or croutons if you like, and serve with meat, bones, greens, on separate plates.

Before you start to spoon the soup, you have to eat the marrow out of the bones; it is supposed to be very healthy, and very manly too. The procedure is a little complicated. You have to place a piece of toast on a plate, and taking the bone in both hands, blow through one end nearest to your mouth, so the marrow will come out on your toast. Then smear it around a bit, evenly, with a knife, salt and pep-

Continued on page 159



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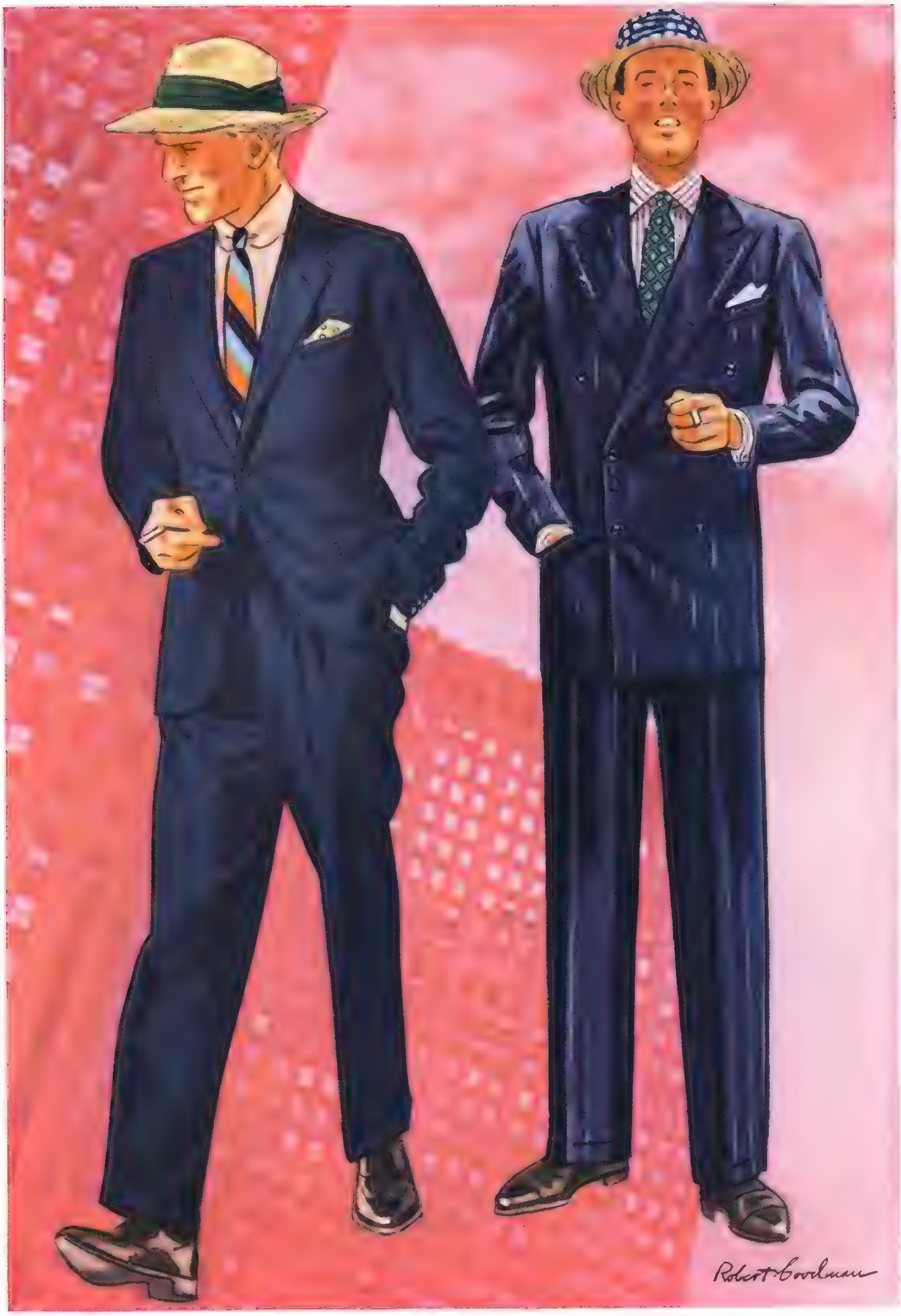

Elsewhere in this issue we take our artwork straight and our photography straight, but here we mix the drinks—with what seems to our untutored eye the usual deplorable results of such procedure. However, even though the art department may have nodded, the fashion staff is right on its toes and earnestly entreats you to incorporate these lightweight worsted fabrics in off shades of blue, or green, in your summer wardrobe. You can still wear white, but why subsidize the dry cleaner? Wear a porous, cool cotton shirt, a lightweight silk tie, native weave hat (if you fancy the sort of thing shown here) and lightweight shoes. And for heaven's sake, the fashion staff beseeches you, forget the vest; that's one layer of clothes you can shed in summer.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 104-157

per it, and eat it quickly before it has time to cool. The meat and the chicken have to be salted and peppered also; in Europe, where tomato ketchup is a delicacy, they use it only on these boiled meats, but most wisely they heat it up for the memorable occasion.

I don't say that Mrs. Nagy is the best *potagist* in the world, but she is as good as they come—although she isn't French. The best soups are made in France, where the whole kitchen, the very existence of the people, is based on soups; workmen labor in anticipation of their evening soup, and the rich often keep a separate soup cook, who enjoys special privileges, and terrorizes the entire household. In some parts of the country, soup is the main course, taken after the salad and the cheese, and there is no meat in it, mind you. This soup stands on its own merits, and outshines all other courses. The soup of the French countryfolk is the same almost every night: *Potage de Ménage*, made of vegetables, extraordinarily cleverly blended, and all of them passed through a sieve; then milk is added, butter, and pieces of bread. This latter is the only trouble; I like to add my own pieces of bread, and sometimes I don't want to add any. However, gastronomes who believe in variety as the spice of life may have *Purée Faubonne*, which is a lentil soup, *Purée Crécy*, which is made of carrots and rice, *Condé*, which has red beans, salt pork and claret in it, *Mongole*, of peas, carrots, tomatoes. Then there are Purée of Chestnuts *à la Jardinière*, Partridge *à la Gentilhomme*, *Potage à la Diplomate*, *Garbure*, *Velouté*, *Bonne Femme*, *Brunoise*, *Marie Louise*, *à la* Windsor, and hundreds of others. Perhaps onion soup is the most important for us to know, and here is its recipe:

Slice two large onions thinly, fry them lightly in butter, then put them into a saucepan with one and a half pints of water or milk, a bit of garlic and parsley finely chopped and boil for twenty minutes. Then pour into a tureen in which you have placed some slices of bread. Sprinkle with grated parmesan cheese. A very excellent but expensive version calls for a quart of dry champagne instead of water or milk, and twenty peeled almonds added.

There are plenty of restaurants today in food-conscious America where you can get very good onion soup. But there was a time, not so long ago, in the dark ages of prohibition, when onion soup was a rarity in this country, and people craving it often had to make a trip to the Restaurant *Chien Qui Fume*, over in the Les Halles section in Paris.

This famous market covered an entire *arondissement*, and catered very efficiently during the night to the big stomach of Paris. Restaurants opened at midnight. Or rather they were only bistros, never expanding in exterior decoration; the emphasis remained always on the food. The two most important dishes were onion soup and tripe, either *créole* or *à la mode de Caen*. The narrow streets resounded with orders; everyone and everything was alive; blue-smocked porters brushed shoulders with evening-clothed Americans, who were making a pilgrimage to the Mecca of *Soupe à l'oignon*, to the Smoking Dog Restaurant. The second best place for the much esteemed soup was the Capitol Restaurant, on Montmartre, underneath the *El Garron*, best nightclub of all times, from which once I was put out. It happened so many years ago that I feel free to admit it.

To change the subject, however, I like Minestrone, the Italian vegetable soup, especially if the large beans in it remain whole. I dislike *Mamaliga*, an Oriental soup of milk, with corn cakes floating in it, which you have to eat with a wooden spoon. It's healthy, but I don't like it. I don't like clam chowder, barley soup, or cups for soups; soup must be eaten out of a deep plate or a bowl. I like cold summer soups, because they are refreshing, and since summer is near, I insert two recipes for cold soups:

Cold Cherry Soup

(It also can be made with raspberries or strawberries.)

Pit the cherries, and put them in a pan with a little water to boil. When it begins to boil, add sugar and salt. Now put a tablespoonful of butter and a teaspoonful of flour in a different pan and stir this. Add a bit of cold water so that it won't become lumpy. Pour the concoction with the cherries. Add a pint of extra heavy (Sheffield) cream, granulated sugar according to taste, stir, and cool in icebox.

Orange Soup

Heat four cupfuls of strained orange juice; thicken this with three teaspoonfuls of arrowroot, first made into a smooth paste with cold water. Stir it all the time; cook until it clears up. Now add sugar according to taste, take it off the fire, and add a glassful of sherry. Serve it very cold.

I have tried to cover many items in a very large field. This is the canned-soup era, however, and, as I have mentioned before, soups can be perfect only if they are made in great quantities. The canned-soup people have their stock-pots boiling all the time, while stocks and large pots and patience are out of fashion today in private homes and private kitchens. There was a time when soup in cans was thought of like the horseless buggy. Today almost everyone eats canned soups, and not only in America, either. A few years back I remember that there was almost a revolution when London's Army and Navy stores announced a new shipment of American canned soups; but when we went there, there were only tomato, chicken and celery in the place, and customers wanted oxtail. In the native country of oxtail soup!

An infinite variety of canned soups is offered on the market to-

Continued at top of page 160

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Frederick Stock conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Six 12-inch records in Album. Set M-403, $11.00

LISZT—arr. BUSONI: Spanish Rhapsody

Dimitri Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Two 12-inch records in Album. Set X-163, $4.50

DEBUSSY: Pagodes (From "Estampes") L'Ile Joyeuse

Walter Gieseking, pianist. 12-inch record. 68941-D, $1.50

STRAVINSKY: Baiser de la Fee — Pas de Deux (Two Parts)

London Philharmonic Orchestra, Antal Dorati, conducting. 12-inch record. 69840-D, $1.50

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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 104-157-159

day; there are six different kinds of bean soup alone, and six different kinds of chicken. One manufacturer is famous for his chicken noodle soup; another's mushroom is a best seller because the mushrooms in it are not cooked away, but are crunchy and offer something to bite on. My favorites among canned soups are creamed oyster, fish chowder, creamed celery, asparagus and chicken noodle. But my best beloved is purée of black bean soup, in which I put red wine instead of sherry as is advised on the label; this is not merely because I can't keep sherry at home for long and for well-known reasons; but because I like to be rebellious on principle. For there are three types of men when it comes to canned soups: one just opens the can, heats the soup up, and gets it out of the way as quickly as possible. The second reads carefully the instructions on the label, and carries them out vigilantly. The third type reads the message, opens the can, and goes to town on the stuff forgetting all about the directions. Didn't I start out by saying that originality is more important in life than accuracy? #

Esquire on the Record

Continued from page 86

and they were performed first—since Haydn's time—in New York, February 26th, 1939. No more valuable addition to 18th century concert repertoire has been made in this century. The performance by Fritz Stiedry is sincere, wholesome and forthright—and, apart from a few coughs from the horns, suggests the essential Haydn.

Mozart: Symphony No. 5, in G Major (K550). Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphonies. Victor 631. To many, this is the most searching and compelling and symphonic expression of music's purest genius and Toscanini may be expected to give it a definitive reading, if you overlook his haste in the middle movement, the dryness and lack of sonorous tonal beauty. It is not difficult to be persuaded by this album. The orchestra responds to a man. Mr. Toscanini is his masterful self. The recording convinces you that you are seated—unfortunately—in NBC Studio H.

R. Vaughan-Williams: Fantasia on a Theme by Tallis. The Boyd Neel String Orchestra. Decca 25567-68. A strong, honest expression of England's foremost composer. Intimate, revealing, this fantasy is played with a full, warm, tone by a young orchestra capable of publishing its essential emotion.

FOR THE SEASON

German Song Anthology. Sung by Richard Tauber. Decca 20437-42. Includes *Du, du, liegst mir im Herzen, Heidenroslein* and *Frohe Botschaft.* Sweet and sentimental. To help you remember: This is Germany, too. Herr Tauber sings all the airs with the same timbre, shading only the last verse to a Tauber *pianissimo.*

Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 5, in D Major, Opus 107. Columbia Broadcasting System Orchestra conducted by Howard Barlow. Columbia Set 391. A first recording of Mendelssohn's Symphony for the Festival of the Church, one of the later efforts of the most popular composer of the 1840's. This score makes use of the "Grail" theme which Wagner employed in *Parsifal,* both composers having borrowed it from the Saxon literature. Collectors of Mendelssohnia will not be without this; others may. The recording is complete, the performance good and well routined though not inspired.

Schumann: Sonata in A Minor. Adolf Busch and Rudolph Serkin. Victor M-551. Romanticism without sentimentality. Perfectly balanced, this performance has life, enthusiasm, infinite shadings without distortion of form or rhythm. Impeccably recorded. If you like Schumann, you'll want it for your collection.

FOR MODERNS

Ernest Bloch: Baal Shem No. 2, Nigun (Improvisation). Nathan Milstein and Leopold Mittmann. Columbia 17134-D. A punchy "Picture of Chasidic Life."

Roy Harris: Sonata for Piano and *Children's Suite.* Played by the composer's wife, Johanna Harris. Victor M-568. A 12-year-old sonata by the "white hope of American music," the most frequently recorded American composer. According to reviewers: derivative, arid, incapable of arousing even the most tepid emotional response. That depends on how your "plate" is sensitized. You may find it the most satisfying music since Beethoven. The *Children's Suite* is quiet, reflective, profound.

Gian-Carlo Menotti: Overture to *Amelia Goes to the Ball* and *Harl McDonald: Cake-Walk Scherzo* from *Third Symphony.* Eugene Ormandy and Harl McDonald. Victor 15377. Interesting compositions in a none-too-satisfactory recording. Blasting; surfaces bad.

Walter Pinton: String Quartet, No. 1, and *Henry Cowell: Movement for a String Quartet.* Played by the Dorien String Quartette. Columbia Set 388. Seven years ago Harvard's music master planned his music essay in quartet form. Full of Cambridge meditations—undependable and reflective. This work is one of the better expressions for our "threadbare Thirties."

FOR THE WEEK END

Deanna Durbin Souvenir Album No. 2. Miss Durbin, accompanied by Charles Previn and his orches-

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tra. Decca Album 75. Perennial favorites—including *One Fine Day* from *Madame Butterfly*, the Bach-Gounod *Ave Maria*, *The Last Rose of Summer* and *Home Sweet Home*—sung a bit stiffly by the sound tracks' No. 1 fair soprano.

Delius: Brigg Fair. Sir Thomas Beecham and orchestra. Columbia Set X-30. Not first-rate Delius, but pleasant. The conductor seems lifeless; the orchestra definitely third-class.

Ira and George Gershwin: I Got Rhythm and *Schubert: Rhythm Unfinished* (Symphony No. 8). Joseph Rines and his Hotel St. Regis Orchestra. Liberty Music Shop No. 271. An unusual combination for the ears, not the feet.

Quintet of the Hot Clubs of France, with Django Reinhardt (guitar) and Stephane Grappely (violin). Decca 23002-04. Smooth, original arrangements, first-class rhythm, plenty of atmosphere—a sophisticated approach to hot music. Titles: *Djangology, Ultrafox, Avalon, Clouds.*

Renaissance Music: Madrigals by Jan Pieters Sweelinck, Joaquin des Pres, Claude le Jeune, Arcadelt, and de Lassos. Sung by the Madrigalists. Musicraft Album No. 20. Would be for the collection if singing were first-class.

FOR THE INCINERATOR

Boellmann: Suite Gothique, Opus 25 (4th movement) and *Gigout: Toccata.* Edouard Commette on the organ of the Cathedral St. Jean-Lyons. Musicraft. Bombastic, shoddy music, tortuously played—and it's muddily recorded.

Swiss Airs and Yodels: Sung by Maria Roland, yodeling soprano, and Basel Yodel Group. Decca 20235-37. Bavaria without the schmaltz. The Swiss lack imagination, and sound glum on these rough surfaces. They wouldn't steam up an icicle. ⧺

BEST SELLERS

Rabsons Music & Camera Co., Inc., New York City

Permanent	*Transient*
Symphony No. 5 (Beethoven); Arturo Toscanini and NBC Orchestra. Victor M-640	*Tuxedo Junction; Stardust;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10612
Tristan and Isolde (Wagner); Kirsten Flagstad, Lauritz Melchior and San Francisco Opera Orchestra conducted by McArthur. Victor M-644	*Ooh, What You Said; The Rhumba Jumps.* Royale 1802
	African Music (Rhythm in the Jungle); Laura C. Boulton. Victor P-10

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

Permanent	*Transient*
Finlandia (Sibelius); Leopold Stokowski and Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor 7412	*Woodpecker Song; Let's All Sing Together;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10589
Pavane (Gould); *Toy Trumpet* (Raymond Scott); Arthur Fiedler and Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Victor 4456	*I've Got My Eyes on You; I Concentrate on You;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26470
Lily Pons in Song; Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz. Victor M-599	*Does Your Heart Beat for Me?; Girl Behind the Venetian Blind;* Russ Morgan. Decca 2479
Symphony in D Minor (Franck); Leopold Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M-300	*Zaggin' With Zig; Busy as a Bee;* Benny Goodman. Columbia 35356

Hickok's, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Permanent	*Transient*
Ave Maria (Schubert); Marian Anderson. Victor 14210	*All the Things You Are;* Eddy Duchin. Columbia 35302
Hungarian Rhapsody (Liszt); Leopold Stokowski and Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor 14422	*Indian Summer; A Lover is Blue;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26390
Romeo & Juliet (Tschaikowsky); Koussevitzky and Boston Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-347	*In the Mood; I Want to be Happy;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10416
5th Symphony in E Minor (Tschaikowsky); Leopold Stokowski and Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-253	*Careless; Vagabond Dreams;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10520
	Do I Love You; Artie Shaw. Bluebird 10509

Bocock-Stroud Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Permanent	*Transient*
Piano Concerto No. 5—Emperor (Beethoven); Walter Gieseking. Columbia 243	*Your Feet's Too Big;* "Fats" Waller. Bluebird 10500
Symphony No. 6 Pathétique (Tschaikowsky); Koussevitzky and Boston Symphony Orchestra. Victor AM-85	*Would Ja Mind;* Orrin Tucker. Columbia 35328
Nutcracker Suite (Tschaikowsky); Frederick Stock and Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Columbia Masterworks M-395	*Concerto for Trumpet;* Harry James. Columbia 35340
Blue Danube Waltz; Tales From the Vienna Woods (J. Strauss); Leopold Stokowski and Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor 15425	*My Twilight Dream;* Eddy Duchin. Columbia 35314
	Last Night's Gardenias; Sammy Kaye. Victor 26472

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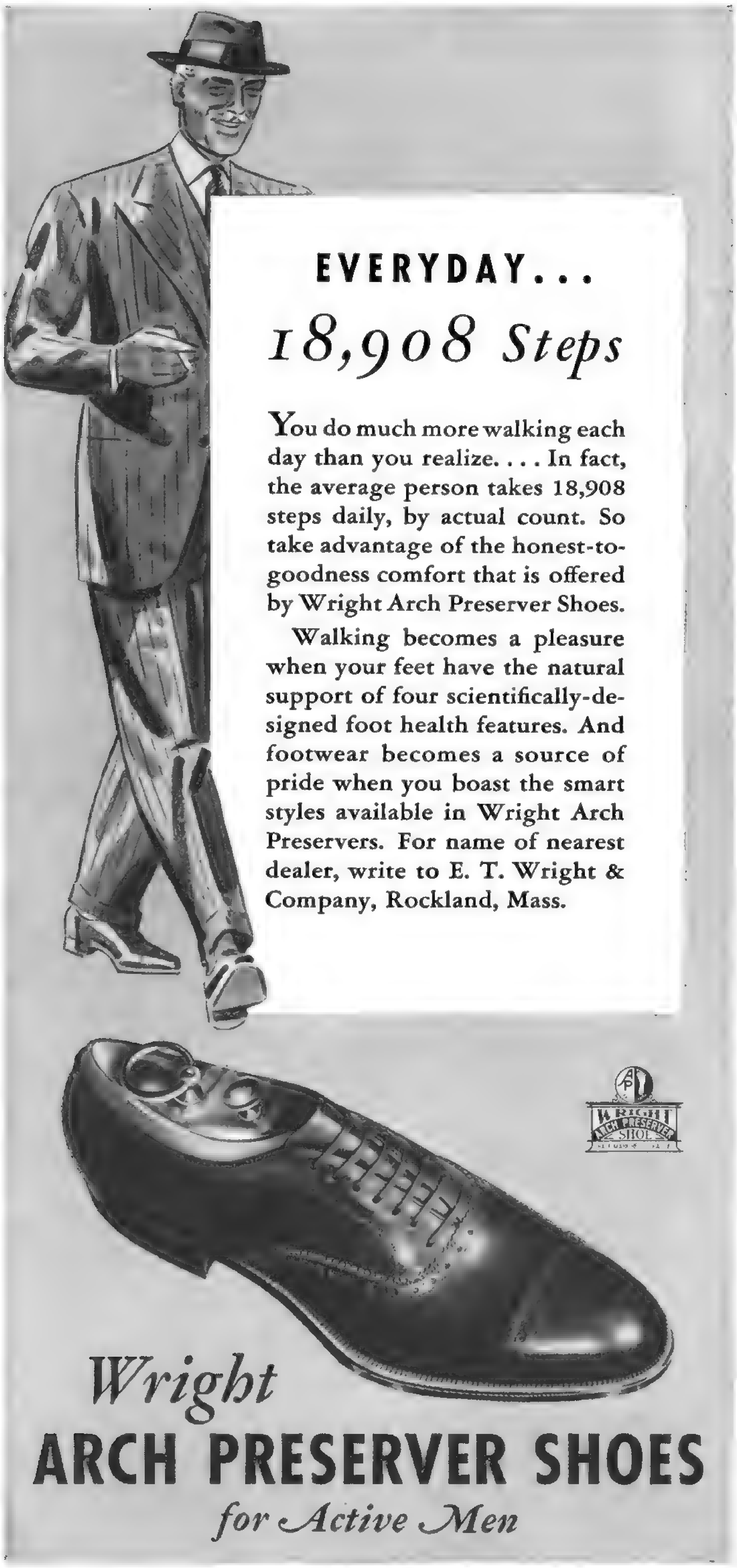

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Rough House in Colon

Continued from page 72

blank if beautiful ocean with no sight of land, they had become fast friends. Rush was getting off here in Cristobal, to catch a ship back to New York.

Rush knew about the man Martin. The first name was uncertain, and variously given as Rene, Jean, Jacob (not Jacques, Jacob!) and Bertrand. Indeed even the last name was none too firmly established, for the man changed it as another might change shirts; but you had to call him something, and Martin at least was the name he had used most often.

In a part of the world where the fantastic is commonplace, Martin really was extraordinary. Seemingly he had come out of the nowhere, and since that emergence he had visited almost every group of islands in the South Seas, usually as a stowaway. In the past three years, while sailing here and there, back and forth across thousands of miles of ocean, he had never, as far as anybody knew, paid for anything at all.

If he had started without a cent, he had also started without a passport. Sometimes he said he was English, sometimes French, or Australian, or American. He could fit his accent to the occasion. There was nothing vicious about him. He was amiable in manner and always apologized for the trouble he gave—and always turned right around and gave more trouble. His *dossier* showed no charge of robbery, burglary, or even pickpocketing. He worked no confidence game, was no wheedling panhandler. But if he did not take anybody else's money, neither did he spend any of his own, having none. He would not endeavor to put across any story, in the South Seas tradition, of delayed funds. He would simply say, with a facial expression of genuine regret, that he was sorry. Apparently it had never occurred to him to work.

What could you do with him? The best thing to do was deport him on the first ship. He usually escaped and stowed away on some other ship before this could happen. But even when deported, he seldom went far. For his was a genius for getting out of things. He was the slipperiest customer to be found anywhere between Balboa and Hongkong, between Honolulu and Wellington. The *dossier* on Commissaire Lefevre's desk showed that the Tongan Islands and the Cook Islands had ejected him, and the Society Islands (twice), and the immigration officials at Melbourne, the condominium government at Port Vila, the Britishers at Suva, the French at Noumea. Once he had strayed as far east as Batavia, disappearing again before the ponderous Dutch had got around to signing the proper deportation papers. Once he had turned up in Hilo, Hawaii, inexplicably a stowaway aboard a salvage schooner which had been working off Christmas and Fanning—oceanic dots you couldn't reach honestly if you worked years to do so, unless you had a yacht. The authorities there, puzzled, had shipped him to Oahu, where after a stay of eight or nine days in the hoosegow at Honolulu—from which, perhaps because he was so well fed, he had not attempted to escape—he was put on a Matson liner headed for Sydney, the American immigration authorities believing his story that he was an Australian. He had left that ship, somehow, at Pago-Pago, where the U. S. Navy people picked him up just a little too late—the ship had sailed an hour before. He had even slithered out of the grip of the Navy, stowing away somehow aboard the incredibly small motor launch *Tutuila,* and showing up next morning, smiling, imperturbable, at Apia, which is the capital of Western Samoa, a New Zealand mandate. Before the bewildered officials there had been able to determine his status, he had once more vanished.

Two weeks later a great wooly-headed, scarlet-saronged native policeman of Suva, in the Fiji Islands, saw him and remembered his face—in itself a notable feat, for there was never a face so easy to forget. The policeman, however, could not nab him, not being permitted to lay hands on a white man; and before a white superior could be found, Monsieur Rene Jean Jacob Bertrand ("Slippery Dick") Martin again evaporated.

This time the Fiji police were sore. Intolerable! They knew the man, having caught and lost him a year before, and they were going to get him now. They did. Moreover, they held him. They were very English and bulldoggy about it. They held him in durance vile until from north, east, south and west they had gathered a record of this man's movements—not a complete record, to be sure, but one more nearly complete than anybody had hitherto believed possible. One thing, and it was very important, they did establish. Martin was no Britisher and no American. Whatever he said of himself, he was French.

So when the next French ship came along he was firmly placed aboard, and to the purser, Etienne Lefevre, was handed the *dossier.* Martin was to go back to France.

They took him to New Caledonia, they took him to the New Hebrides, to Raiatea, to Tahiti, permitting him to travel third-class while at sea but carefully locking him in the brig at each port. Perhaps because he was getting tired, or losing his skill, but more likely because he had been kicked out of each of these islands and was not interested in them, Martin stayed put—until Panama.

Rush Wilson stood up.

"You've searched the ship thoroughly, you say? And you've notified the Canal Zone police? Well then, there's only one thing for us to do, Etienne. We've got to make

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a round of the honky-tonks after all, only not for fun. We've got to find that baby and bring him back ourselves!"

"But in Cristobal, with all these ships—"

"Come on. Before it starts to rain again."

At the very first joint they ran into trouble. It was crowded, and the lights were dim, and when Etienne Lefevre saw in a far corner a man who might have been Martin, he promptly and excitedly started for that corner. Before he got there, the little man, who had been sitting with a party of five, disappeared.

"*Pardon*, messieurs, but what has become of that so-short man who sat with you a moment ago?"

The men looked up. There were four of them, oilers from some freighter.

"Who wants to know?"

"*Pardon*. Would he be one by the name of Martin?"

"I asked you, who wants to know?"

Rush by this time had spotted his friend and was making his way across the crowded dance floor toward him. But before Rush could reach the table, the trouble had started. How do these things ever start? Whatever it was, the four oilers rose as one, and the nearest punched Etienne in the mouth.

Now there are Americans who think that all Frenchmen are sissies, simply because they use perfume and wave their arms and roll their eyes. This of course is not so. Etienne Lefevre, for example, was not only an expert at *la boxe*, he was also a skilled practitioner of *la savate*, a French system of fighting which involves the use of both fists and feet.

The first oiler, off-balance and not prepared for such a varied assault, went over backward. Another seized a glass, meaning to throw it, but Etienne's right foot lifted it out of his hand and splashed its contents into his face, blinding him. Etienne's left foot came up then, swift as lightning, and the table, glasses and all, did a backflip.

A waiter grabbed Etienne—and found himself following the table. One of the oilers got Etienne's ear with a solid clip, but immediately afterward staggered back under the impact of two straight punches to the chin. Another oiler, crouching to swing a long left hook, was kicked in the solar plexus so emphatically that he sat right down and did not even attempt to take part in the discussion thereafter.

By this time Rush Wilson had reached his friend's side. He gripped Etienne's arm.

"Come on! This is no place for us!"

Women were screaming, and men, not knowing what it was all about, and perhaps not caring, slung punches in all directions. It was one of those prairie-fire fights.

Heads low, Rush and Etienne butted and slugged their way out past the bar to the street. The turmoil behind them was deafening, but once they were outside the rain blotted this sound. For it was raining again. It is usually raining in Panama.

Panting, they leaned against a bar fifty yards down the street.

"We worked a little too fast on that one." Rush took a swallow of beer. "And now," he announced, "we go back and try the place next door."

No doubt it has a name on the maps, probably Avenida del Presidente Something-or-Other, but by most of the natives and all of the tourists it is never called anything but Bottle Alley.

Sultan Hussein quay in Port Said; Malay Street, Singapore; the Rue Chao Pau San, better known as Blood Alley, in Shanghai; the Rue Bouderie, Marseille—these are thoroughfares of fame. But for sheer, unadulterated, noisy, blatant sin, take Bottle Alley, Colon, Panama. You get off the ship in Panama, which is the Canal Zone and clean, the American section of this hot (in every sense of the word) town. You walk a little distance, or take a cab, and when you have crossed the railway tracks you are in the Republic of Panama, a republic which takes a very liberal view of such matters as female entertainment, liquid refreshments and the hour, if any, for closing. In Colon you can get a drink, a woman, or a fight, and probably get all three, though the first two will cost you money.

Rush explained to Etienne.

"Remember, Martin hasn't a cent, and as far as we know he has never been here before and has no friends here. Well, how would he hide? Obviously the best way would be to go around disguised as a drunken tourist—because a sober tourist would attract attention, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"It is so, my friend."

"All right. Now we divide the town as far as tourists are concerned—and remember there's a particularly big batch of them loose tonight—we divide it into four parts."

"Like Gaul."

"Okay, like Gaul. Now the real native section Martin wouldn't visit because he's so clearly a foreigner and he'd be conspicuous there. Cash Street? Well, it didn't get that name for nothing. When you talk to one of the Cash Street beauties you show the color of your money first. And besides, the cops would certainly know every one of those gals and would make them behave in matters like this. They wouldn't dare harbor anybody they knew the cops were looking for. Then Front Street. Hindu shops. Bazars. Places to buy laces and French perfume and linen handkerchiefs and Panama hats which come from Equador. Plenty of tourists there too, of course, but the cops would certainly have gone along Front Street and those stores won't be so crowded that it wouldn't be easy to pick up Martin. So that leaves Bottle Alley. The side streets too, but we'll include them as part of Bottle Alley."

"Why should not the police

Continued on page 164

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Rough House in Colon

Continued from pages 72-163

have visit also those—what you call him?—those honk-tonk?"

"They would. Naturally. But it'd be needle-and-haystacking, for them. Look outside there! Behold the milling multitude! And everybody tight as a tick. If we were looking for a redheaded man with a long mustache, who stood six feet three in his socks and had a scar on his cheek—then we could expect the cops to pick him up. But you know Martin. Descriptions just don't mean anything in his case. You and I have seen him and talked to him, and yet even you and I would have to get right up close to him and have a good look before we were sure. He looks exactly like God knows how many other people. What he'll probably do is sidle up to some party here in Bottle Alley, and they'll find themselves including him in the conversation without ever knowing who he was, or caring. And then, if he should see us looking for him, or if it came his turn to shout for a round of drinks—why he'd just slip away to another joint and join another party. And the funny thing is, the first party wouldn't be able to tell you afterwards what he looked like! They probably wouldn't even miss him when he went!"

"Your logic," said Etienne, "is—is—how you call him?"

"Unassailable." Rush finished his beer. "The joint next to the one we were just in is the Glory Be, if I happen to remember correctly."

"To the Glory Be!"

"And don't forget to stick closer to the door this time."

It was one of the larger places, and every table was occupied; the dance floor was like a New York subway jam; they were three deep along the bar. To be certain that one small quiet man was not in the Glory Be was a job suggesting a whole corps. Besides, they were coming and going all the time. They were changing tables, changing girls.

Rush glanced at Etienne, and Etienne squirmed toward the door.

Rush simply stood there for a while, waiting for something to happen. Something did. A man stepped on his toe.

"Where do you think you're going?" asked Rush, not scowling.

Now if the man had apologized promptly, that would have been that, and Rush would have looked elsewhere in the place. Rush had no stomach for forcing combat upon any pacific-minded person. But this man was looking for trouble anyway.

"Where the hell do you think *you*'re going?" he asked, in a burst of originality.

One thing led to another; and when at last Rush sank a left into the man's abdomen and followed this, as the man doubled up, with a short right uppercut, he did so without any consciousness of war guilt. The man had asked for it. The fact that Rush too had asked for it had nothing to do with the question.

The man fell against the legs of a girl, who screamed as though she had been burned by fire. That girl's companion instantly got close to Rush, and his right hand was under his coat, which he opened far enough for Rush to see that the hand gripped the butt of a revolver.

"You apologize for that, Señor, or I—"

"I apologize," said Rush. Shooting was not any part of his program. "I did not mean to hurt your friend."

The gunman smiled, though not pleasantly. It was a triumphant sneer rather than a smile. Nevertheless he was backing away—when the man on the floor, recovering a little, but still not certain whom it was he had been fighting with, grabbed his legs. The gunman fell against Rush, and they went down in a heap, carrying two other men with them. Somebody started to throw bottles.

Half a minute later Rush dashed through a torrential downpour so heavy as to be as concealing as a fog, and reached a doorway on the other side of the street.

"I was just about to go across for you, my friend. It was a grand tumult. I was worried about you."

"It was a grand tumult, all right." Rush opened the door and dropped a confiscated revolver inside. "One of the boys produced that chunk of hardware and things got all bawled up for a while. Martin didn't slip out?"

"No. I am sure of it."

"Good. Well, let's try the next one. This is a rougher town than I thought, Etienne."

It was a rougher town than anybody had thought, until then. The oldest bartenders could not remember another night like it. The soldiers and sailors did their share, of course, but the M.P.'s and S.P.'s were out in force to put down such battles with their truncheons. Most of the fights seemed to start among the tourists, and nobody afterward was able to explain why or how.

Brilliantly avoiding arrest, though not escaping without injuries, Etienne Lefevre and his friend Rush Wilson, the American from Tahiti, in the course of six boisterous hours visited every spot in Bottle Alley. They never forced a fight in any place small enough to be covered by ordinary table-to-table work, nor did they ever, even in the big dives, force a fight upon anybody who had not shown that a fight was just what he was looking for. It was not difficult to find such men. The difficulty lay in getting out of things before one of them was brained. For they never stuck around to pose as heroes. They developed a slipping-away technique their quarry, the notorious escape artist Rene Jean Jacob Bertrand Martin, might himself have envied.

One of them always remained

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near the door, or just outside of it, or across the street, listening to the sounds of combat and watching those who fled. For it was Rush's belief that if Martin was in any place where a fight started he would most assuredly get out as quickly and quietly as he could.

Four times they thought they saw him.

The first escaped in a crowd, in which they were not able to find him despite diligent searching.

The second, looked at more closely, proved to be somebody else.

Etienne accosted the third while Rush was busy extricating himself from a shoving-around session, within doors. This was in a moment when there happened to be no rain. The man didn't like to be halted. He was a short-tempered little fellow, perhaps a Portuguese, certainly not Martin, as Etienne perceived on a better look. But he was sore; or perhaps he had reason not to like policemen and thought Etienne was a policeman; or it might be that he was drunk. Whatever the reason, before Etienne could apologize the little man drew a knife. Etienne stepped back, and his right foot flew up. It should have knocked the knife out of the man's hand. But *la savate* was not designed for slippery pavements. Etienne, whose left foot was in a puddle, kicked himself right over backward.

The man sprang toward him, knife raised. Etienne was stunned and for an instant could not move. It was as well that Rush Wilson, fresh from the latest free-for-all, came running up just then.

Rush grabbed both the little man's arms from behind, and swung him in a full circle and threw him to the sidewalk. Hastily he helped his friend to his feet.

"Come on, get up, Etienne! Let's scram!"

A knife slished through the air between them as they ran, and clanked on the sidewalk just ahead. A man yelled something. Two Panamanian policemen came on the run. But Etienne and Rush by this time were past masters of the business of fading into obscurity. Half a minute later, panting but still quiet, they leaned against another bar, in a much smaller place, and gratefully addressed themselves to beer.

"After this, *mon ami?*"

"After this, Etienne, there isn't any more. We've tried every dump in town."

The little purser sighed. He looked at his watch.

"Ah, *oui*. And it is almost eleven hours o'clock now, and my ship sails at midnight. I must return."

"I'll go with you. It's a shame we went to all that trouble and—I must have guessed wrong, that's all. I'm sorry."

Just then Martin walked past the door.

Well, it could have been Martin or it could have been somebody else. But it looked like Martin, anyway. It looked more like him than anybody else they had seen in town. They dashed for the door, forgetting to pay for their beers, so that the bartender raised a whoop and the bouncer hurtled out to the sidewalk in pursuit.

It was raining again, but not vengefully, not in true Panamanian fashion: it was merely the sort of rain that would be considered a cloudburst in the States.

Nobody in sight.

"He must have gone into the bar next door! It's the only place he *could* have got to, in that time!"

They went through the barroom, scanning every masculine face and form, brushing aside women who suggested they buy drinks. They pushed their way back into the dance floor.

Now these back-of-the-bar dance places, because of their great size and because of the lights, or rather the lack of lights, had throughout the search been their most difficult problem. This one was like so many of the others—two or three colored lights, twenty or thirty colored waiters, girls who deliberately ogled everybody, tourists in large clumps who roared with laughter, couples who wriggled and muscled their way around the floor, the music so loud that the windows would have rattled if there had been any windows.

Rush and Etienne stopped at the entrance. They shook their heads, for they were tired.

"I'm afraid we've got to do it all over again," muttered Rush. "We've just got to find a fight."

But here he was wrong. The fight, this time, found them. From near by came a roar of rage. The next thing they knew, four familiar oilers, all drunk, one with a black eye, one with puffed discolored lips, descended upon them.

"There's the guy that did all the kicking!"

They were back where they had started from; and at this moment the bouncer from the joint next door came charging in to demand instant payment for the beers.

It was a lot of fun while it lasted, making the sundry other encounters that night by comparison seem no more than the bickering of backfence housewives. Slipping away was not so easy this time—though indeed the floor was soon slippery enough, what with whiskey and blood, so that Etienne twice fell to his knees and once Rush Wilson went flat and Etienne had to stand over him, both fists and both feet flying, until he could get up again.

No color line was drawn, no introductions demanded. Practically every man in the place, and more than a few of the women, sooner or later got into the thing. A stranger might have supposed he had stumbled upon another Central American revolution, except that revolutions these days are not as noisy and violent as this.

Eventually, the oilers and the bouncer from next door, along with certain unidentified combatants, being either downed or lost, Etienne Lefevre and Rush Wilson managed to reach the sidewalk and the comforting silence of a taxicab. They returned to the

Continued on page 166

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Rough House in Colon

Continued from pages 72-163-165

ship. It was five minutes after eleven.

They did not go to the commandant's office, where, a steward told them, the quarantine officials were grimly waiting. They went instead to Etienne's office, and Etienne sank into his desk chair while Rush plopped upon the camphorwood chest from Saigon. They were soaked in rainwater, sweat and blood. They were bruised and battered, and their knuckles were raw. They were so tired that they could scarcely move.

In fact, it was several minutes before Etienne noticed the note on his desk.

> "Monsieur le commissaire: If I am not aboard for the sailing, the Messageries Maritimes will lose 500 dollars, is it not so? For half of this sum (paid to me and which I will not be obliged to pay any part of as passage) I will agree to return and sail to France. I will trust your word of honor as a gentleman. Within ten minutes after you have run up a tricolor at the stern and dipped it twice, I will walk into this office and surrender. Half a loaf is better than none, as the English say. Is it not so? Rene Martin."

Etienne started to ring bells and to shout. For all his exhaustion, within ten minutes he had organized a search of the ship. He stood there barking orders, more like an old-time skipper in a gale than the purser of a small French ship tied up at a pier. He put every member of the crew to furious work.

"He may still be here, you conceive?" he cried to Rush, who sat on the camphorwood chest, elbows on knees, his head between his hands. "He must have come back to leave this note, and it may be that he could not slip ashore again."

But one by one they returned to report failure. For a second time the ship had been searched, and Martin had not been found. It was twenty minutes to twelve.

"Well, there is but one remaining chance—"

Etienne ran out of the office, and Rush Wilson sat alone, thinking of all they had done, thinking of how they had outroughed one of the roughest towns in the world —and got nothing. It was a shame about Etienne. He himself, Rush Wilson, would have offered to make up the amount of the fine, but he knew that Etienne would not consent. Besides, the business would be against Etienne's record anyway. He'd be fired, surer than hell.

Etienne came back.

"I have cause the flag to be dip, but I do not hope to ever see Rene Martin again."

"No, of course not. I'd better be getting ashore while there's still time. I—I'm sorry, Etienne."

"But my friend, you were *magnifique!* Without your help—"

"I'm afraid my help wasn't much good. The flag business is just a little playfulness on his part. We'll never see him again."

He rose. And the lid of the camphorwood chest rose with him.

It was not because the seat of his pants was sticky, as for an instant he supposed. The lid of the chest was pushed open from inside. And Rene Martin stepped out.

He looked as neat and vague and apologetic as ever. His clothes were wet but his smile was warm. He held out his hand.

"You owe me two hundred and fifty American dollars."

Etienne goggled at him, and blue veins batted in the purser's temples.

"*Cochon!* I prefer to kill you!"

"That I can believe, Monsieur le commissaire. But you owe me two hundred and fifty American dollars. You were put on your word of honor. You dipped the flag, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Rush went to him, and Rush was walking like a somnambulist. Timidly he touched Martin's arm.

"Tell me. You weren't in that chest all the time?"

"Ah, *non*, Monsieur. I was in Colon. But I did not like it, and I came back to the ship to give myself up. I did not like it because it was too rough. Everywhere fights! Everywhere I go, fights! I came back to this office, and Monsieur le commissaire was not here. I conceived the idea of selling myself back to him."

"Snatching I've heard of," Rush admitted, "but this is the first time I've heard of a man demanding a ransom for his own return."

Etienne Lefevre had gone to the safe. He had yanked out cash.

"It breaks my heart to pay this to the *cochon*. But I dip the flag. I am a man of honor, always."

Rush said "Wait a minute," and picked up the note. He tapped the note with the back of his hand.

"It says that within ten minutes of the time the flag was dipped Martin would walk into this office and surrender himself."

"I *am* in the office! I *have* surrendered myself!"

Martin was triumphant, smiling. He held out his hand.

"You hold us to the letter of the bond, Shylock?" Rush grinned.

"All right, then we'll hold you to the letter of the bond. Don't pay him, Etienne. He didn't *walk into* this office and surrender. He *was* here."

For half a minute nobody moved or spoke. Then Etienne Lefevre started to chuckle.

"You will not be paid, Martin." He put the money back into the safe. "*Quartier maître!*" And when sailors had responded, Etienne pointed to the deportee. "Put him in the brig, *mes enfants*, and sit there with him until we are at least forty miles out at sea!"

Rush looked at his watch.

"I've got to shove off. Only seven minutes before sailing time."

"They will be the fastest seven minutes," said Etienne Lefevre, "that two men have ever drunk a bottle of champagne. *Steward!*"

*Another story by Donald Barr Chidsey, **Yes Sir, That's My Baby**, will appear in the July issue.*

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 8

FOR PUZZLENUTS ONLY ALL OTHERS STOP HERE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *From this point on, the Sound and the Fury is devoted to the presentation of new problems and "brain-busters," and correspondence concerning old ones.*

BUNDY'S TRIANGLE

According to my figures, the answers to Mr. Cauvel's ladder problem in the March number are either 5.7 ft. or 9.5 ft. approximately. I recommend a similar problem where the box is 4 ft. by 4 ft., and the ladder 16 ft. long, to be solved without using a 4th degree equation. It is possible with quadratics.

I have a favorite to propound. It is a construction problem, and is to construct an equilateral triangle with a vertex on each of three parallel lines. Try it on your readers.

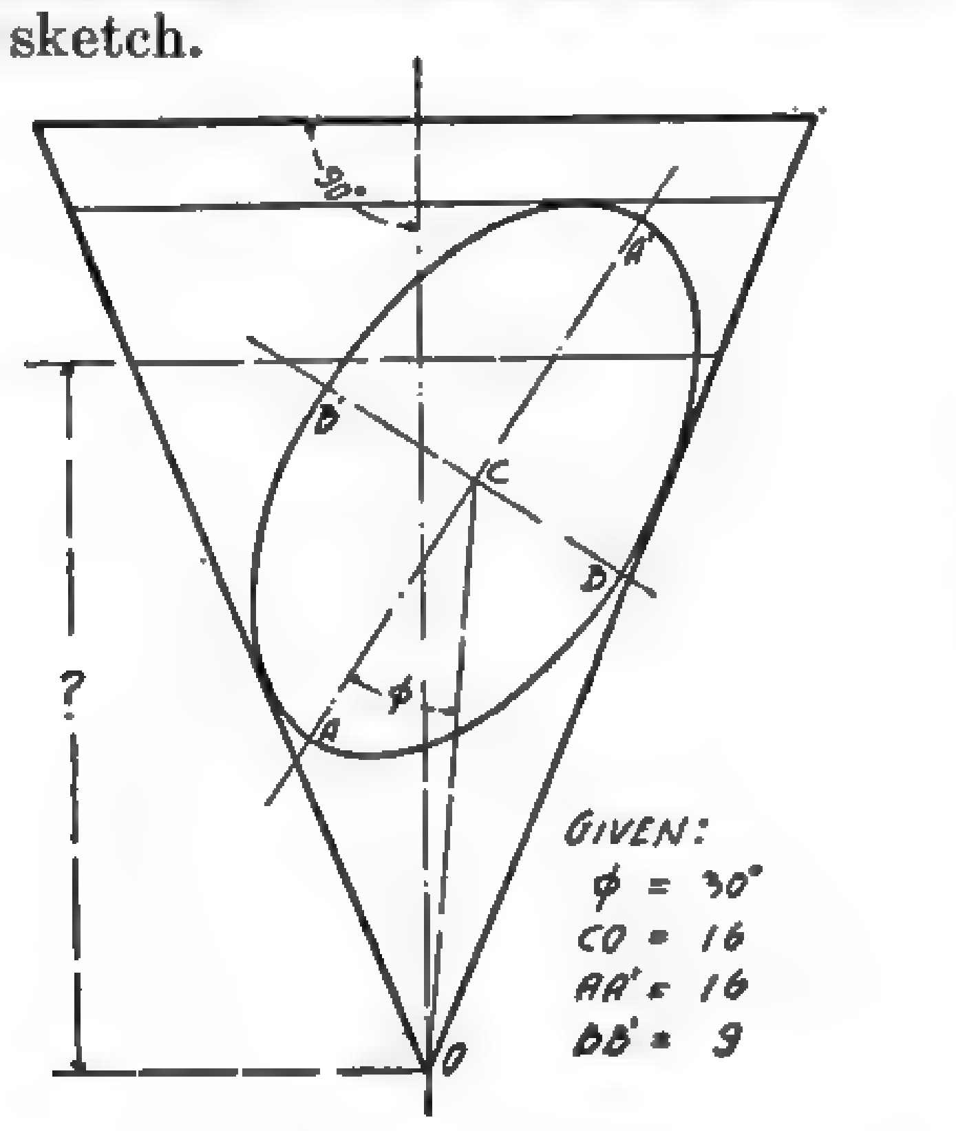
Sincerely yours,
Gloucester, Mass. F. M. BUNDY

SCOTT'S DUNKING DUCK

The final blast of *The Sound and the Fury* seems to be quite exclusively devoted to contributions by the figuring fraternity, so, how about a bit from a member of the ciphering sorority. Their efforts have furnished me with amusement and an occasional headache so I shall reward the lads with a problem of my own manufacture which I hope accords with Mr. Hauser's request (April, 1940) for some which require a little thought to solve.

I have a very smart duck, named Sophie Gauss, which matches the bees with their hexagonal cells, for she lays eggs which are perfect prolate spheroids. Also, the ratio of the minor to the major axis is always 9 to 16.

There is a tin funnel stuck upright in the ground, back of my garage, in which water accumulates, and Sophie dunks her eggs in it. One day I noticed that the water had risen just enough to cover the egg and careful measurement showed it to be set as shown in the sketch.



Now you smart lads figure out how deep that puddle was before Sophie got there. When you get this one I'll tell you about the time Sophie dunked her eggs in a parabolic auto headlight.

In Mr. Craig's welded track problem in the April issue, I noticed an odd thing. The rise of the circular arc is almost exactly equal to three (3) times its radius divided by one (1) mile.

Mr. Goodrich's hound dog snagged Brer Fox after stepping 354.1381 yards, which I got without using the equation for the hound's path. If Mr. Hauser craves mental exercise I suggest that he derive that equation, which is no fool's job. Pax vobiscum,

(MISS) HELEN M. SCOTT
Baltimore, Maryland

BARRY'S BOATS

Referring to the April issue of ESQUIRE, Mr. Walter Hughes quotes the law governing the game of NIM (bean piles). This law appears to fall down when there are three piles of one bean each, or two piles of two beans each. How come?

The following problem can be easily solved mentally, without benefit of pencil or paper.

Two ferry boats leave opposite shores of the Hudson River simultaneously. Each remains ten minutes in the slip at the opposite shore to discharge and take on passengers, but otherwise proceeds at constant speed throughout the entire round trip. The speeds of the two boats are not necessarily alike. Their first point of meeting and passing is 720 yards from the New York shore. The second point of meeting and passing is 400 yards from the New Jersey shore. Assume there is no current in the river. How wide is the river?

Yours truly,
Boston, Mass. EDWARD H. BARRY

OHLSEN'S WIRE

Lately I have been losing the beauty shut-eye by such *S. & F.* posers as the 1, 2, 3 system and in retaliation . . . but here's the story:

I got it originally from Bill Greer, combination inventor-engineer-sourdough-poet and explorer, who once crammed problems of stress down the throat of the Hon. Herbert H. at Stanford U. Much later, when blizzard-bound in a North Dakota hostelry, I dropped the bewitching little problem into the laps of my fellow prisoners and, yawning, went to bed. Next morning, three engineers, two traveling salesmen and a schoolteacher appeared bleary eyed at breakfast still wrangling and cross after a night of argument.

It's a honey, *de facto.*

Presume that the earth is a perfect sphere . . . perfect like a ball-bearing 25,000 miles in circumference. Stretch a wire around the equator. (No fair pulling or allowing any slack.) Cut the wire in one place and splice in an additional three feet of wire.

QUESTION: Will the three feet of wire added to the smoothly fitting 25,000 miles first placed around the equator loosen the wire *at all points* enough to permit a hand to be slipped vertically between the wire and the earth's surface at any point? (No fair considering gravity, tension, or any other discombobulating elements.)

To eliminate the need of a calculator or slide-rule, cut Pi down to 3. instead of the correct 3.1416. (The difference won't cut off a finger.) (I've knitted furiously for an hour to avoid the embarrassment of watching a Ph. D. engineer try to prove the right answer wrong.)

Yours with a chuckle,
New York, N. Y. VIOLET E. OHLSEN

CHAPAS' QUINTS

If your mathematicians want to meet their Waterloo, let them battle this: By geometric construction divide a circle into five equal parts.

Yours truly,
Fort Monroe, Va. S. CHAPAS

HAFFERKAMP'S MONKEY BUSINESS

Over a pulley hangs a rope, each foot of which weighs four ounces. At one end of the rope hangs a weight. At the other end of the rope hangs a monkey equal in weight to the weight. The weight of the monkey in pounds equals the age of the monkey's mother in years.

The monkey and the monkey's mother, together, are four years old. The monkey's mother is now twice as old as the monkey was when the mother was half as old as the monkey will be when he is three times as old as the mother was when she was three times as old as the monkey was.

The weight of the rope and the weight of the weight is half again as much as the difference between the weight of the weight and the weight of the weight plus the weight of the monkey. How long is the rope?

Yours for more problems,
HARRY C. HAFFERKAMP
Chicago, Ill.

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Eugene Voit, Manager

From the Ground Up

Continued from pages 97-107

lake, a pond, a river, an ordinary flying field or Katharine Hepburn's front lawn. For top-flight pleasure, the last is to be recommended.

Similar in appearance to the Piper Cubs are the Porterfields, Aeroncas, and Taylorcrafts. These are all reliable, easy-flying, fabric covered planes, with models that compete closely with one another in performance and price. Roughly speaking, the 50 H.P. models, powered with a Continental or Lycoming motor, cruise around 90 M.P.H. and cost something in the neighborhood of $1,300 to $1,500; 65 H.P. models, similarly powered, do about 100 to 110 M.P.H. and cost about $1,800 to $2,200. Porterfield makes a 90 H.P. model, flying at 120 M.P.H., at $3,145.

One of the best engineered jobs in the field is the all-metal fuselage Luscombe. Although selling at prices slightly higher than Porterfield, Aeronca, Piper, and Taylorcraft models, Luscombe claims greater safety, strength, and fireproofing—as well as greater durability—because of its aluminum and steel-tube construction. The metal parts are said to have "a twenty-year life," requiring no care other than an occasional rubbing up with polish. Wood-and-fabric fuselages, it is held, have a natural period of deterioration, in addition to being open game for the sprigs and thistles of country pastures.

The Luscombe comes in two land models and as a seaplane. Model 8 has a 50 H.P. Continental motor, cruises at 96 M.P.H., and sells for $1,895; model 8-A carries a 65 H.P. Continental, does 104 M.P.H. cruising, and sells for $1,975. The seaplane is a 65 horse job, cruises at 95 M.P.H., and costs about $900 more than the model 8-A—pontoons being nobody's gift. As with the other planes in the so-called flivver class, flying instructions go with the bill of sale. With a few exceptions, this covers the planes that are yours almost for the asking—send no money.

The planes that are in the middle and heavy groups remain to be examined, an encyclopedic job. Here money is no longer an object, and the foregoing verses can be looked on as so much proletarian propaganda.

We are now in a position to talk about skimming past the airliners, about twin engines, Gobelin tapestries, and turbaned Sikh pilots. We can ignore the vulgarities of price, contemplate the beauties of mechanical perfection, inhale the aromas of perfumed gas.

It is scarcely possible, in a survey of this length, to cover with any thoroughness, the complex specifications and multi-modeled lines of the luxury pantheon. Highlights can be touched, however, in passing:

In Class 2—the medium-priced limited-business ships—1940 offers a host of festooned Luxury engineering in the lines of Bellanca, Fairchild, Waco, Cessna, Dart, Monocoup, Stinson, and Harlow. Most of the models in this group range in price from $3,000 to $10,000, carry from 2 to 5 persons, cruise from 110 to 200 miles an hour, store a reasonably large amount of luggage, and cruise from 400 to 900 miles. All general-

A MAN'S GUIDE TO

Model	Maximum Speed	Cruising Speed	Landing Speed	Climb Per Min.	Useful Load	Baggage	Range
	m.p.h.	m.p.h.	m.p.h.	Feet	Lbs.	Lbs.	Miles
AERONCA							
50 h.p. Chief	100	90	35	550	480	40	250
65 h.p. Chief (landplane)	105	95	35	600	480	40	250
65 h.p. Chief (seaplane)	100	90	40	500	473	40	250
LUSCOMBE							
Model 8	109	96	37	750	550	55	400
Model 8A	115	104	37	1000	550	55	400
Seaplane	102	95	40	650	469	50	350
PIPER CUB							
40 h.p. Trainer		85	30	400	500	20	200
50 h.p. Trainer		90	35	650	510	20	260
65 h.p. Coupe		100	37	650	551	105	382
75 h.p. 3-Place Cruiser		110	40	450	700	40	320
PORTERFIELD							
Model 50	102	91	32	460	436	30	
Model 65	110	100	32	560	490	40	
Model 75	124	110	38	700	525	40	
Model 90	133	120	40	1050	500	40	
TAYLORCRAFT							
Model BL Trainer	97	88	35	450	518	30	250
Model BL-65	105	95	35	640	510	30	250

ities as to figures are, of course, dangerous. Classification at best is a relative thing.

In many cases the speed of these planes is not much greater than that of the semi-flivver class; yet both horsepower and price take a considerable jump. This is another way of saying that comfort, roominess, and practicality enter the picture. You no longer have to rub hips with the pilot. Soundproofing makes room for the *bon mot*, the retort courteous, and the many forms of unnecessary conversation. The interiors have a Bel Geddes look; you can climb out without getting a Charley Horse.

An interesting new model which overlaps the top ranges of this class both in price and performance is the 5-place 1940 Waco, Series E. A sleek biplane, reeking with refinements, it has been bred for speed and power. The makers claim 204 miles an hour for it at maximum speed, 200 at optimum altitude cruising—with the Wright 450 H.P. motor. It can climb 1,600 feet a minute, has a range of some 800 miles.

The new Howard, developed from Ben. O. Howard's "Mister Mulligan," which won both the Bendix and Thompson Trophies at one time or another, has even greater claims on given points. Powered with a 450 H.P. Wasp, it climbs 1,850 feet a minute, cruises at 201 M.P.H. over a claimed range of 984 miles. For a small additional charge, you can have it with bomb racks.

If by any chance you happen to be Clark Gable, Father Divine, or King Carol of Roumania, be sure to put the new $23,500, 450 H.P., all-metal Sparton "Executive" on your shopping list. This is another one of those jobs that will zimm you to your destination thirty-six minutes before you started—a convenient way of adding an extra hour to the day. A five place low-wing monoplane, it is equipped with everything from an outside thermometer to a set of ash receivers; at any moment of flight it can practically tell the temperature of your aunt in Little Falls.

Getting down to serious business: there are the other heavy-duty boys—wonderful for reconnaissance flights, commuting to the tropics, or carrying coals to Newcastle.

Among these are the new Beechcrafts, Lockheeds, the Cessna T-50, and the Grumman amphibian. Twin motors, here, are as common as twin funnels on steamboats.

Since it is not assumed that the reader is going into the transport business or contemplating a bombing expedition over his competitor's lines, the heaviest members of this group can be skimmed over at 12,000 feet—the lighter ones reserved for more intimate treatment later in the season.

The sins of omission and commission in this preliminary column are purely accidental. A column is not a catalog; and the fact that one particular president has his picture on a seven-cent stamp is no reflection on the other presidents.

The quickest way to understand the difference between planes is to fly them; and the most practical way is to learn with a flivver. After these modest crates have taught you how to keep your stomach from dropping out, you are set to appreciate the finely-drawn beauty of the winged victories. ⵗ

THE FLIVVER PLANES

Ceiling	Engine		Price	General Remarks
Feet		H.P.		
15,000	Continental or Franklin or Lycoming	50 50 50	$1,565 up	Side-by-side seating
15,000		65	1,695 up	
13,500		65	2,457	Side-by-side seating
13,500	Continental	50	$1,895	All-metal fuselage, fin, stabilizers, elevator, rudder; wings, fabric covered. Side-by-side seating. Model 8A holds record of 119 m.p.h. for closed-course light plane flight
15,000	Continental	65	1,975	
10,000	Continental	65	3,170	
10,000	Continental	40	$ 995	Tandem seating
12,000	Franklin or Lycoming	50	1,298 up	Tandem seating
12,000	Continental or Lycoming	65	1,910 up	Side-by-side seating
10,000	Continental	75	1,798	Pilot in front seat; 2 passengers behind
12,400	Continental	50	$1,495	Tandem seating
14,000	Continental	65	1,775	Tandem seating
17,000	Lycoming or Continental	75	2,295	Tandem seating
20,000	Warner Scarab Jr.	90	3,145	Tandem seating
11,000	Lycoming	50	1,495	Side-by-side seating
15,000	Lycoming	65	1,775 up	Side-by-side seating
	Also Franklin or Continental			

All specifications furnished by the manufacturer—not authenticated. Prices subject to fluctuation.

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Key Case above, in Buffalo Cowhide, $1.50. India Goatskin, with zipper, at right, $2.50. Others, 35¢ to $5.00. Matching Billfold sets, $2.50 up.

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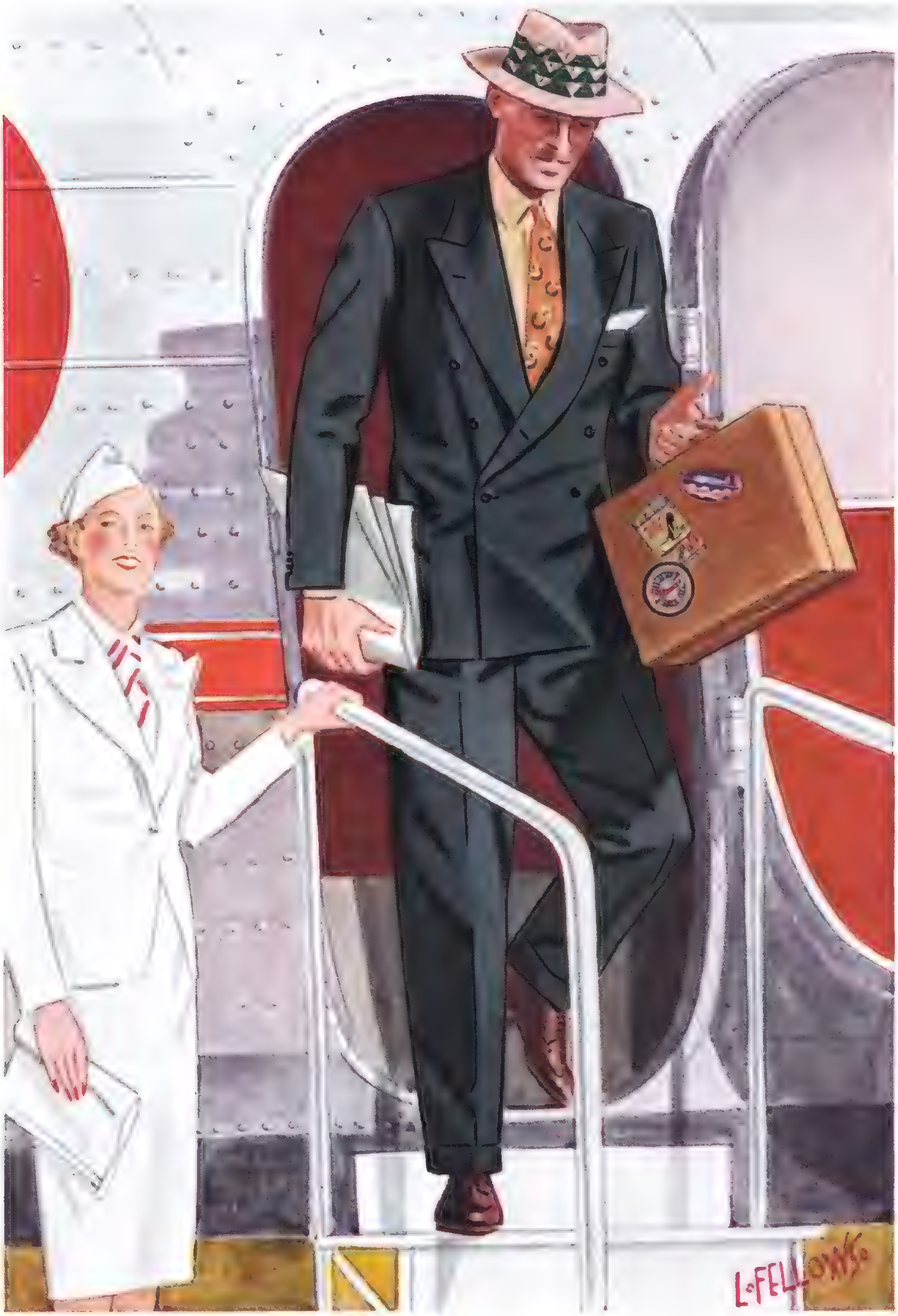

heigh-ho! fly to the fair!

THAT was a different century when the drummers stepped, cinder-strewn, from gas-lit day coaches in Chicago to catch Little Egypt's act at the Columbian Exposition. But this, rapidly calculated, is the twentieth century and it is no trick at all to emerge from spic planes and span trains as if they were so many band-boxes. It isn't all a miracle of modern transportation, however. The apparel industry has made its contribution too. Take that double breasted bluish green suit with lapel rolled to the bottom button. You can bet your own bottom button that, for all its zephyr weight and porous weave, it possesses enough resiliency to shake off wrinkles right and left. The smart tan shirt is of featherweight cotton, surely no white man's burden in itself, while the open weave panama hat with silk puggree band is virtually present in spirit only. The bold pattern foulard tie and brown wing tip shoes complete this smart summer turnout.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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Cohama Cravats

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 98

Wagnerian culture. The monopolistic prestige of the Metropolitan—a house that once knew Toscanini and once paid the highest rent on voices—is sufficient to establish him.

It is not that Mr. Leinsdorf is lacking in talent. On the contrary, what he accomplishes is remarkable. Though he lacks warmth and profundity, as you might expect, he has knowledge and authority. In fact, he displays more authority than anything else.

The question is: can the Met afford no other, more experienced Wagnerian conductor? Must it have at the head of its most important department a youth in training, a man who conducts most of his operas for the first time? Is he the best available man in the world today for the job?

Apparently, Mr. Johnson thinks so. Or, could it be that a conductor of international fame would not submit to the conditions existing at the Met? Great conductors do more than keep a performance from falling to pieces, they are not magicians; they need rehearsals. Mr. Johnson is of the opinion that most performances at the Metropolitan are adequately rehearsed. If that be true, then standards of performance elsewhere are considerably higher.

One Monday night after *Tosca* I went to *Tune-Up Time* to hear André Kostelanetz conduct a broadcast of Irving Berlin's music. Inconclusive as comparisons are, the virtuosity and vitality of the radio orchestra and its conductor made the Met's twaddling, perfunctory, routine treatment of Puccini seem tenth-rate.

After a Saturday *Figaro* I attended Bruno Walter's concert with the NBC Symphony. In the opera house, though the performance had been more carefully studied and prepared than is usual at the Met, there were few moments of ease and relaxation. Four of the singers had been in Salzburg, three in Glyndebourne; yet they did not sing Mozart or feel Mozart. All were concerned with making effects, with getting through the performance. The perfect symmetry and grace which are Mozart's was seldom heard in the orchestra. The stage effects were obvious, overdone, not to be compared with Doctor Graf's achievement with *Il Seraglio* at Salzburg. The Met's *Figaro* was, at best, a Broadway show. There was neither the perfection, the quality of ensemble, nor the vision of beauty that one had from Bruno Walter.

Will the Metropolitan never be able to attain . . . can it never afford that standard of achievement and inspiration which we expect and enjoy from our first symphony orchestras? Or which Mr. Toscanini offered, for example, in his Salzburg *Falstaff?*

The audience at the Metropolitan, also, is composed of barbarians. In the only *Lohengrin* I heard this season the Holy Grail waged a losing battle against the onslaught of patter and chatter of late comers. Listeners at radio broadcasts are better-mannered. But operagoers could be taught. Wagner's way at Bayreuth was the right way. In the darkness and silence there, you may glimpse the Holy Grail. Bayreuth, it is true, is a shrine. It's time our Metropolitan became a shrine and not a parking place for money changers.

Edward Johnson has hopes . . . and a vision. He says: "We must have time. Let us improve quietly and slowly. Great opera companies are not built in a day. What we are doing is only a beginning. Owning the opera house in which we give our performances is not our goal. It is merely a means to an end. We regard it not as a stopgap, but as a springboard. We will do better and greater things . . ."

Let us hope so. In fairness to Mr. Johnson, he has improved the repertoire, the morale and esprit of the company. It would not be easy to find a person who could have done better. But the Met cannot rest on its laurels. It has come a little way; there is ahead a long climb upward.

It's not enough to have four thousand loyal, babbling, and gullible yes-women, ready to accept anything so long as it bears the Met label. It's not enough to have a committee of financiers who can raise a million and at the same time mistake Mickey Rooney for Lauritz Melchior. It's not enough to go around the country exhibiting mediocrity to overstuffed dowagers who are so busy exhibiting themselves to each other that they wouldn't notice whether Elaine Barrymore or Kirsten Flagstad was singing *Isolde.*

What we want is an opera house that has no equal . . . an opera company that can prepare and rehearse masterpieces with the care they deserve . . . an organization that can afford a Toscanini, a Furtwangler, a Bruno Walter, and a Fritz Reiner, and provide them with the resources they demand.

Too long has opera in our country been run on a shoestring. With the demands of our unions, ten million, twenty million, not one, are needed. If private resources, foundations, and philanthropists will not provide it, then Congress must be persuaded to make an adequate appropriation for opera under a Department of *Fine Arts* with a well-equipped detachment of the National Guard to preserve silence during performances and absolutely autocratic power over everybody but myself.

Should this be impossible, Mr. Johnson must produce miracles with that portion of the million, if any, which is left him for improving productions. The Met must be made a public benefactor, not a public nuisance. If he fails, we can only follow Mr. Toscanini's advice and burn it. #

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WILSON BROTHERS
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Morris Kantor: Late American

Continued from page 74

makes surrealism impossible.

The idea of the interior being part of the outside scene is not too cleverly insinuated in *Colonial Interior*.

It was in the summer of 1930, however, when the Kantors moved to Marblehead, Massachusetts, that the artist painted his most admired and most characteristic of his inside-outside pictures. They rented a three-story boarded-up house whose condition suggested long neglect and then discovered, from the curious looks of their neighbors, that they were occupying "the haunted house." Continuing to live in it all through the summer without mishap, they must have broken the spell on it, for when they returned to Marblehead the following summer they found the place either occupied or already bespoken. During his first Marblehead summer Kantor painted *The Haunted House*, in which he caught the character of the house and set it in the midst of the town and the surrounding landscape, doing this in a way which made it impossible to mistake either the geography or the quality of the place. (For example, the suggestion of a lighthouse on a rockbound coast will tell even the most obtuse that this house cannot possibly be in Minnesota, or shall we say Iowa?) *The Haunted House* may be reported as Kantor's most successful single picture, for when it was exhibited the following year at the Chicago Art Institute it was awarded the Logan gold medal and a cash award of $2500. Perhaps it can be shown that judges who award prizes for pictures have a weakness for lighthouses (witness Henry Mattson and Edward Hopper) for eight years later, in 1939, when Kantor exhibited his *Lighthouse* at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C., they gave him a $1,000 prize for it. He had won no prize in the interval and to make the preference for *Lighthouse* pointed, it was on it that the judges at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts pinned the Temple gold medal the following year, 1940. Long live the American scene, especially lighthouses!

The man who paints prizewinning lighthouses does not have the upward, starry look which one would associate with such a preoccupation. He has a rather bowed and beaten look, the stooped shoulders and the downward, inward glance of a man who bears bundles on his back on city pavements.

One might fairly designate Morris Kantor the immigrant workman in American art. He had to work for many years in other trades before the art of painting alone could be counted upon to support him. Born about forty-five years ago in Europe, he came to this country at the age of fourteen and began working two years later—in a bookbinding shop. This must have been around 1911. He seems to have learned this trade thoroughly and he worked also in tailor shops, eventually becoming a cutter and acquiring those rounded shoulders. At the beginning of his career he painted at night but, later, taking advantage of the seasonal nature of his wage-earning occupations, he worked at his painting during layoffs, that is, between seasons. Although he reports that he suffered many periods of disappointment with his work, he kept the flame of his faith in art brightly burning. There were times when he tried to say what he wished to say through the medium of verse, but one does not write satisfactory poetry in a tongue not one's mother's, and he returned to the struggle with painting.

It has been a long battle and I do not think it is over. Morris Kantor has had lots of time in which to learn patience and enough dividends to learn the value of patience. He started to draw when he was about ten. He remembers that he used to scribble with charcoal on the wall until his mother chided him for it and gave him pencil and paper with which he might express himself. His mother had a sense for art and encouraged him. His first formal, or nearly formal instruction was in the new world at the Independent School of Art, which Robert Henri had founded. During Kantor's student period Homer Boss was the teacher. The spirit of the school was revolutionary; it was not bound by academic formulas. Kantor cannot or refuses to recall any early influence to which he was submitted. In fact he says that he recalls being warned against yielding to an influence beyond the student's power to absorb. After the school broke up as a school—Kantor thinks this was about 1919—the students kept the place as a group workshop and continued painting and drawing without instruction or supervision.

Kantor's first paintings were based on nudes. Even if he had an idea of something else—a still-life composition, for example—the nude was worked into it. He recalls that his early forms were exaggerated, done in simple lines. He next became interested in abstractions and he plodded ahead, with no great expectations. Art students of that time, according to Kantor, had no idea of showing their student work and the hope of selling any of it was too remote for words. All that they, and he, could hope for was that if they kept on working for ten, or twenty, years *maybe* something would happen. So far as Kantor was concerned, there was no acceleration of the process on his behalf. He exhibited for the first time with the Independent Society in 1919, but this was no distinction. He continued sending a painting annually to the exhibitions of the Independents for seventeen years thereafter, or until 1937. From abstractionism he developed to-

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ward a personal kind of expressionism, one in which a mood was expressed through figures and objects, a subjective idea penetrating and dominating realistically painted details, as in, for example, *Jacob and the Angel*.

There were so many years in the life of Morris Kantor in which nothing happened that it is surprising I can write even this brief article about him. Maybe many things happened to him but he refused to recognize them inasmuch as they had no bearing either on his painting or on his public career as an artist, and what is not recognized has no existence. In 1927 something happened, something very important. He went abroad, to Paris, to paint and to look at pictures. He spent a year abroad, all of it in Paris. He saw the setup of the art world and he felt its tempo. But instead of becoming interested in the modern movement he went to the Louvre. It was a revelation. He had been to a museum before—there is one fairly good public picture collection in New York—but the experience had not registered. Kantor's boiling point is both high and infrequent. But the Louvre registered, most probably because it was in Paris. He became interested in the masters—which ones he does not say—and visited them three and four times a week. At the same time he did a lot of his own work. He made a closer approach toward achieving a sense of bulk in his figures and his color, in his view, at least, became richer and fuller. Nevertheless he was disappointed with what he was doing and felt a great lack of organization in his work. In 1927 Morris Kantor did not yet have existence as an artist.

In 1928 all this was changed. He returned to New York and then everything clicked. He was invigorated, his work became satisfactory and he was producing things that he could show. In 1929 Joseph Brummer gave him his first one-man show. The sales were encouraging, the reviews were good. That such phenomena as reviews in the papers and sales could exist for Morris Kantor, as well as for others, was sufficiently refreshing. In December of that year Kantor had his second one-man show, this time at the gallery of Frank Rehn, who has been his dealer ever since. A. Conger Goodyear, who was to become president of the Modern Museum, was the first, or one of the very first, to purchase a Kantor painting, and Duncan Phillips, for the Phillips Memorial Gallery, was the first museum purchaser. Today Kantor is represented, in many cases by more than one example, in the best museums in the land, including the Chicago Art Institute, the Detroit Museum, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Denver Museum, the Modern Museum, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and the Whitney Museum of American Art. Since the winter of 1936 he has been teaching at the Art Students' League, a chore which, he declares, he finds most interesting because his students are interesting.

Most of Kantor is shut up inside of himself—perhaps with profit to his art, which may need everything he has. He enjoys reading but has neglected his books in recent years. He likes to live and work in the country, in the summertime particularly. He enjoys the sound of good music but refuses to pretend that he understands much about it. He enjoys people, he says, but not all the time. He likes to play poker and pinochle and won't draw the line even at bridge. There are times when he enjoys playing with carpentry tools and making bookcases and benches. I think it can be said that Kantor is a mildly happy man but he isn't sending out announcements about it. ⧺

Belles of the Ball

Continued from page 71

gently up as though testing its weight. Then, with an expression of disdain so queenly all the crowd winches, Boots will toss the ball over the park fence.

Another ball will be tossed out. She will repeat her act. The manager of the opposing team will run onto the field yelling that Boots be tossed out of the game for contempt of court, lese majesty, spitting on the sidewalk, homicide and other charges managers make in women's softball games.

Boots will look coy at the umpire and pout. "The very idea!" she'll protest. "Here I am just warming up and he wants to have me benched because I'm a bit wild. Make him get back minding his own business, Mr. Umpire, or maybe one of my wild ones will tear his fat head offen his lazy shoulders."

It's the Eleanora Duse in the kid, who actually is a girl of not inconsiderable culture. She is a rather proficient artist and uses this skill to draw cartoons she mails to members of opposing teams. Her technique in this style of ribbing is effective.

Another one of the standouts in the upper realms of women's softball is Freda Savona of the Jax Brewers of New Orleans. Tris Speaker, the old grey fox of baseball, maintains that Freda has one of the best ball throwing arms he ever saw in operation with a softball or baseball. The Savona girl was brought from Cleveland to New Orleans when the National Screw Manufacturing Company team was raided after its world championships in 1936 and 1937. Along with her came Dot Underwood, third basewoman, or baseman, as the women's softball lexicon has it, and manager of the National Screw's championship teams. Also departing from Cleveland for New Orleans were Gene Peck and Mary Skorich. Miss Skorich pitched two no-hit games in the 1937 championship. The

Continued on page 174

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Belles of the Ball

Continued from pages 71-173

raid gives the thick-skulled males a faint idea of how the Yankees' domination of major league baseball might be broken. Leave it to the girls to figure the answers. However, such raids are at an end in women's softball as the ruling body of the sport has changed the regulations that formerly required 30 day residence in a community as eligibility, and now call for six months' residence in the state in which the player's team is located.

When the National Screw champions were disbanded by the lure of more lucrative jobs in the southland, Alameda (Calif.) girls hammered down opposition in winning the 1938 and 1939 national titles. These brawny and sunkist cuties have it over their sisters of the cinema sector to the south of them as players, but in oomph, impartial critics give the Los Angeles maidens the decision.

Marty Fiedler, former minor and major league baseballer, and his brother Irving, organized a women's softball league around Los Angeles. They got eight sponsors to invest $1,000 apiece in backing the teams. The bulk of the gate is at a dime. It's been a very profitable entertainment venture for the astute Fiedler brothers have seen that the teams are quite closely matched in proficiency and have ballyhooed their shows with such sparkling lines as the slogan of their Sunset Park "where the stars come out each night." The yokels and the locals used to come to get ganders of the movie stars. Now the girl softballers themselves are the attraction. Two teams of the Fiedler league's girls toured Japan and drew big crowds. Girls' softball hasn't scored to any appreciable extent in Japan, although in western Canada and in a few spots in Mexico it is an established sport.

Although southern California's girl softballers haven't the performing class (according to competent national judges) that the standout teams in other sections show, the calibre of their work is improving so speedily that it is expected southern California soon will be represented by brilliant teams at the national championships. Then, so apprehensive males fear, there may be a brisk battle as an added attraction. Florida has the reigning beauty queen of softball, Miss Paulette Nolan, outfielder for the Dr. Pepper Girls of Miami Beach. One look at the radiantly lovely Miss Nolan is said to do more for the world-weary male than a series of treatments by old Doc Pepper, her sponsor, in person.

With Miami Beach and Hollywood in a battle of curve tossing for the world's title, there should be the bitterest, most beautiful competition ever beheld by the eyes of mortal man.

To tell the truth about it, the softball girls weather fairly well. There is a lady named Lorraine Gehrke, who has completed her tenth year with the original Bloomer Girls' softball team, and never missed an inning of shortstopping during that stretch. You might be disposed to think that a lady Gehrig, in contour and solidity, would resemble a wholesale butcher's block. However, in verity, the rollicking and durable Lorraine has a considerable edge in pulchritude and streamlining over many another nice lady whose sliding has been done from one chair to another in changing bridge partners, instead of over skinned diamonds that abrade the hide like a nutmeg grater.

Though all but Lorraine have fled from the line-up of the pioneer Bloomer Girls, Ed Baumgardner, who still manages the team he founded in 1924, says that he will parade members of his old line-ups in competition with any other group of Floradora veterans and bet that his old team shows minimum of wear from matrimony, maternity and chronology.

It might be so. Naturally the girls' softball talent is selected from a physically superior group. In this connection, it is interesting to note that most of the star girl softballers are of established American stock. In the lineups at the national championships there are far fewer names of obviously recent foreign origin than will be found in major league baseball rosters. Only during the past three years have the softball expert observers seen many youngsters of foreign-born parents or grandparents come into the game.

The American parent seems to encourage his female progeny in the sprightly pastime of softball. Fathers whose names once were on scorecards of major and minor league, and scholastic ball games have their names kept luminous by their maiden children whose diamond feats are thrilling the neighborhoods. One of this corps of lassies, Shirley Jameson, is the daughter of the once-renowned Tubby Jameson. Miss Shirley is of such proficiency that when one tells her daddy that if he were as good at baseball as his daughter is at softball, he would have outglamoured Babe Ruth, all that Jameson *père* can do is to nod agreement.

There still is abundant opportunity for better stage management in women's softball. Some teams persist in swathing themselves in the superdrooper bloomers which are, beyond all question, the most godawful creation an esthetically illiterate modiste ever hung on the human form divine. The color combinations of many of the suits are reasons for playing many games at night, for it is a certainty that man, woman or child of normal vision must suffer unpleasant disturbances at the pit of the belly upon viewing the bilious colors that clash on softball uniforms.

Considering the physical requirements of softball, it is amazing how many a neat set of gams is revealed by the tastefully attired maidens who perform in shorts instead of in the superdrooper pants. The girls do get their knees, legs and hams skinned by slides, and as the result of being sent bounding on their beautiful bottoms by contact with other sturdy maidens. But it is just such mishaps that stir the mothering instincts of the crowds—65% of which are males—and add another appeal to the game.

As a matter of fact, somewhat unpleasant to organized baseball, girls' softball is showing the swiftest rate of increase in sports draw. Around Chicago, for instance, girls' softball at five parks, over an 18 weeks' season, drew about twice the season's crowd Chicago's American League White Sox drew. The New York Rangers and Roverettes, playing at Madison Square Garden last summer, averaged more than 9,000 customers per game. The Rangers and the Roverettes, so it is said by authorities who are well acquainted with girls' softball all over the country, are by no means among the nation's most expert performers. However, their brand of softball is amply adequate to give the trade its money's worth.

This pastime is drawing its own group of fans, many of whom have switched from other sports, and some of whom are entirely new as sports entertainment enthusiasts. There is a lively grade of violence toward the umpires exhibited at close contests between the girls, and ingenuity shown by the players in inciting the crowd against the arbiters. All of that adds to the gaiety of the show. Perhaps one of the umpires' problems accounts for the hideous superdrooper pants previously mentioned. Mr. Harry Wilson, who has worked many of the big games in ladies' softball, tells of a case of an umpire being rebuked by a lady catcher, thus:

"Listen, big boy, if you would take your lamps off the batter's knees long enough to look around maybe you would see more of these pitches coming over as strikes."

You can't send a doll to the bench for a remark like that. You have to listen and like it. That's what the country is doing about the girls' softball games. ##

The Potato Patch

Continued from page 44

flushed. It flushed deeper every time she looked at it. Outside the rain was coming down in sheets.

"From the way you eat you mustn't be much hungry," she remarked.

"Oh, yes, I am," he protested and ate a little faster, "but I was thinking of lady luck."

"There ain't no luck connected with it," she said in a deliberate monotone. "Early in the morning your clothes will'a dried out and you'll be on your way to Detroit, if it's Detroit you are going to."

"Detroit," he answered, "Of course Detroit. I only meant to . ."

"Drink your coffee."

"Yes, lady."

"Where did you stop last night?"

"In Krakow . . . in a hay loft . . . with the farmer's permission. They sure did wonders, the Polish farmers. Cleared thousands of acres of cutover land and made farms on them."

"They are not the only ones who did it," she said holding him with her eyes.

He had a weak chin and no Adam's apple. But he had splendid shoulders and good teeth. Peter's teeth had been so far apart you could have put another set in between them. Peter's hands were like short claws. This tramp's hands were thin but with long capable fingers. She was furious with herself because she thought of the difference between the two men. She told herself that the advantage was all on Peter's side. Peter! Who had worked on his farm and not gone knocking at the doors of other people's houses.

"You'll have to leave early in the morning, rain or no rain," she said suddenly.

"Of course. Of course."

"I'll throw you down a mattress. You can spread it by the stove here."

"I can bed in the barn or the hay loft, if you'd rather."

"I don't want my husband's clothes messed up in no barn."

"Right."

She propped up her chin on her elbows on the table and looked at him; just looked at him fixedly, regardless of his evident embarrassment. After a while she said:

"Is there no better thing to do for a young man than to tramp from Canada to Michigan and knock at people's doors at night?"

"You don't know everything," he countered in a quivering voice, moving his chair a little away from the table. "Or you wouldn't ask such questions."

"I am sorry. I didn't mean it the way you take it. I shouldn't a said it. Leastwise not at my table." She offered her hand across the table in apology. He shook it heartily, then, let it go and reached for another slice of bread to put some jam on it while he eyed the coffee pot.

"I'll fill it again. It's mostly empty. I can stand another cup myself."

She rose to go to the water faucet as she spoke.

He dipped his fingers into a pocket of his own coat, steaming on the chair beside the stove, and brought out a wet pouch of tobacco and a short pipe.

"You don't mind, do you?"

"Go ahead," she answered over her shoulder, standing before the stove and busying herself with the coffee pot.

"How big is this farm?" he asked, stuffing his pipe. She was conscious of his eyes on the curves of her hips and arms.

"Plenty big enough." She sat

Continued on page 176

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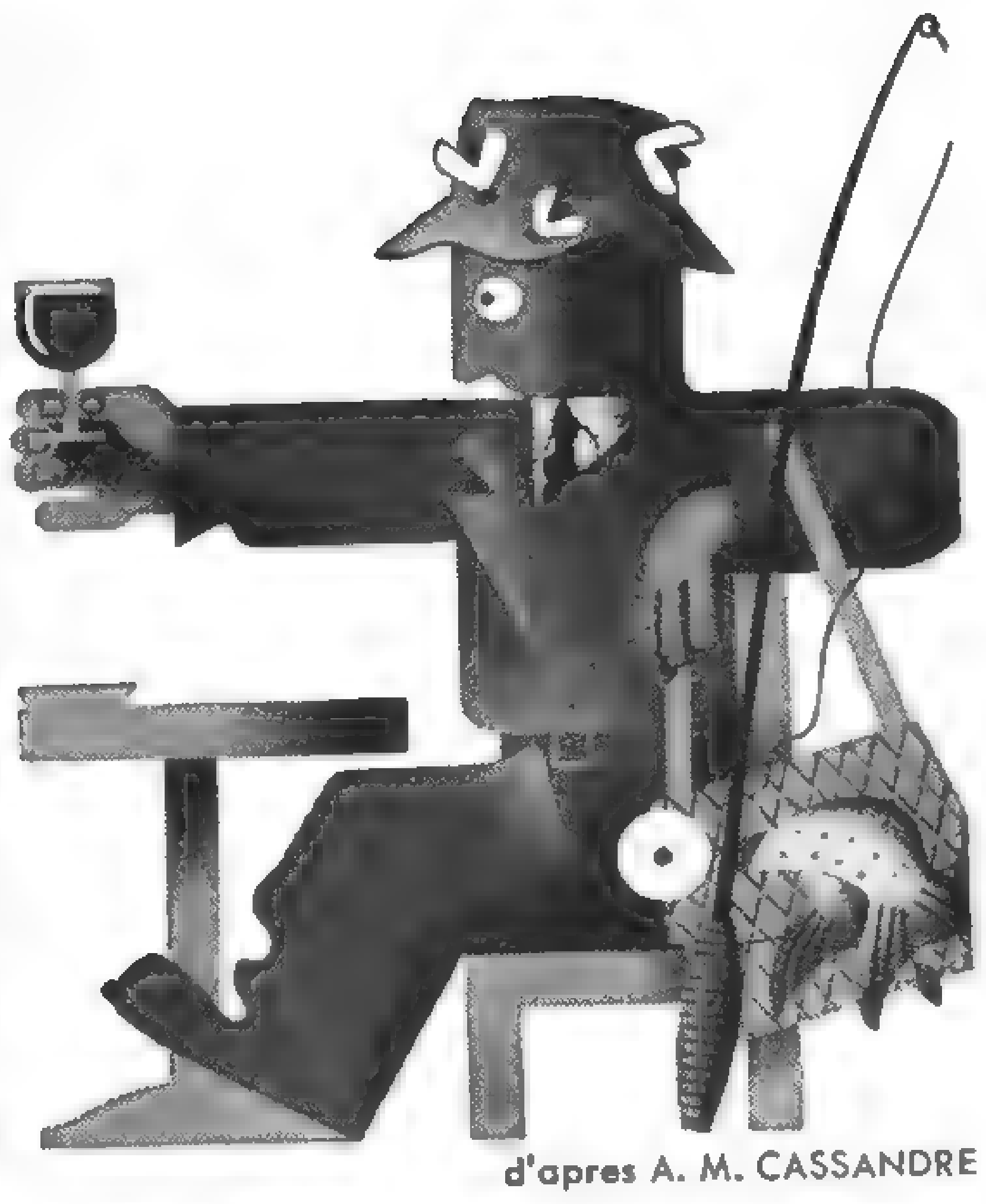
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The Potato Patch

Continued from pages 44-175

down facing him. She'd sooner he'd look at her face.

"Could I get some work . . . a day, two, or a week?"

"No . . . We ain't taking on anybody just now."

"I thought you might. Too bad."

His hair had dried out. It shone golden under the soft light of the kerosene lamp. The skin of his face had a light rosy bloom. His eyelashes were long. She could hardly keep her eyes from his lips as he spoke. And her hands were like dogs straining on a leash. She tried to keep her eyes from him and couldn't. She bit her lips and held her hands in a strong grip. They mustn't get away from her. They were her hands. Under her control. Ho there! She wasn't going to lose her head to a tramp, she, Flora Cameron!

She rose to leave the kitchen.

"Don't you care for another cup of coffee?" he asked as if he were the host and she the guest.

"I better not. You'll leave early in the morning . . . before I come down . . . in your own clothes. Good night."

"Good night and thank you . . . again. So sorry to have troubled you."

At the door she found herself turning around against her will, for a last look at him. She held on to the doorsill, and said, slowly, "You'll not forget to turn down the light, will you?" Then she ran upstairs to her room and threw herself on her bed. She was afraid to undress. Afraid! But not of him, but because she wasn't one with her arms, her eyes, and her lips. What was left of her, of Flora Cameron, if her hands and her lips wanted a life of their own! She shouldn't have let in a man, at night, a month after her husband was buried.

Suddenly she remembered she hadn't thrown down the mattress she had promised him. She was about to do so when she checked herself. No, she wouldn't.

"But, Flora Cameron!" an inner voice said, "you have said you would throw him down a mattress, didn't you?"

"I take it back . . . I take it back, and that's that," she said aloud and was scared by her own voice. Her limbs were atingle; as if millions of ants were crawling over her.

She told herself that he could sleep on the bare floor, that he had slept in worse places before, and turned over on the right side to hide her head on her shoulder. She remembered Peter's words the first time they had been alone. He had stepped aside, looked at her and said: "No one knows how really beautiful you are, Flora." Later on, when he was sick and nagging and scolding she forgave him everything because of what he had said to her the first night they were alone. Peter hadn't been one to make compliments. But she couldn't forget what he had said the night they were married. She visualized the scene with her husband to fortify herself against the pull towards the tramp in the kitchen.

Suddenly Peter's face went hazy before her mind's eye and the tramp's face etched itself in its place. She closed her eyes and refused to see it.

She'd train herself to see what she wanted to see if it took the whole night to do it. It was Peter who had said "I do," and not the tramp in the kitchen. She imagined and re-imagined over and again that first night alone scene until she succeeded in having Peter's face appear before her eyes as vividly as if he were in the flesh. Peter used to say. "What gets a dog is that a human has more patience than he has. It's what breaks him." Her own senses were like dogs that had to be broken. She'd show them.

She hadn't thought of another man since she had married Peter . . . and not even of him as a man since they had carried him into that kitchen with his back, and his limbs broken. A year. More than a year. He had broken his back to wrest a large farm out of the woodland before they'd settle down to raise a family. "You got to have two hundred acres before you can begin to raise a family," he had repeated again and again.

"How about that mattress?" Came a voice from nowhere.

She turned the light out not knowing whether she had really heard a voice or it had come from within.

She made herself think of her first meeting with Peter. But every time she began to repicture how she had first met her husband, the door of the kitchen opened on a rainy night and the tramp came in, saying "I saw a light." But that wasn't how she had met Peter. She reenacted that first meeting with Peter again and again and every time the mind's eye tricked her, the kitchen door opened and the tramp came in. She refused to go on.

She shouldn't have had a cup of coffee late at night. There was an odor as of ripe wheat in the room; an odor as of ripe wheat that mingled with the sweet odor of freshly mown hay from that second field thick with wild strawberries. She had lain down face in the grass, on a Sunday afternoon, with Peter beside her, and they had picked off the strawberries and fed them to each other. Then they had gone to the barn carrying between them the empty milking pail and laughing at something neither of them had said.

When dawn broke she heard the tramp move around in the kitchen. The rain had ceased. He'd be gone . . . to Detroit and she would never see him again; in the flesh or in her dreams. And she wouldn't open her door to tramps no more. Rain or no rain. She knew better now. She didn't want another night like the one she had been through. She heard him open and close the

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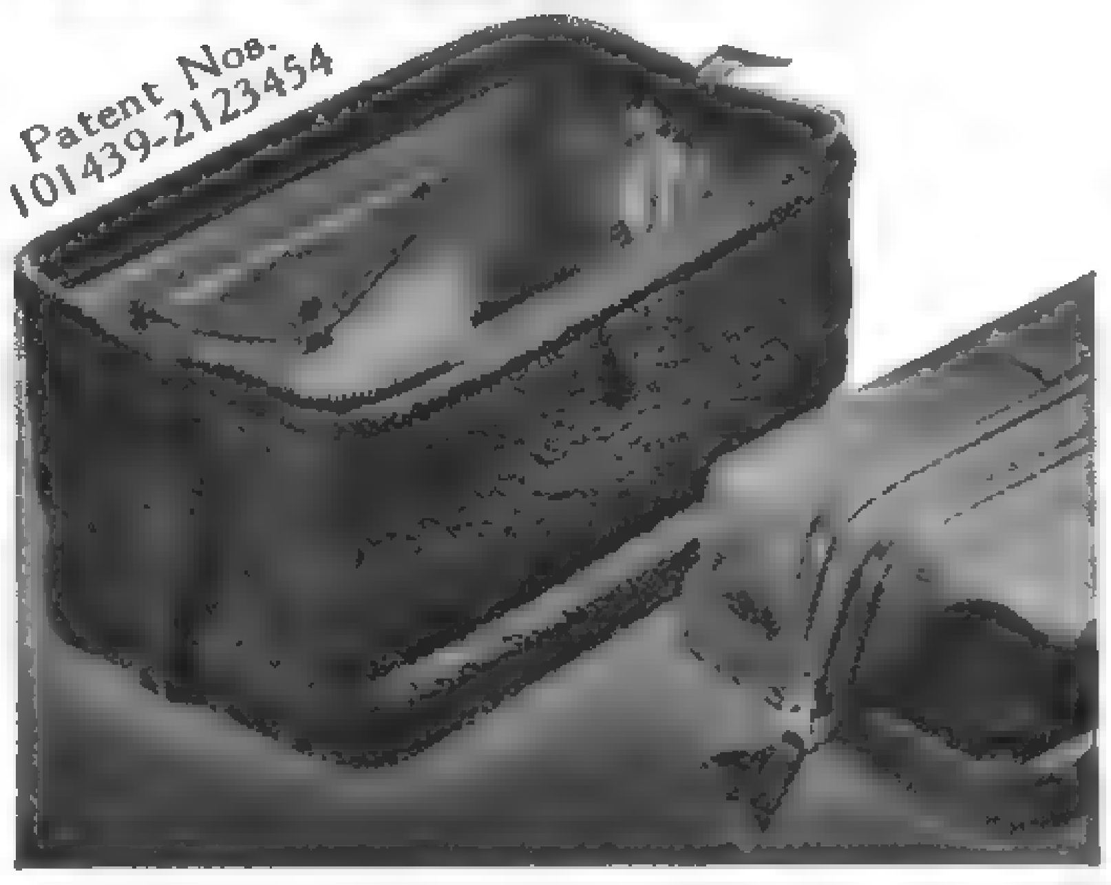

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door. It was daylight. Broad daylight. Her hands would now have other things to do than to want to touch a stranger. There was that potato patch that needed hoeing badly. The floors had to be scrubbed. There was darning to do.

He was on his way to Detroit. It was a clear cool morning. He'd stop ten miles away at the Burgher farm and ask to be hired; for a day, two, a week. There was plenty of work at Burghers. They had bought two hundred acres of cutover land near Lake Huron and planned to clear it in one year. Old man Burgher had said, "There'll be potatoes next year where there were oak trees last year."

She washed her face with cold water and changed to fresh clothes. She looked at herself in the mirror. She didn't look as if she hadn't slept at all or had slept in her shoes. She'd have to make up her mind soon what to do about the farm. Sell it, or not. It was no farm to give away. Peter's older brother had already bespoken the team of horses. What a team! It was something to watch them pull away a load. They way they braced their legs and strained forward! Peter's brother would pay hire or buy them; whichever way she wanted. She had a thousand in the bank. She was in no hurry to decide about the farm. But she mustn't open doors at night to strangers.

She went down to the kitchen. She reached for the milking pails hanging over the sink, bottom down, rinsed them, once, twice, and went out with a swinging pail; as if she had triumphed over someone or something. The cows were mooing. Peter had always milked them before daylight. When he was crippled she had to continue to milk them at the same small hour of the morning. She was glad she hadn't sent him to the barn to sleep. He was on his way to Detroit now. It was a long way.

The cow barn was sweetishly warm. Four big brown eyes turned on her while she measured out the feed for them.

Suddenly her fingers stiffened as she was milking. She half-rose to go but made herself sit back again, and milked without change of rhythm, one full pail and then the other. No matter what happened you had to milk a cow to the last drop if you wanted to milk from her again. She put the pails away and was about to run out when she heard the team neighing. She forked down some hay from the loft and gave them a handful of oats each. On the way out she grabbed a horse whip, a short-handled affair with a two-finger-thick pleated lash that tapered down to a needle point, and ran out of the yard and into the kitchen flaying the air with it.

Yes, the tramp had gone away in Peter's clothes. His own were still hanging over the chair. Banging the door closed, Flora Cameron ran out on the road; the whip in one hand and the other pushing back the hair from her flushed face. The thief! And after she had let him in at night in that rain, and fed him, and let him dry himself.

The road, deeply ditched on both sides was as straight as a bee line for five miles after the first bend on top of the knoll.

A neighbor on his way to the haying field drove by in his empty farm wagon.

"Anything the matter Mrs. Cameron?" he asked, slowing down his team of bays.

"No . . . A horse. I'll catch up with him."

He trotted on. A moment later she saw the tramp come out of the ditch where he had hidden until the farm wagon had passed him. She jumped down, in the road ditch, herself, not to be seen by him, or by farmers on their way to the haying fields, and only came out of it, head high, to see whether he was still in view. He was. And she was catching up with him. She was faster on her feet than he was. The thief. She'd show him. A little while and another wagon rumbled behind her. She leaned flat against the grassy ditch wall; not to be seen . . . she, Flora Cameron, running the roads with a horse whip in her hands. Suddenly she was upon him. He had sat down to rest. He stood up. She lashed out at him blindly, again and again. He didn't say a word. He didn't utter a sound. He stood up, quivered at every one of her blows, but took them without a murmur. When she had stopped, not because of pity or because her arm was tired, but because she didn't want to give in all the way to her senses, he said:

"What do you want me to do?"

"You go back to that kitchen and take these clothes off," she screamed, pointing the direction with the butt of her whip. They both ducked into the ditch when another farm wagon rumbled in the distance. "And don't you try to run away from me."

"I won't run away. I got what I deserved," he answered and walked on ahead of her.

They were soon on top of the knoll. She told him to cut across the field. It was a shorter way to the farm. Her eyes were on his broad shoulders. She hated him for thinking of them.

At the kitchen door he seemed to hesitate, she lashed out at him, again whirling the whip with all the strength of her arm.

"Get in . . . Let's see you get in . . . you . . . that's what I get . . . eh?"

He got in and closed the door. She sat down on the first kitchen step, dropped the whip at her feet, and covered her burning face with her burning hands. They were her hands again. They weren't straining away from her.

After a while she heard him open and close the door softly and knew he was standing behind her. She rose and looked at him. He looked her straight in the eyes. He was better looking in his own clothes than in Peter's. Instead of saying something very bitter and biting, she heard herself saying: "You can't go without breakfast. It's ten miles to the next farm

Continued at top of page 178

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The Potato Patch

Continued from pages 44-175-177

house." Then she led the way into the kitchen and he followed her.

She broke an egg and another and another one into the pan. She had broken a dozen eggs before she noticed they were running over the frying pan.

There were several welts across his cheeks. One of them ran from the left ear across the nose to the right corner of his lips. She told him to sit down, sat down opposite him and hid her face in her arms crying her heart out for a few moments. When she raised her head there were tears in his eyes and he tried to mumble something.

"That's all right," she said. "Forget it. Just sit down and eat."

They ate silently, looking at each other and lowering their eyes when their gazes met.

When he had wiped his mouth, after the last gulp of coffee, she left the kitchen and went to the barn. When she returned, carrying the two milk pails she saw him swinging a hoe in the potato patch. He had taken off his coat and rolled up his shirt sleeves that had hidden his strong arms covered with reddish fuzz.

"That patch needs a good hoeing," he said to her as she passed by.

"It sure does," she answered and went into the kitchen, at peace with herself though defeated, and glad that it was broad daylight. ⌗

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 76

their overpoweringly rich ideology? *Craig's Wife* argued that a woman should seek security above all things in marriage and that if her husband showed signs of slipping she should give him hell, even if he got sore about it. *The Great God Brown* contended that people often present faces to the world which are not their true faces and that they reserve the latter only for those close friends who understand them. *The Enemy* argued that there may conceivably be some good even in those who represent a different point of view from our own. *Bride Of The Lamb* hinted that it is not impossible for a clergyman to be a hypocrite and that he may have moments when he feels the sex urge, like any other man. *The Wisdom Tooth* told of a weak clerk who is turned down by his best girl and who has a dream wherein he sees himself as a school kid licking the town bully, which leads him upon waking to tell his employer where to get off, which in turn leads his best girl to love him all over again. And *The Butter and Egg Man* reasoned that it is hard to do theatrical business on a shoestring.

So much for the American ideology.

Of the foreign exhibits, *The Green Hat* dealt with a young woman whose father objects to her marriage with the man she loves, who marries another who turns out to have a social disease and who commits suicide, and who, after various excursions into amour, also commits suicide. *The Dybbuk* told of a bride who, refusing the man of her father's choice, is believed to be in the possession of an evil spirit. After the evil spirit is exorcised, the bride hears the soul of her first beloved calling to her from heaven and joins him in death. *The Last Of Mrs. Cheyney* dealt with a fashionable hussy who yearns for luxury and becomes a thief. When her guilt is discovered and she is about to confess, she learns that the other members of the house-party are also gonofs of one sort or another. To keep her quiet, she is given a $50,000 check. Nobly she destroys it, thus making herself the white-headed girl with everybody and bringing her the hand of a lord in marriage. And *Young Woodley* educated us in the news that when a young man falls in love with another man's wife he is going to be pretty upset about things before he finishes.

As to the critical quality of the plays. *Craig's Wife* was a workmanlike and sincere example of the Strindberg-influenced American drama of the day. *The Great God Brown* was very good O'Neill, greatly superior to the general dramatic run of its time. *The Green Hat* was rank romantic rumble-bumble. *The Dybbuk* was out of Jewish legendry and interesting as a curio. *The Enemy* was obvious Broadway commercial shenanigan. *The Last Of Mrs. Cheyney* was a polite English drawing-room zero. *Bride Of The Lamb* was sensationalized sex drama. *The Wisdom Tooth* was feeble fantasy. *The Butter and Egg Man* was equally feeble Broadway farce-comedy, way beneath the newer Kaufman standard. And *Young Woodley* was merely a pleasant little sentimental comedy, without any critical importance whatsoever.

Undaunted, our chivalrous guest goes on, having at our managers and producers with a full set of bare teeth. "Perhaps they know what the public wants," he cries, "but they don't know and can't possibly know until they try! To a worker in the theatre the most encouraging thing here is the audience. It's receptive, responsive, creative, free from moss-grown habits. But do the producers know that? I wonder. I dare say that if Shakespeare were alive today and an unknown writer he couldn't get a play produced on Broadway. He would be told that the public doesn't want that kind of stuff."

Along, surely, with that senescent gag about Shakespeare, this must make any American who knows anything at all about our theatre give issue to a loud laugh. Not only are our main producers, with a few recognizable exceptions, hospitable to any play man-

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uscript that shows the slightest sign of interest and reputable quality, but they go to all kinds of lengths to get such scripts. If there is one really good script going the rounds today that can not find a taker, I haven't heard of it—and I may say that I am fairly well posted on that sort of thing.

Our producers have given almost every kind of play a chance, and continue to do so. They may not, alas, in some cases know a valid script when they see it, but there is, nevertheless, usually one somewhere around who does and who goes ahead with it. If Shakespeare were alive today and even if he went by the name of Herman Robinson most of his plays would eventually find takers in at least as quick order as Maxwell Anderson's. Not all his plays, true enough, but I have yet to learn of eager and excited productions of his *Pericles*, *Titus Andronicus* and *Timon Of Athens*, among others, even in Mr. Piscator's adored pre-Hitler Berlin.

If our producers don't know what the public is capable of wanting, as Mr. Piscator asserts, it assuredly isn't for want of their trying to find out. They have freely given that public, even in the present meager season alone, everything from Chekhov to Saroyan, from Shakespeare to Kaufman and Hart, from Russian drama to Ernest Hemingway, from British comedy to Yiddish drama, from Viennese refugee revue to German refugee dramatic musical accompaniment, from Negro drama to jazz Shakespeare, from ladies' garment workers' union satire to Thurber farce, from Irish drama to Priestley comedy, from historical drama to mystery melodrama, from sociological drama to boozy burlesque, from Anti-Nazi propaganda to Bernard Shaw dialectics, and from blank verse drama to *Hellzapoppin*. There may be a species of drama they haven't given the public, but that is simply because no one has come around with any decent sample of it. You can't produce plays until someone has written them. The producers are not to blame for the inactivity of playwrights.

Piscator, in short, is doing a lot of talking through his hat.

But this Piscator isn't the only refugee guest, it appears, who needs a lesson in manners and a much longer one in critical sense. According to a report published in a New York newspaper a few months ago, Gottfried Reinhardt, recently landed son of the celebrated Max, was encountered discussing the American theatre with Otto Preminger and Fritz Kortner, the former an Austrian director and the latter a German actor and director, refugees from their respective countries and presently living off the American theatre. Comparing the New York stage with that in Berlin, records Mr. Leonard Lyons, Reinhardt insisted that "New York is the most provincial city in the world as far as the theatre is concerned," whereupon Preminger turned to Kortner, who flung his right arm majestically across his left shoulder. "What does that signify?" asked Preminger. "I am wrapping myself," replied the German refugee Kortner, "in diplomatic silence."

Well, I, for one, don't like it. I don't like it worth a damn. If these refugees seeking our good will knew what they were talking about, if they knew the American theatre for more than the very short time they have been here and superficially looked at it, I'd say to them, go ahead and blast the living tar out of it if you think it deserves it. But, very clearly, they don't know the first thing about it and their ungracious and ignorant remarks are pretty offensive. Nor are those I have named the only offenders. It is a rare week that some refugee like them doesn't similarly shoot off his mouth and deliver himself of a copious sneering. It is time they either applied themselves patiently to a study of what our theatre is really like, or shut up.

* * *

The Case of J. Barrymore.—It seemed to appear from the criticisms of John Barrymore in *My Dear Children* that he had committed a mortal sin in reducing his fine talents to so cony a theatrical exhibition. The grief of my colleagues over the sacrifice of his great acting assets was touching to behold. For several reasons, I found myself not only unable to share in their lamentations but rather persuaded that they were crying into what was, after all, merely near-beer. Their implication that Barrymore was first and alone among actors in thus selling his quondam position was pretty hard to swallow. Actors long before Barrymore have done it, and actors long after him will probably continue to. Sir Charles Wyndham's performance of *David Garrick* in German would have ruffled the notorious equanimity of even Miss Elaine Barrie. E. S. Willard's performance in *My Wife's Dentist* should, if indeed it actually didn't, have impelled Prof. George Odell to heave eggs at him. And Nat Goodwin's exaggerated antics as Bottom in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* made Barrymore look in comparison like a Walter Hampden.

Come down to more recent years. Richard Bennett's ad-libbing in *Jarnegan*, to say nothing of his acting deportment, periodically rivaled Barrymore's. As for the abovementioned Hampden, his *Achilles Had a Heel* put a histrionic dunce's cap on him, albeit unintentional. Furthermore, is it critically worse to reduce one's standing with humorous deliberation as Barrymore has done in the case of *My Dear Children* than to reduce it with grim incogitancy as in the case of Hampden or of Alfred Lunt and *Point Valaine?*

There is another and more important point. Clown though he converted himself into, Barrymore still proved himself—and unmis-

Continued on page 180

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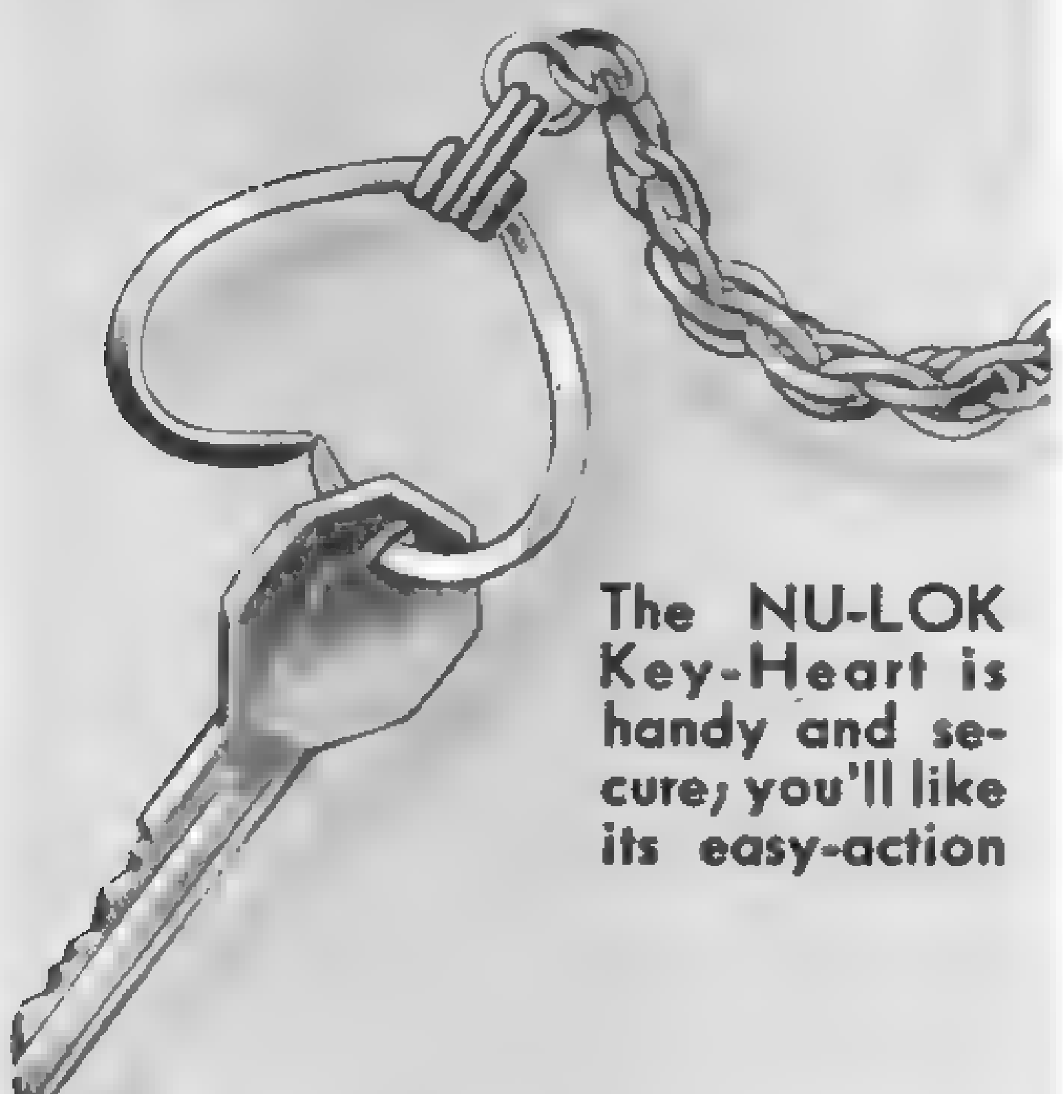

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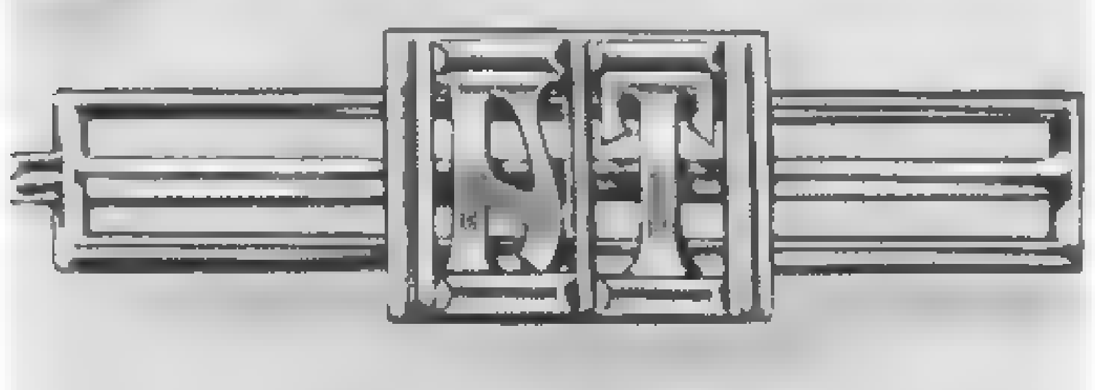

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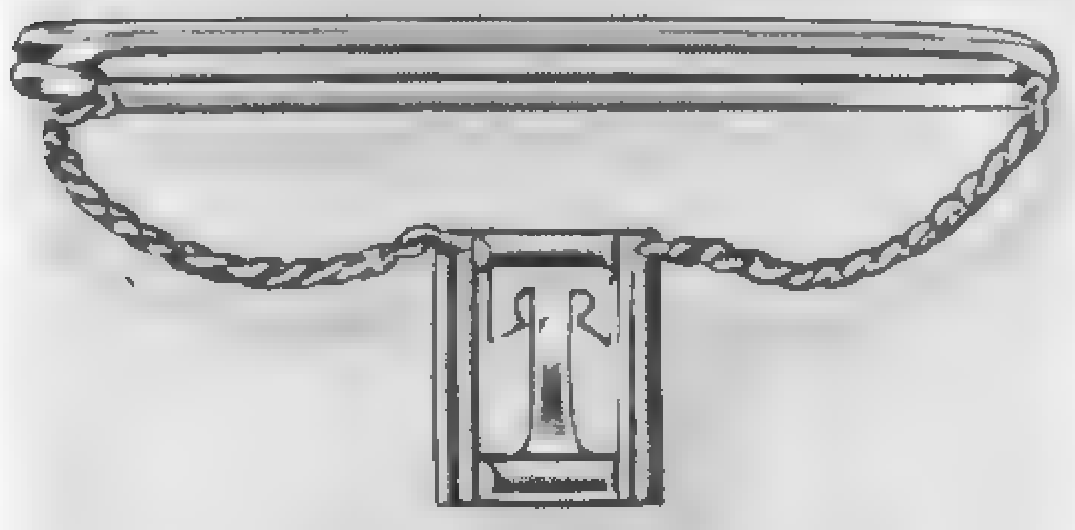

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 76-179

takably—an excellent actor. Paradoxically enough, the very critics who denounced him for disgracefully lowering himself freely admitted as much. It would thus seem that they bashed him unfairly, because if he was still, as they agreed, the proficient actor he had hitherto been, their ire was rightly to be centered on his vehicle rather than on himself, which made the whole thing a horse of another color.

Barrymore's vehicle was, sure enough, a severe dose of trash, but so have been the vehicles, occasionally, of many other good actors. What is more, the actors have now and again, far from losing their status in and through them, gained an increased status. The critics have, of course and naturally, deplored the low quality of the plays but even these same critics, with minor and here and there sapient exception, have not failed to tout the performances the actors gave in them. Look at Irving in *The Bells*, which was pure and unadulterated rubbish. Yet it peculiarly raised Irving in the public and, to no little extent, critical esteem. Look at Mansfield in *A Parisian Romance*, at Lucien Guitry as the idiotic super-spy in *Servir*, at Lewis Waller in *The Sorrows of Satan*, at a dozen or two others. Look, by the way, at Barrymore's uncle, John Drew, in *Captain Dieppe*, at his brother, Lionel, in *The Piker*, or for that matter, at his sister, Ethel, in *The Love Duel.*

Is it critically better to play such pork straight or with tongue in cheek, as John has played *My Dear Children* and as his sister Ethel also this season played *Farm Of Three Echoes?* At least one critic says it is not only better and more intelligent and more self-respecting, but a whole heap more amusing. The actor who plays tripe straight is an ass, in both his stage and off-stage being, and deserving only of hoots. Barrymore, far from meriting the contumely of my colleagues for razzing the pants off an inferior vehicle, merits their congratulations, that is, if they are critics in any true and human sense. What is more, he has had at least one good precedent. We have Bernard Shaw's word for it that the late and very estimable Cyril Maude did more or less exactly what Barrymore has done when he found himself inserted into the load of claptrap by Edward Rose out of Stanley Weyman called *Under The Red Robe.*

If Barrymore had played *My Dear Children* with a straight face, the critics would have denounced him not only for sacrificing his acting standing, as they have done, but also for his miserable judgment in picking the play, which would have gone to the storehouse in a jiffy. He was, accordingly, at least fifty per cent wise from any viewpoint. He at least showed that he knew a rotten play when he saw one, and he made a mint of money playing the public for a sucker. Perhaps, by antecedent way of making things clear all around for everybody, he should have indicated that he was beginning a new and different acting career, as the witty James Branch Cabell on an obviously higher level indicated that he, in turn, was initiating a new and different literary career. Cabell, you recall, dropped his first name and proceeded to call himself simply Branch Cabell. Barrymore might similarly have dropped the John and called himself Blythe Barrymore. Or maybe, better still, J. Durante Barrymore.

* * *

The Rise and Fall of Odets.—Clifford Odets continues grievously to embarrass those critics who early in his career hailed him as a new great genius in American playwriting. Each successive play of his not only adds to their wounds but finds them growing more and more dizzy trying to invent explanations and apologies. Not all of them, to be sure, for there are one or two who, heads buried in the critical sand, are apparently determined to save their faces by insisting that they weren't wrong about him and who will probably go on endorsing him as a gift from heaven even if he writes plays that they'd hammer the life out of if written by anyone else.

Night Music, their genius' latest exhibit, the story of still yet another boy and girl from the outlands who meet in New York and desperately try to make a place for themselves against the customary stage odds, follows the conventional basic pattern of plays of a kidney and is not only the poorest play its author has concocted but one beside which even Elmer Rice's *Two On an Island* and Arthur Wilmurt's *Young Couple Wanted*, this season's essentially similar plays, take on unexpected comparative values. Here and there Odets reveals faint glints of his older aptitude at quick character delineation, of his feel for dramatic effect and of his ironic humor—how often in the case of his later plays have we written those same words, to say nothing of those now to come!—but by and large his exhibit goes critically to pieces on the rocks of juvenile sociological dialectics, benzedrine-fed drama, and aimless volubility.

Some critics have praised Odets for turning in this latest work from his accustomed pessimistic and cynical attitude to a warm optimism. That optimism, however, amounts merely to superficial and bogus theatricality, due either to careless or deliberately hokum thinking. I give you an example. His play ends with the boy and girl, both destitute and out on a perilous limb, harking to the look-upward philosophy of a friendly old member of the metropolitan police force, proclaiming their re-

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solve to conquer the future, and gaily going off, arm in arm, toward what we are invited to imagine are fame and riches. Inasmuch as the girl and boy are completely down and out financially, as both have just lost their jobs, as we have been shown throughout the evening that neither has any particular talent for anything, as the boy is a mere windbag without an ounce of hard sense in his head and the girl a softy, and as, finally, their cop advisor, cicerone and future helper is plainly stated to have slaved patiently and dumbly in the police department for thirty-five long years without getting anywhere—inasmuch as we have been previously and emphatically impressed by the author with all this, it is pretty hard to wonder if Odets' optimism regarding their future and the future of all boys and girls like them doesn't stem less from a clear and honest appraisal of their estate than from a hopeful recollection of the box-office, happy-ending drama of an American theatre long since critically gone to the ashcan. ⧻

Ushers Are Lushers

Continued from page 84

hotel; in any case the doors are closed. Naturally the ushers, numbering perhaps six or eight, will be among those present, and the rest of the circle of his intimates—plenty intimate before the party is over.

The exact nature of the victuals isn't vital so long as the menu is in the stag mood. Drinks are what this army travels on—beginning with dry primers of the Sherry, Martini, Old-Fashioned sort, or possibly a sec Alsatian wine, and leading up doggedly to Champagne of famed brand in magnums or jeroboams. These latter mighties, standing knee-high and containing nearly a gallon, make a swell impression. Anybody gets a thrill at receiving a pour from one of *them*, and nothing could be more appropriate for the toast to the bride-to-be. When the glasses are drained in her honor, custom calls for crashing the said stemware on the floor, to be swept up by the waiters—preferably separately from any mislaid ushers.

As an example of what earnest men can achieve in the dinner line, let me cite an affair staged at the Albion House in London, June 17, 1818, by fifteen members of the Roxburghe Club. Though this session was unconnected with matrimony or the approach thereof—being in fact a get-together of rare book addicts—it was for men only and most manful. The participants sat down at seven to "discuss," first:

> Turtle Stew, Turtle Cutlets, Turtle Fin, Boiled Chickens, Turbot, Sauté of Haddock, Lamb, Ham, Tongue, Fillets of Whitings, John-Dory (of the perch family), Roast Chickens, and Fricandeau of Turtle—with Cold Roast Beef on side tables, and Whitebait brought in when the turtle tureens had been disposed of.

And secondly:

> Venison (2 haunches).

And thirdly:

> Larded Poulets, Artichoke Bottoms, Peas, Prawns, Roast Leveret (young hare), Roast Quails, Roast Goose, Salade Italienne, Tarts, Cheese cakes, Crême Italienne, Cabinet Pudding, Cheese, Pine Ice Cream.

Incidental beverages were limited to:

> "Strong Beer," Madeira, Champagne, Sauternes, Old Hock, Burgundy, Hermitage, Sherry, Old Port, Claret, Turtle Punch, Liqueurs, Rose Water, Soda Water, Tea, and Coffee.

When the bill was presented at 3:15 a.m., it amounted to approximately $28.00 a head, clear or otherwise.

Today you would pay more for the same amount, or you might even pull in your belt and get along with a little less. In any case bridal crews, like bookworms, need sustenance now and then, particularly when the rigors of the rehearsal are gone through with. If the latter takes place in the forenoon, the obvious answer is lunch, either at a home or hotel, hosted by the bride's parents and attended by the entire cast, with ushers and bridesmaids brothering and sistering in a big way. If in the afternoon, it will lead to cocktails, followed (after change of raiment) by a dinner or dinner-dance, as gala as papa's pocketbook will stand. That is to say, Champagne if possible. Failing that, a white still wine of honorable breed and sponsorship will take care of the first half of the meal, and a properly vouched-for red Chateau or noble-branded Burgundy will attend to the remainder, and during the dancing a red or white punch or "cup" of the fruit-bearing, spirit-bolstered sort will provide coolage. As a super-sophisticated whimsy mine hosts, if possessing more wealth than they choose to strut, may set up a hot dog stand and foaming beer bar.

Thus preliminaried, the wedding itself, alias costume drama, may be either a morning-coat performance under the auspices of Old Sol, or a pageant with a dusk background and white ties to the fore. In the cutaway instance, the sequel is a wedding breakfast which might be mistaken for a luncheon except that it is more sumptuous; or, if the knot be tied in mid-afternoon, a reception and collation at cocktail time. Or an outright evening fiesta of felicitation, starting formal and getting less so. Practically the same rules apply to all three styles of celebrating: admission is by card in an endeavor to foil gate-crashers; the bride, whose family is underwriting the party, has the lion's share of the inviting, as though she were a col-

Continued on page 182

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Ushers Are Lushers

Continued from pages 84-181

lege team playing on its home grounds; the groom's cheering section is made up of his parents, his closest relatives, and his especial friends. His third-cousin Oswald may get in on the quaffing, but his chances are slimmer than his thirst.

By and large, the routine is as follows: Mrs. Bride and Husband take their places under a bridal bower of palms or what not, flanked by her mother, the maid or matron of honor, the best man and (generally with a roving eye toward the refreshments) papa. Also, the parents of the groom, if he is considered that important. Instorming guests make their first salaams to the mother of the bride, as hostess. Then to the head maid. Then the heroine herself. And try to remember the groom.

Ushers are expected to restrain themselves for the moment and to get busy altruistically, greeting and introducing people around in the manner of cruise directors. To get sidetracked by some blonde that Fate brought in would be negligence.

When the awaited refreshments materialize, they may, because of traffic congestion in a room of limited size, be on a struggle-grab-and-juggle basis. If so, the honors will be carried off by old hands at free-lunch raiding. The master-snitchers. Platter-pouncers. The long arm of coincidence is nothing to theirs when an unprotected sardine is in sight. Seems strange to them, though, that there are napkins and no pretzels—so much so, they moor themselves and methodically take on cargo.

Meanwhile pretty faces await supplies, and it's up to Mr. Usher to be in there trying. But warily, not sensationally like the slipshodder who careened a bumped plate of oysters into a dowager's *décolletage.* Speaking as a common carrier who has battled his way with three bouillons through a broken field and has dandled mayonnaise of lobster on his knee not too successfully, let me say that I prefer tables and stability when I'm catered to. And so does all mankind.

We trust, therefore, that after the reception part of the function, the guests will be provided with facilities for eating and drinking in comfort. Star-positioned at one end of the room is the table of the feted pair, with whom sit the maid or matron of honor and the ex-ring-curator; accommodations for the ush-blush gang may be either hooked on or detached. Within skoal-swapping distance at the bride's right are clumped the two pairs of parents and the clergyman; to port side is a table which takes care of deserving aunts and uncles, parents' cronies, and suchlike. Place cards for the rest of the mob can be dealt *ad lib.*, or omitted.

Frankly, it isn't in the nature of the average wedding guest to worry over the particular outfit of knives and forks he draws. His thoughts are glassy. What kind of Champagne is it going to be—one of the celebrated de luxes, or a cheap-and-terrible with the labels carefully covered up as though you could be fooled? And, if good, how long will it hold out?

Presumably Papa has every confidence that the supply will prove ample. As a conscientious parent he has figured expected consumption and added, say, four cases for contingencies. But he hasn't reckoned on such factors as exceptional enthusiasm, and the amazing ability of some of those present—with the result that soon an emergency call is sent out for reënforcements. And next day, by grapevine system, the whole town knows the total number of cases. And the brand.

As for that under-pillow-souvenir rite, the carving of the Cake, it is at its most colorful at an Army or Navy wedding, the groom doing the cutting with his sword—thereby putting said weapon to the only practical use it gets in his entire career. If he is an officer of artillery, he and his bride are transported from the place of the ceremony on a gun-caisson, led by the regimental band. I might mention too that the stag dinners given by fellow officers to a deserter from the ranks of bachelors, are memorable affairs replete with story and song.

Whether Service or civilian, knot celebrations are being held more and more in hotels rather than homes. We have become such a nation of apartment dwellers and suburbanites, a guest-handling project of this magnitude isn't always easy under one's own roof, whereas the hotel is equipped for that very purpose, besides saving wear and tear on all members of the family. Furthermore, the maître is found to be a "very remarkable fellow" in these matters. As one of the most eminent exemplars, Charles A. Faissole, who stage-managed countless wedding parties from the Old Knickerbocker Hotel era up, was telling me the other day, the maître looks out for every detail. Arranges a suite for the bride-to-be and her mother so that gown fittings can be taken care of with least fatigue. Personally calls the bride when it's time for her to go to the ceremony. Takes full charge of decorations, menu, and service. And when the bridal bouquet has been tossed, spirits the couple away from pursuing pranksters.

Sometimes with his connivance they don't leave the hotel till the morrow, baffling everybody. ⧻

NOTE—In the April Potables the scribe of this department, carried away by his distaste for "cooking wines," went so far as to convey the impression that no cooking was ever done with wine but that the wine was merely added as a last-minute touch. This was slightly wacky. Chefs *do* cook with wine, even though the heat alters the wine in the process. The fact remains, however, that a poor wine thus used can't give what it never had.

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Sourpuss for President

Continued from page 68

of honey and molasses. Smiles—smiles—miles and miles of them. Reminds me of the propaganda murals in the Russian building at the New York Fair last year—vast mobs of the proletariat, all smiling happee, happee smiles, with Stalin smiling over all as he planned his next purge.

Why doesn't just one of our own political candidates realize that some of us would feel safer with a guy who looked a little worried over a 45-billion-dollar debt? And try an anxious scowl for a change? Joe Sourpuss for President!

Hey, we haven't looked at the sports section yet. Maybe there'll be a bad-man wrestler mugging his villainy. But no—an All-American grins his pleasure as he is presented a Valuable-Player trophy. A heavyweight hope leers at a plump cherub to prove his amiability to the fans.

But—what's this? By gollies. Likewise, eureka! I just didn't know where to look. Here are serious faces! Stern faces! Responsible faces! A flock of them. And in the Sunday paper. Where? In the funnies, of course. Dick Tracy—Li'l Abner—Secret Agent X-9—Terry and the Pirates—Buck Rogers. What a blessed contrast. But of course they're artist-drawn. Not real-life folks, before the camera lens, which cannot lie.

Wonder if the folks in the rest of the paper will ever get serious again, like the funnies? Or will the funnies get goofy looking, like the people?

I'm bilious from smiles.

Sourpuss for President! ╫

Men Around London

Continued from page 62

but men! He, in his youth and strength, with all the vigor of his heart and mind, would help to make the dream come true.

"Socialism," he said once, "has kept me alive."

We were talking of Martin Eden and of his suicide. It was inevitable, we agreed. Of course. Eden, being an individualist, had nothing to sustain him; socialism was the faith and the dream that made life possible. But Jack, finally, had to lose faith in that dream, too. He was compelled to withdraw from the Socialist Party, which was no longer socialistic enough for him. He would have made a good I. W. W., but by the time the Wobblies were sabotaging farmers and lumber barons, he was no longer a proletarian and he was rather tired. One cannot work hard, play hard and cut sleep down to a few hours, over a period of years, without getting tired. Nor can one set forth, with high and generous ideals, with a full heart, and meet disillusionment at every turn, without getting tired.

Sterling was always something of a socialist. But that was London's influence on him. His own influence on London was literary and philosophical. They were both egoists, as most writers are, by the very nature of their work, but they were also kind, generous and cooperative. Mary Austin once told them, in Carmel, "You haven't first-rate minds." Her implication was that she had. Although London himself said that he had little humor, except of a grim sort, on that occasion he laughed.

"Mary darling," he said, "say what you like about me, but not that about George."

Throughout his life, Sterling, like London, helped and coached and advised younger writers. Clark Ashton Smith and Robinson Jeffers looked upon him as master. In his later years, at the head of the big table in Bigin's restaurant, he was surrounded by young writers. James Rorty, then an advertising man trying to be a poet, Michael Gold, Genevieve Taggard were only a few of those who met regularly, once a week, with Sterling at Bigin's. Harry Lafler's house on Telegraph Hill, where he kept many of his books and his telescope, was a second home to him; and there, too, were many meetings, including not a few wild parties, of San Francisco's older and younger Bohemians.

Sterling wrote sonnets to all the ladies. Sometimes, when the ladies were more numerous than the sonnets, he doubled up; so that two or three girls might cherish an "original" manuscript supposedly written for her alone. Many of the *Sonnets to Craig*, written to Mrs. Upton Sinclair, were also inscribed to other women.

Like London, Sterling loved youth and both feared and hated old age. But he did not have London's death impulse. When, at last, he too committed suicide, it was because he felt he had lived his life.

He often said that Joaquin Miller, of whom he had been very fond, had lived too long. But Joaquin's turbulent spirit was strong to the very end. A few days before his death, Sterling visited him at his home above Oakland. He found the rugged old man, with the tobacco-stained beard, very feeble. But he uttered prodigious oaths, damning all doctors.

He drank and Sterling drank with him. Very soon the bearded and booted old Poet of the Sierras, who had delighted in amazing English society as a Wild Westerner, was gone, too.

Sterling, probably, was London's best critic. When Sterling praised, Jack was pleased. For Sterling really knew, he thought, as almost no one else did.

Another man whose literary opinion he greatly respected was quiet, timid little Frederick Bamford, Oakland librarian. Bamford, as much as Miss Ina Coolbrith, directed London's early reading,

Continued on page 184

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Men Around London

Continued from pages 62-183

guided him towards the discovery of socialism. Bamford, a perfect gentleman, cultured and erudite, was the strangest of all socialists; one could not imagine him in rebellion against anything. The word was passed along, among the more literate I. W. W.'s, that Bamford was a socialist, a friend of London's, and good for a touch. Scores of Wobblies, hitting Oakland, got a meal or a dollar from Bamford. Some of them enjoyed telling him stories of jails, jungles and "free speech fights," to see him wince when they spoke of cops clubbing fighting rebels.

Austin Lewis, the brilliant socialist lawyer, was also one of the intellectual group in that Oakland of yesteryear who influenced London. Herman Whitaker, the novelist and story writer, whose work, especially his Mexican tales, was good but never very popular, was another. Martinez, "Marty the Aztec," a painter, was still another. By some strange chance, at the turn of the century, a brilliant little group of intellectuals lived in Oakland, then spoken of as "the Athens of the West." They were there when London needed them most; stimulated and inspired him, gave him companionship.

On the other hand, Oakland at that time was a hotbed of snobbery. The best people, frightened by the invasion of aliens, mostly Italians, Portuguese and Irish, were on the defensive. London's youthful poverty placed him among the scorned and the submerged. And this, probably far more than his illegitimacy, inspired him to "show them" what he in his strength, could do. It was this impulse to rise in the world, combined with his lifelong struggle against the death impulse, that dominated most of his efforts. He came to glory in the myth of Anglo-Saxon superiority, even considered that English rule in India revealed a genius for government, in spite of how unMarxian these concepts were.

Much has been made of London's purchase of plots from Sinclair Lewis. The fact is, he would buy a plot from anyone, not because he needed it—or would ever use it—but because it provided a chance to give away money without any strings attached to the loan. He used a few of those purchased from Lewis because they happened to be usable. He also used many suggested by Sterling, Martinez and Frank Strawn-Hamilton.

Strawn-Hamilton, indeed, after himself, might be called his favorite character, for he used him again and again. Sometimes he called him by name; sometimes he merely introduced him as a tramp-philosopher. Strawn-Hamilton returned to San Francisco after several years in Australia and New Zealand, where he did everything from living among the head-hunters to serving as secretary to an important government official, to discover that London had described him, under his own name, as a brilliant but extremely lazy person. So lazy, indeed, that when asked to dinner at a restaurant a block away, he decided the meal was not worth the effort.

Strawn-Hamilton was a man of prodigious learning and amazing memory. A Southerner, of an aristocratic and wealthy family, he had had a lonely and unhappy boyhood. As lazy and indifferent as he became, he retained even in his last years something of the quality of a fire-eating Southerner. If sufficiently aroused, usually by an injustice to someone else, he would fight and fight hard. He was a lawyer, a graduate of the University of Virginia; he knew Latin and Greek well, he had read all the philosophers. He was a brilliant talker, especially in a small group, and his personal influence, as a teacher, over hundreds of young radicals, from Coast to Coast, was enormous. He inherited forty or fifty thousand dollars, ran through it quickly and then, disappointed in love, became a tramp. Occasionally, he could be stirred out of his sloth by being offered a job as editor of a radical paper, by being asked to write a series of articles, or by being called in to plan a strike or defense campaign.

He was somewhere behind the scenes in all of the major labor troubles of his time.

He was incapable of hate, except in matters of social injustice, tolerant and forgiving otherwise; but he cherished a violent, personal dislike for the man who had won the woman he loved—a charming woman, who, even years later, had a great affection for Strawn-Hamilton, but could not abide his trampish dirt and carelessness.

First an anarchist, then a socialist and editor of the most influential socialist papers of his time, Strawn-Hamilton became an I. W. W. It was strange to see him, lean and cultured and aristocratic, but also quite dirty, among the rough-neck Wobblies in their meeting halls. They were often scornful of his somewhat old-fashioned speech and manner, but they had a genuine respect for his mind and his long record as a revolutionist. He was as good a Marxist as anyone in the country, but intellectually he was not a Marxian. No one could analyze more clearly than Strawn-Hamilton the flaw in the Marxian theory of surplus value; but Marxism, to him, was an instrument of faith, making for social justice.

He had a way of turning up, most unexpectedly, all over the country. For one so physically lazy, he traveled far. He was a perfect tramp, capable of enduring cold and hunger and the hardships of the road and of jails with philosophical calm. He ran away from boredom, perhaps he even tried to run away from himself.

I once ran into him in New

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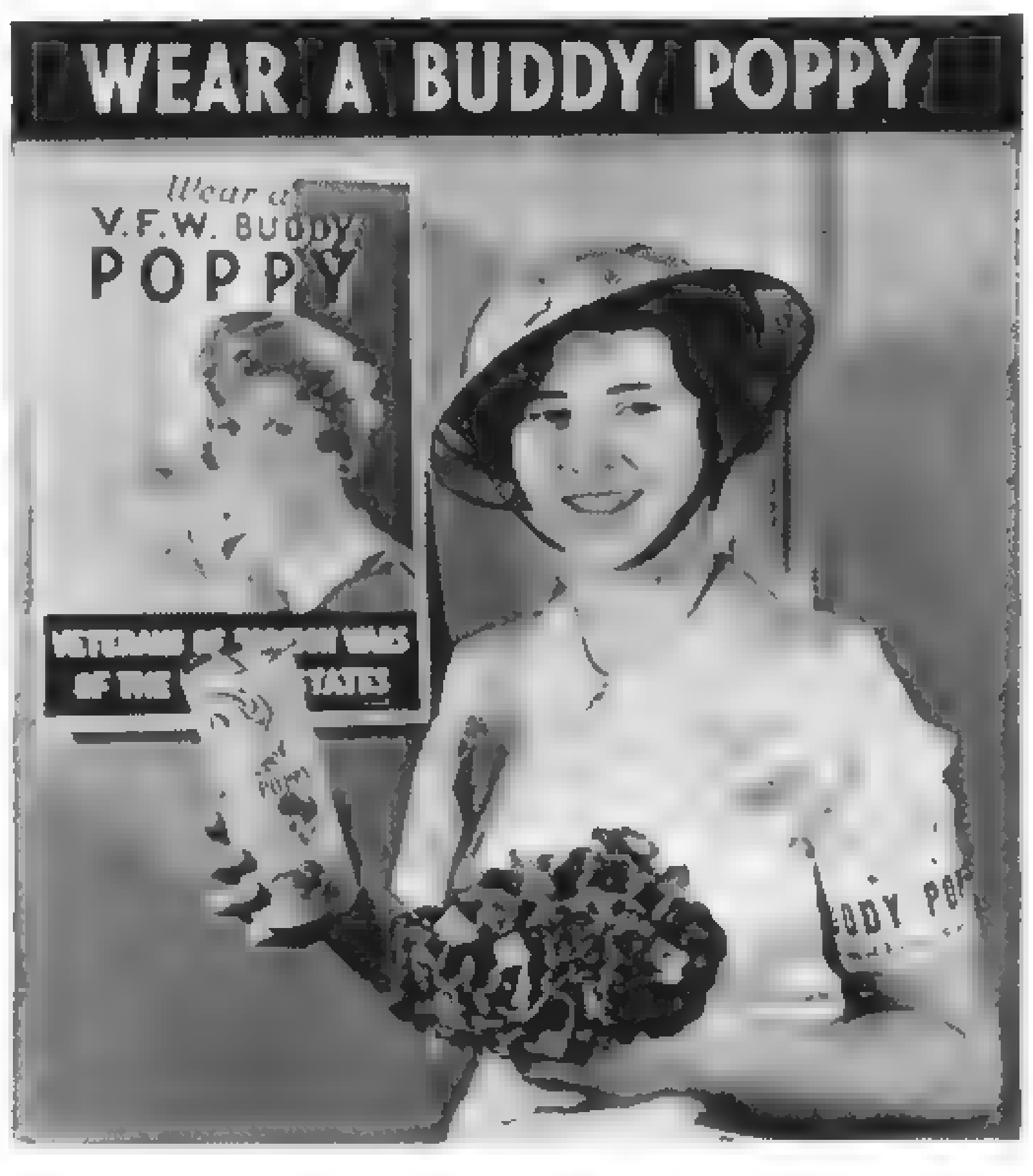


York, on the steps of the public library, where he was surrounded—a modern Socrates—by a score of eager youths. I had not seen him for some years, but he was unchanged, his voice as winning, his slow smile as engaging, his hair as thick and dark, as when I had first met him. I invited him to dinner, that evening, and he dismissed his "class" to accompany me. I had a date with another friend—a "young man of Manhattan," prosperous and aggressive, engaged in publicity and promotion. We three dined together in an Italian restaurant—Strawn-Hamilton unshaved, ill-dressed, wearing a soiled shirt, but with the voice and manners of a gentleman, the other man tubbed, massaged, manicured, expensively dressed in the latest mode. It amused me to bring them together; it amused me even more to have Strawn-Hamilton make such an impression on the other that he resolved to get him a job, make use of his fine mind, clean and dress him up.

"Forget it," I said, as he outlined his plans. "Frank is a perfect tramp. Why tamper with perfection?"

"But it's a crying shame that his mind should be wasted!"

But the many youngsters who came under his casual tutelage, who looked upon him as the best of all teachers, would not say that his mind was wasted.

He was a great romantic, as a man would have to be to let himself slip down to poverty and disease and dirt because a woman did not love him! Yet this had made him a tramp.

Years later, he tried marriage and domesticity, in San Francisco, for a very brief time. The marriage lasted but a few weeks.

Some time before his death he married again. His widow and his child live in California.

Many of London's stories of the road are based on Strawn-Hamilton's experiences, as well as his own.

Many more of London's stories were born during talks with Strawn-Hamilton. There was always a close intellectual intimacy between the two men, different as they were in physical type, temperament and personality.

Everyone liked London for his boyish zest, his enthusiasm, his bigness of heart. Everyone liked Strawn-Hamilton for his charm, his philosophy, his good talk. It would have been well for London to have pensioned Strawn-Hamilton and to have kept him near him; but that would not have been possible, for Frank was independent and restless. He would leave anything—a comfortable home where he was a welcome guest, a good job, the company of friends—at a moment's notice, for no good reason, to hit the road.

Forced into consenting to speak about London, at a meeting after Jack's death, Strawn-Hamilton could not bear to do so. He loved Jack so well that he could not talk of him even to his best friends. Jack was gone. The bright, warm sun of his smile had vanished from the earth. Rather than go to the meeting, Strawn-Hamilton went down to the railroad yards, crawled into a box-car and fled across the continent.

The last time I saw him, when he was nearing sixty, ill, poor, wretched, I said, "What are you doing, Frank?"

"I am beginning a study of higher mathematics," he said. "It's a fascinating subject and I've neglected it too long."

He had very graceful gestures. His hands were slender and long-fingered. A characteristic gesture, at parting, was to fling out his hand and say, "I need a dollar." But he said this only to those he considered friends; he had a great pride about accepting anything from anyone not a friend. And he never wanted much, merely enough for a bed and a meal. He stated his need in such a way that one felt one should have anticipated it and thereafter tried to.

Strawn-Hamilton had at least two brilliant novels all thought out, partly written. But he had told the stories so often, to so many, that there seemed no reason for writing them. He had already reached his public. Why go to the trouble of putting them on paper?

Once several friends rented a room for him, arranged for his food, provided him with paper and typewriter.

"Write that novel of the South!" they said. "That story you've been telling us—of decadent aristocrats, of the landed gentry, of share-croppers, of the lynched Negroes, the poor Jew tortured and beaten because he believed in justice, of the girl labor leader who tried to organize the mill workers! Write it!"

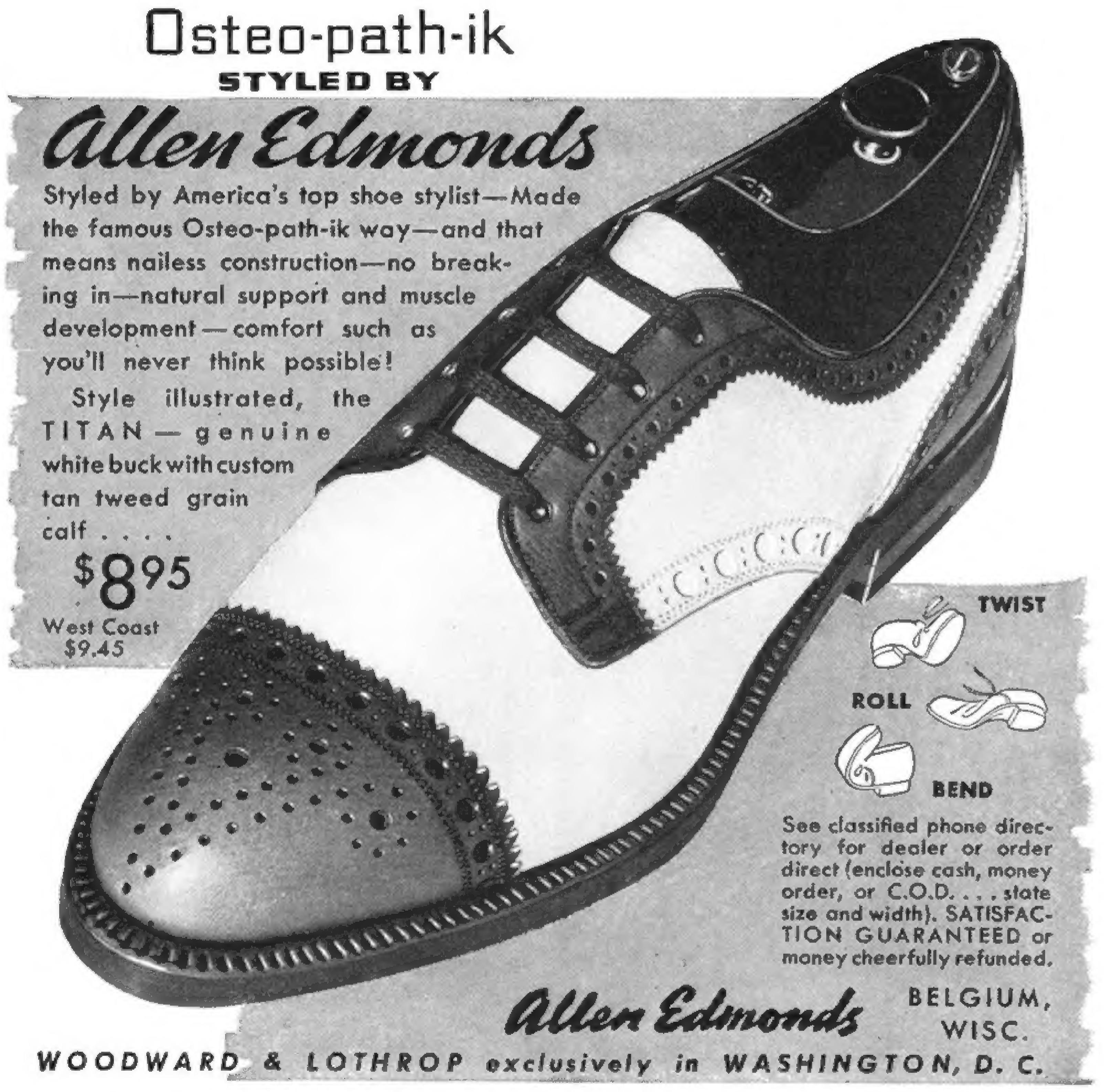
He said he would. He wrote a chapter, then rewrote it. He made six drafts of that first chapter. None pleased him. He was under the spell of Conrad at the time, and he was not writing as well as Conrad. He dropped all six drafts into the wastepaper basket, walked down to the tracks, and caught a rattler for distant parts.

As he told it, though, it seemed like a strong and impressive novel. But it was never written.

Strawn-Hamilton was one of the three philosophers who lived for a time on the London ranch. The other two were Terry Carlin, anarchist, Irishman, mystic and poet, a man who had experimented widely with ideas and with drugs, one of the central figures in Hutchins Hapgood's *Anarchist Woman;* and Leo Mihan, a frail, young, Irish-American poet, a passionate lover of beauty, a Keatsian youth who worked for some time on the *San Francisco Bulletin* under Fremont Older.

Older and London, strangely, never became close friends, although they had much in common. Older, perhaps, considered London a poseur, as many mistakenly did. He was not; he never did anything for effect. The things he did were a natural expression, for

Continued on page 186



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Men Around London

Continued from pages 62-183-185

him, of his own exuberant spirit. London, on the other hand, had good reason to be antagonistic towards newspaper men. He was good copy, and they made the most—and often the worst—of him. Many of the things they printed hurt him deeply, but he laughed about them and said they were good for his business. He was a "natural," so far as publicity was concerned.

Strawn-Hamilton, Terry Carlin and Leo Mihan appear in *The Little Lady of the Big House*. Their chapters are the best part of the book, and they record much of London's talk with his three philosophers. Later, Terry Carlin became an intimate friend of Eugene O'Neill and is said to have influenced O'Neill as much as he did London. There are many evidences of the Carlin influence in *The Hairy Ape*, especially. Leo Mihan, inheriting a competence from a wealthy uncle, retired with his beautiful Russian wife to a country place in northern California.

Hundreds of young radicals, everywhere in the country, were under the spell of the London legend. In New York's East Side, in Chicago, Seattle, Los Angeles, they said to Strawn-Hamilton and others who knew London, "Tell us about Jack London!"

Many of them, to whom *Martin Eden* was a sort of Bible, wrote to London or visited him. He was unfailingly generous of time and money. One such boy, a Jewish lad who sold papers in San Francisco and was a preliminary boxer, is typical of many. He wrote to Jack, sent him manuscripts and fragments of writing, received help and criticism. Once, adventure-bound, he went to Hawaii and ended up on the beach. He returned by working his way as a steward on a steamer; by chance, Jack and Charmian London were on the same ship. The Jewish boy, not wishing to disclose his presence and his bad luck, tried to keep out of their sight; he succeeded until almost the end of the voyage. Then the Londons saw him, asked why he hadn't told them he was aboard, and took him into their stateroom, where he was as welcome as any other guest. Today, that boy is a well-paid Hollywood screen writer, the author of two successful books.

Probably no other American writer had so deep and personal an influence on so many youngsters. The young were his public, his school, his appreciative audience. London's work was never truly popular with the great mass of magazine and novel readers; he became a popular author as much by reason of his personality and the publicity he was given without benefit of press agents as because of the nature of his work. The average reader, indeed, preferred Rex Beach's Alaskan stories to London's; there was less raw meat in them and they did not require so much thought for assimilation. But the eager young, especially those with literary inclinations, were London's loyal and talkative public. They idolized him, made him a hero of bold adventure and revolutionary idealism. There was always something winningly boyish about him; children, save perhaps his own, loved him. He was a great companion. There was nothing of the "great author" about him; a dozen lesser writers were more pretentious.

London, as much as anyone, relished the humor of his fame and popularity, realizing that his wide public read only the surface of his stories; never dug into what he called the "real dirt." That was there for his young admirers.

London had great zest and an unfailing sense of fun, if not much wit and humor of other kinds. Once, however, speaking of William English Walling, who had married Anna Strunsky, Jack said: "He isn't well. The trouble with him is he writes too many books." This from a writer whose output was prodigious!

George Bronson-Howard, in a cynical story, referred to London as "the California Kipling."

"Not bad," London smiled. "I rather like that. It's a good moniker. Anyway, I'd forgive that fellow anything, for something he once did."

He referred to an earlier time, when Bronson-Howard, back from the Orient and many adventures, had worked for a time on a San Francisco paper. The editor had sent him to interview Jack London's mother, who was doing many erratic things and causing a great deal of gossip. The editor wanted a scandalous story, exposing London's alleged neglect of his mother. Bronson-Howard, a man of many faults and as many virtues, refused to write it and lost his job. Although I think they never met, they might have been friends.

But of all the men around London, of all those who touched his life and influenced his work, two stand out—George Sterling, poet, and Frank Strawn-Hamilton, tramp-philosopher. Of these two, it was probably Strawn-Hamilton who left the deeper imprint, for he was guide, philosopher and friend, not only to London, but to many others. When his name was mentioned, Jack's face lit up with a friendly smile. Of all those he knew, Strawn-Hamilton probably asked less and gave more than any other. ⵒ

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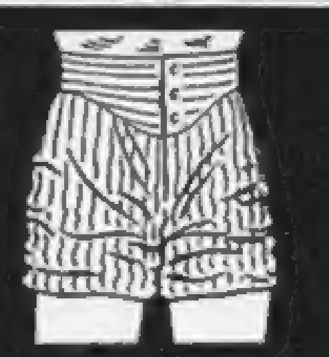

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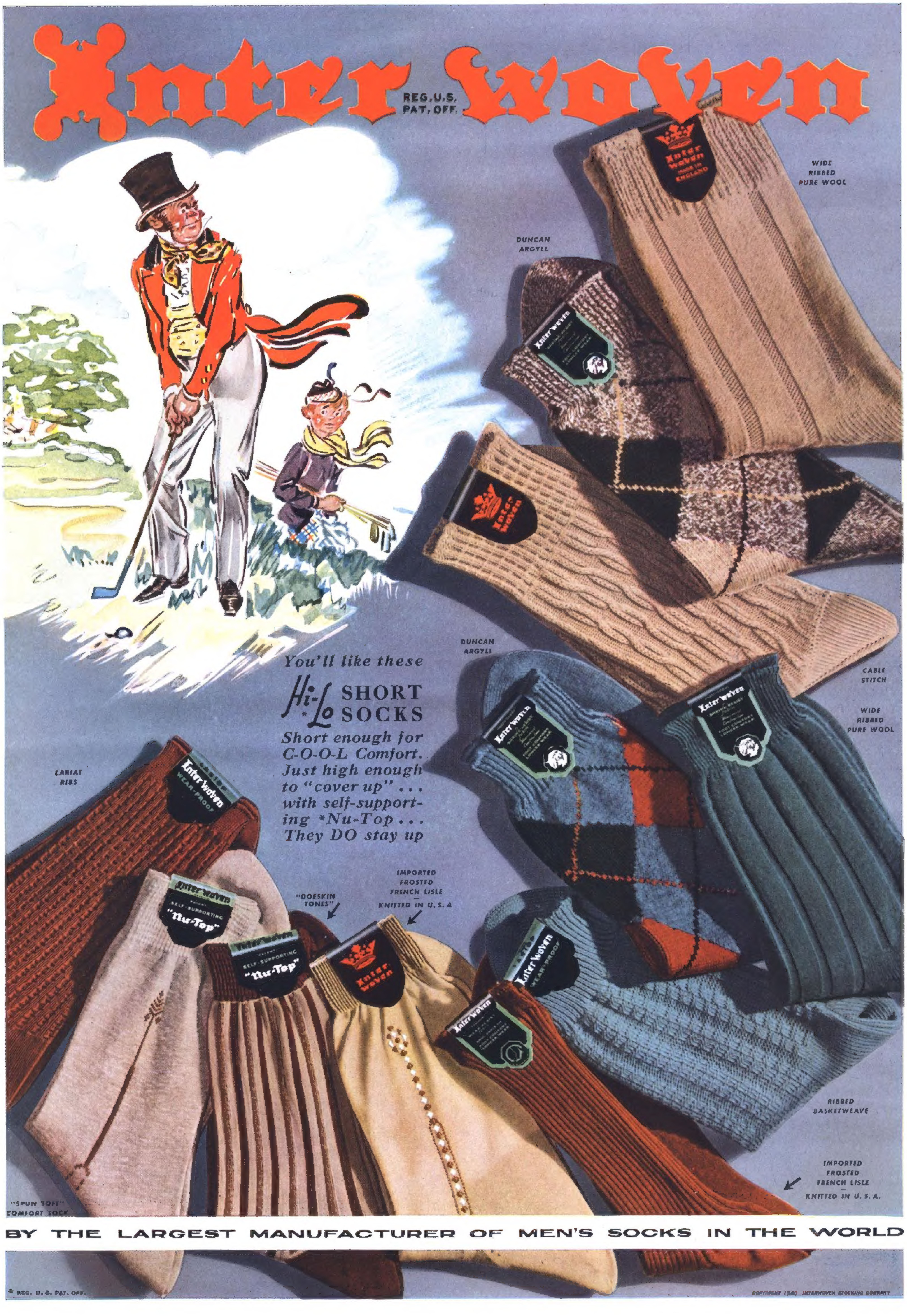
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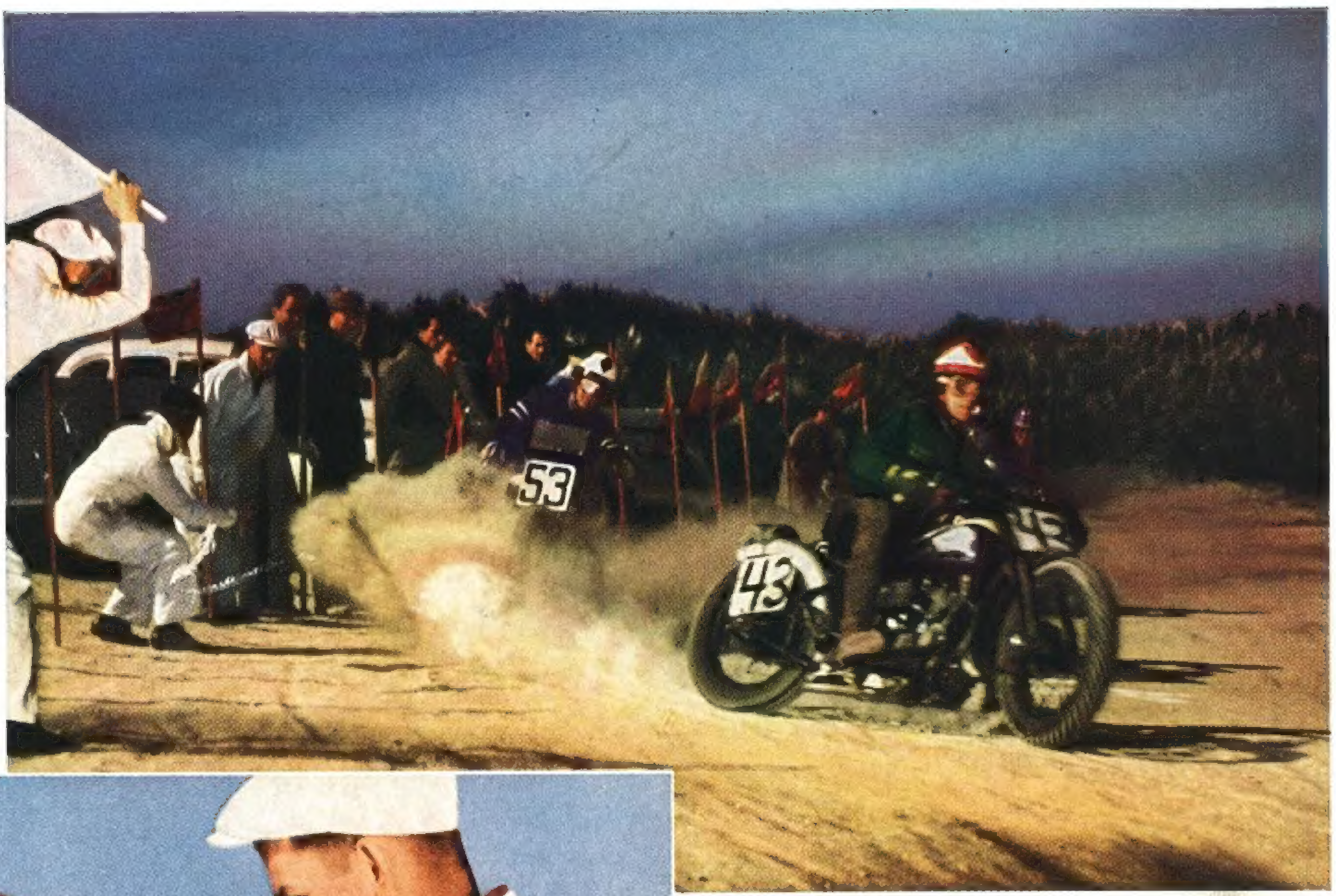

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